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TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST,

INCLUDING A

JOURNEY IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. I.

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LIFE OF LAMARTINE.

THERE is no name amongst the modern French which has attained a celebrity more extensive than that of Lamartine, both from the eminent success which has marked him in the world of letters, and from the remarkable part he has played in the last memorable crisis that has again plunged his country into the uncertainties of a new existence. There is something inexpressibly interesting in the biography of a man who unites in himself so many claims to notice, who has been at times the singer of sublime and melancholy verse, which has found a response in the hearts of sympathising millions; who has wielded the pen of the historian with effective power; who has described the experiences of a traveller in holy places with entrancing pathos and eloquence; who has figured on the political arena in all possible metamorphoses; and who, in the heavings of a revolution, has been tossed to a height which irradiated him for a moment, only to gather around him more certainly the obscuring clouds of oblivion. So diversified a career, crowned by such a singular and anomalous catastrophe, must needs contain numerous incidents replete with instruction and interest to a generation eager for the lessons which indicate the path of honourable distinction, or deter, by exemplary warnings, from the idle aberrations of vanity and ambition.

The early life of this Alphonse de Lamartine was wrapped in a deep romance, which had begun before his own birth. His grandfather had fought in the armies of Louis XV., and at the battle of Fontenoy had won the cross of St Louis, which was then esteemed the highest prize that could be awarded by his sovereign to a noble and gallant chevalier. With this proud emblem of his services the soldier could return to his native province, and pass the rest of his days in dignified retirement as one who had deserved well of his king and country. The decoration itself was generally accompanied with a pension, which enabled the fortunate possessor to live in a respectable competence, even though destitute of any patrimonial estate—especially when allied, as was almost invariably the case, with a wealthy and influential family. But fortune had been even more propitious to the grandsire of Lamartine, for he was himself the head of his family, and inherited a considerable property around Maçon, on the Saone, in which town he had a large mansion befitting his elevated condition. He married a wife too who brought him a large accession of property situated in Franche-Comté, towards the eastern frontier of France, so that he occupied an eminent

place in the estimation of his neighbours, and was regarded as the chief notable of an extensive district. This old gentleman had a progeny of six children—three sons, and three daughters—but, according to the feudal principles of succession then in vogue, the eldest son was held entitled to inherit the entire estate of both father and mother. Younger sons had the professions of the church, the army, and the navy open to them; whilst daughters, unless they married early, were disposed of in nunneries or chapters of canonesses. These establishments abounded in France before the Revolution, and still survive in parts of Germany and Italy; and it seems that all the three daughters of old Captain de Lamartine became inmates of such cloistered retreats. The second son also embraced the ecclesiastical profession; but the youngest entered the same regiment in which his father had served, hoping, like him, to earn, after many years, the cross of St Louis, and to retire in mature age, full of military glory, to enjoy the consideration of the rustic community from which he had started in his youth to seek fame and fortune.

This youngest son was the father of the poet, the historian, and the statesman. His proper fate, according to the ideas of the time, was never to have married; for it was held a gross dereliction of established usages in a junior son to encumber an aristocratic family with a wife and offspring. It happened, however, fortunately for the chevalier, that after he had gained the much-coveted cross, and had actually fallen in love, his eldest brother became an invalid, and unfitted for a state of wedlock; insomuch that, considering the noble race of the Lamartines might otherwise become extinct, the rigid patriarch himself, who was very loth to sanction such an innovation of time-honoured precedent, reluctantly acquiesced in the propriety of the chevalier's marriage; and he was married accordingly. At this time he was already thirty-eight, but still in the prime of manhood, for he lived to the great age of ninety in the possession of robust health. His young wife was a Mademoiselle des Roys, whom he had met in one of the chapters of canonesses to which his eldest sister was attached, and where a secret affection had been nourished between them, under all the clouds of doubt hanging over the chance of their ultimate union. A more happy couple never existed, according to the testimony of their son, who, like Tristram Shandy, has commenced the history of his life long before he was born. The lady, upon the same authority, was not only the most faultless, but the most beautiful, perfect, and accomplished female the earth has hitherto beheld. She was the daughter of a gentleman filling the situation of intendant of the finances to the Duke of Orleans, and her mother was under-governess to the children of that unfortunate prince. With the latter she had been educated as the companion of their toils and recreations, and in the velvet lawns of St Cloud she had been used to romp with the sedate boy who became in progress of time Louis-Philippe, King of the French. She brought her husband a moderate dowry, enhanced by the expectations derived from the patronage of the royal house under whose fostering care she had been reared; which were destined, however, by adverse fate, to bear no fruit. It was during the early storms of the Revolution that she became the wife of the Chevalier de Lamartine, and

on the 21st of October 1791, in the family mansion at Maçon, she was delivered of her first-born, the illustrious subject of this brief memoir.

On the fatal 10th of August 1792, the loyal chevalier was found among the few brave adherents who mustered at the Tuileries to defend the life and throne of Louis XVI. In the butchery which ensued he escaped with a slight wound, and having performed all that duty demanded of him, he retreated to his domestic circle. But under the persecution of the Jacobins, so marked a family as the Lamartines could not hope to be spared; and one winter night the brigands of the Convention invaded their peaceful home, and carried off the venerable sire and his infirm wife, both upwards of eighty years of age, their two eldest sons, and the three daughters, who had already fled from the invaded sanctuary of their cloisters. They were removed to the great central prison of the district at Autun; but by an unexplained chance the chevalier was confined at Maçon itself, in an old convent, which had been converted into a prison for revolutionary victims, whilst his wife was left alone in the deserted house, guarded by the new gendarmerie of the people. She was then suckling her puling infant—who has attributed in his manhood the melancholy tendency of his mind to this awful scene of sorrow and desolation—yet she bore up against the calamity with true matronly spirit; and having removed into some back premises, standing immediately opposite the prison of her husband, she enjoyed at least the satisfaction of gazing on the gloomy walls which encircled him. Misfortune is often cheered by some unexpected mitigation, and the harrowed feelings are relieved by timely alleviations in the most dismal tales of misery. Thus it happened with the fair Alicia des Roys. Her husband had secured for his cell an upper garret of the convent, the window of which looked towards the rooms in which she had fixed her abode. Eyes perpetually in search of each other, says the poet, never fail at last to meet; and one auspicious day the chevalier and his wife exchanged glances which were to them a revelation of bliss. An intercourse was at once established between them by signs, and the enraptured mother held up her little child to the view of its other equally enraptured parent. Not content with this imperfect communication, they soon contrived, with the proverbial ingenuity of wit sharpened by love, to correspond by letter. Mounting to the ruined turret of her domicile, Alicia took her husband's bow and arrow, and shot into his opposite garret a letter at the end of a string, with which she drew back again his tender effusions. This dangerous operation was effected under cover of the night; and as it met with complete success, they were emboldened to a yet further act of audacity. A strong cord was thrown by the skilful hand of the shooter across the narrow street, and when all was hushed in gloom and repose, the eager captive flung himself upon the frail support, and landed happily in the arms of his trembling wife. Through this bold device they procured nightly interviews, all the sweetness of which must be left to sympathetic imaginations, and whereof M. de Lamartine with justice supposes himself the ever-fondled darling. These continued until that bright day of liberation shone on France which saw the head of the bloody dic-

tator fall; and with the death of Robespierre the prison-gates of thousands were thrown open, who, like the Lamartines, were rescued from living tombs, and restored to the arms of despairing kindred.

After this deliverance from captivity the family again assembled under the roof of the old mansion at Maçon, where it remained until finally broken up by the death of the venerable *pater familias*. Then occurred the interesting process of dividing his property. By the new law of the Revolution all exclusive privileges were abolished, and amongst the rest the obnoxious one of primogeniture, so that all the children of a person dying intestate were entitled to equal shares of his estate, whether real or personal. By will, a testator might make a slight preference; but in the case of the Sieur de Lamartine, for very obvious reasons, no will was left; for he could not have brought himself to recognise so unpalatable a change, and any other disposition would have been simply nugatory. On his death, therefore, his six children were called upon to apportion amongst them his estates, which consisted of four separate properties, situated in the former provinces of Franche-Comté and Burgundy. But the chevalier, acting upon a high sense of honour, and bearing in devout reverence his father's real intentions, refused to accept his share of this large patrimony, and was content to retain the small possession of Milly, which had been settled upon him on his marriage. This self-denial does not appear to have been imitated by his sisters, notwithstanding the vows of poverty they had previously taken; nor was it attended with any other effect than that of entailing upon himself the inconveniences of a remarkably narrow income. The rental of Milly, as his son states, did not exceed 300 livres, or about L.12 sterling, and altogether his resources did not supply him with a revenue much above L.100 a year. Nevertheless, he fixed his abode in the little country-house, and fashioned his household according to the slender means at his command, enjoying with his beloved wife and infant family the pleasures of a retirement rendered ineffably sweet from the boisterous contrast which had preceded.

It was here, on this secluded farm of Milly, that the young Alphonse received the first rudiments of his education. His mother was his principal instructor, and she instilled into him those religious principles which formed so prominent a feature in her own spotless character. That she was a very admirable woman, and eminently fitted to train children in the paths of virtue, seems incontestable; nor do the enthusiastic terms of gratitude and affection in which her son speaks of her appear exaggerated. It is impossible to overrate the importance of such a mother's early lessons in the development of the mind, in the bias given to it, or in the fruits it may bring forth; for hers is a tuition combining elements none other can supply, and which, when duly administered, rarely fails to be attended with redundant benefits. His father the chevalier was less calculated, from his austere and grave temperament, to win the love and confidence of children, but he afforded them an example of integrity and contentment, which had greater weight perhaps from the absence of too indulgent a tenderness. He lived respected among his simple neighbours of the adjoining hamlet, and regarded with indifference the political changes

which continued to agitate his unhappy country. The revolutions that succeeded each other so rapidly at Paris, the various constitutions that were promulgated for the government of France, scarcely excited in him a passing interest, for he shared the weariness and lethargy which were universal amongst the French after the delirium and excitement of the convulsion had passed away. Absorbed in his rural occupations and in the sports of the field, he had ceased to concern himself with the affairs of a turbulent world, and, like the rest of his countrymen, accepted with placidity the inevitable change from revolutionary violence to a military tyranny.

Up to his twelfth year Alphonse resided with his parents, subject to the excellent moral training of his mother, but with regard to physical education left almost entirely to his natural instincts. He roved at pleasure through the fields and woods, dressed in the common garments of a peasant boy, with his feet and arms uncovered, and joined in all the pursuits of the village shepherds, as if destined for no higher calling. This absolute freedom of action was favourable to the muscular development, to the grace and beauty, of the person, and to a robust state of health. He had attended for a year or more a school kept by the old curé of the neighbouring parish, who was a relic of the old regime, and had little vocation for the instruction of bare-legged rusties; accordingly, he allowed them, with great complacency, to take as many hours for play as they thought fit. But although this was agreeable doubtless to the pupils themselves, the father of Lamartine, and especially his uncles, saw with uneasiness that so promising a scion of their race was advancing towards puberty uninstructed in the learning befitting his future station in life; and in a serious family council it was resolved, despite the protestations and tears of maternal solicitude, that the young eagle should be caged within the walls of a public academy. A celebrated one of the kind at Lyons was fixed upon, and thither did his mother one mournful day convey her precious charge to be lodged with strangers. After a passionate farewell, the great iron gate was closed, and the boy, whose spirit had been so long elastic with the air of freedom, naturally abandoned himself to sorrow and despair. So vehemently did his instincts rebel against this unusual thraldom and the cold scholastic forms of the institution, that after a few months he made his escape, and with three francs in his pocket, set out to seek his distant home. At the very first stage from Lyons, however, he was captured by the redoubtable head of the establishment in person, accompanied by a gensdarme, and carried back to his prison in the discreditable character of a deserter. So decided a proof of his repugnance nevertheless weighed with his relatives, and he was removed to an institution at Bellay, on the frontiers of Savoy, which was under the management of a company of Jesuits. The remarkable capacity of that distinguished order in gaining the affections of youth, and exciting in their pupils the thirst of knowledge, was not belied in the instance of this wild boy of the mountains. Naturally gentle and confiding in disposition, he was soon reconciled to his new instructors, who so skilfully combined religious with secular education; and during the four years he remained at

the college, he passed his time happily and beneficially, returning home at length, crowned with academic laurels, and accomplished in all the gifts of a pious and generous cultivation.

It was after his return from college that the poetic temperament first fully appeared in Lamartine, and betrayed him into some of those vagaries which young votaries of the muse are ever prone to nourish and encounter. He had conceived an inordinate admiration of Ossian, or rather those poems which Macpherson had so successfully palmed on the world as productions of an early Gaelic bard, and in this he only followed the example of the great Napoleon, who had set all France mad on the subject of Fingal, the land of Morven, and icy fogs encircling mountain tops. Mingling now in the genteel circles of his province, he soon found out a young lady who was equally smitten as himself with the northern bard, and straightway a sympathetic attachment sprung up between them. They met in lonely places, and climbed to the summits of hills, seeking ever for wreaths of snow, for mists, for vapours, and for yawning caves, amid which they might read together the verses that bewitched them, and realise the images of the chill and dismal song. A night adventure, in which Lamartine dropped stealthily from his window, scoured the fields, and met on the terrace of her dwelling the fair enthusiast, to enjoy an outpouring of Ossianic fervour under the actual canopy of the stars, dissolved this perilous intimacy of two ardent minds, for a rough but faithful dog disturbed the enamoured pair, and by his obstreperous barking revealed the secret of their youthful romance. Parents are always surprised, and generally indignant, when they discover their children engaged in the game of love; with artless simplicity they wonder how such things can be, and tear asunder the tender hearts with the rude hand of authority. It was deemed advisable that Alphonse should travel into Italy, to forget his youthful indiscretion; nor did the task seem difficult to him, for it has cost him no tear to record the early death of the poor girl who had given up to him her innocent heart.

Italy, as is naturally to be supposed, aroused in him all the warmth of his latent enthusiasm. Originally circumscribed to Tuscany as the limit of his journey under the guardianship of a relation, he broke loose from the parental injunction, and started as a truant for Rome. There he passed a winter in the house of a poor painter, alone and friendless, but supremely happy in those sublime contemplations which are common to reflective minds amid the scenes of a grandeur embracing two civilisations —the one extinct, yet robust in deathless glory; the other quick with life, but already enfeebled by ignorance and degeneracy. From Rome he wandered onwards to Naples, where he met with a college friend about his own age, who was ready to join him in any romantic enterprise he might suggest. There were no pirates or robbers with whom they might conveniently associate themselves, so they made shift to be content with a fisherman, whose rough and adventurous calling they embraced, living with him in a cave on the shore of the bay, accompanying him to sea in his excursions, dancing among the lazzaroni and their black-eyed mistresses in the evenings, and enjoying that careless and wild existence which

has such peculiar charms to the youthful imagination. One night they were overtaken by a storm, and being unable to round Cape Misenum, their little bark was driven by the waves on the rocks of Procida, where it was speedily dashed to pieces. On this island, however, it happened that the fisherman had a cottage, in which, during the summer, his wife and granddaughter resided, for the purpose of rearing figs and grapes, to be sold in the market of Naples; and to this cottage accordingly the shipwrecked mariners forthwith directed their steps, creeping wearily along the steep and broken rocks. Here they at length found shelter, though not without incurring the muttered curses of the old grandmother, who ascribed the disaster to the presence of two Frenchmen, who were notorious in the world as infidels and sons of the devil. Graziella, her beautiful granddaughter, viewed the strangers with different eyes, and interceded in their favour; but the good woman was inexorable in her denunciations, until, on the following day, they purchased for her husband a new boat, and fitted it out with the requisite tackle. Then her anger was turned to exuberant joy, and from that moment the Frenchmen became welcome inmates of her household. They remained a considerable time, following the same idle and thoughtless life, until the companion of Lamartine was peremptorily summoned to France, and the latter was left alone. Then came the inevitable catastrophe. Graziella had fallen in love with him, although he denies having given her the least encouragement. On his leaving the place, she pined and died, apparently from mere distress at his desertion.

Shortly after his return from Italy, the restoration of the Bourbons took place, and then, in accordance with the royalist principles of his family, he was enrolled as one of the body-guard of Louis XVIII. Upon the flight of the king to Ghent, this guard accompanied him to the frontier, where it was disbanded, and Lamartine again sought the shelter of his paternal roof. Filled with an inextinguishable animosity against Napoleon, he resolved to leave France rather than be subject to the new conscription of the Emperor, and consequently made his escape into Switzerland. There he remained, loitering about the shores of Lake Leman, until the second restoration enabled him to resume his duties in the royal guard, to which he continued attached until its ultimate dissolution. Subsequently to this event he was cast loose upon society, and, by his own account, gave himself up to dissipation for more than two years, during which he became fearfully addicted to the passion of gambling. By the efforts of his friends he was redeemed from this deplorable course of life, and a situation procured for him in the diplomatic service. He was successively attached to the French legations at Florence and Naples, and had been nominated by the government of Charles X. to fill the post of ambassador in Greece, when the revolution of 1830 occurred, which at once subverted the monarchy, and put an end to his appointment. Like all the Legitimists, he refused to serve under the new government of Louis-Philippe, and with a haughty disgust retired into private life.

Such, then, was the career of Lamartine up to the great era of 1830. It is evident that the desultory course of life he had led was not favourable

to the formation of very strict principles; and despite the early lessons of his mother, it is not surprising that in his future conduct he evinced a lamentable weakness and vacillation. But in the meantime he had gained a prodigious reputation from the poems he had already published. It was in 1820 that his first important work appeared, and it was received with an applause of which there are few examples among modern writers. The title he gave it—that of 'Poetic Meditations'—was an unpretending one, but its tone and spirit were eminently adapted to the period in which it was written. The exhaustion and calamities of France consequent upon the overthrow of Napoleon had created a sadness in the public mind, to which it formed an admirable echo, and although a collection of detached pieces, its success was not affected by a form which is often detrimental to the interest of a work. A second series of these 'Meditations' sustained the fame of their author, which was nevertheless considered as somewhat impaired by his subsequent publication of a poem entitled 'The Death of Socrates,' and of a concluding canto to Lord Byron's 'Childe Harold.' The 'Poetic and Religious Harmonies' followed these rather inauspicious efforts, which, despite their lofty and sublime inspiration, have been severely criticised for the mystic and transcendental vagueness marring their otherwise majestic beauties. His next work was 'Jocelyn,' a long poetic romance, of which the hero was a priest, and the plot derived from an affecting story communicated to him by the curé of a parish adjoining Milly. This work commanded all the popularity of his earlier poems, which was far from being the case with one that succeeded it, called 'The Fall of an Angel.' The last poetic effusion of Lamartine bears the title of 'Recueillemens Poetiques,' and in his preface to it he took occasion to condemn poetry as beneath the attention of a man engaged in important avocations, and pretty clearly intimated that he himself had come to regard it with a feeling very nearly akin to contempt. This outbreak against the source of his own fortune is indicative of the morose and discontented spirit which seems gradually to have overmastered him, and prepared the way for a new career. In his poetry, nevertheless, Lamartine will find his justest claim to distinction, for in it at least he has nothing to mourn, to regret, or be ashamed of. His versification is extremely pure and melodious, although occasionally disfigured by tasteless distortions, and his sentiments are ever noble and exalted, a truly fervent piety animating the whole with such intensity, that he may be well considered the poet of religion in his native country. Still, with all these qualifications, his poems are not adapted for any atmosphere but that of France, and none but occasional translations of selected fragments have as yet introduced him in his best capacity to the notice and approbation of the British public.

The case has been very different with his prose works, of which the one given in the following pages may be esteemed the most favourable specimen. It is his 'Voyage en Orient,' or 'Journey in the East,' which was undertaken in the year 1832, when circumstances of domestic affliction rendered him more than usually the prey of melancholy. He had very recently lost his mother, to whom his affection has clung with a tenacity long lost for

every other object; and his infant son had also died, to whom he looked as the heir of his name. The wife he had married was an Englishwoman, a Miss Bireh, with whom his wayward fancy had been at length smitten; and they had another child, a daughter, whose death in Syria will be found to form a touching episode in his Eastern adventures. The work he has composed is scarcely a book of travels, but rather a succession of pictures of ravishing beauty, richly interspersed with pious, sentimental, and philosophical reflections. He has himself disclaimed the idea of writing what may be called a regular work, and says, with evident justice, that it is a collection of notes thrown together under the inspiration of time and locality, which doubtless he subsequently moulded into a more finished and elaborate form. It is nevertheless a composition of extraordinary interest, embracing visits to all those places which are so dear to the memories of Christians, and embodying the views and impressions of one who, above all others, has painted in glowing eloquence the profound emotions of a soul wrapped in divine reveries.

Here a biographer would willingly drop the veil, and terminate his account of the life of M. Lamartine. But that being impossible, he will at all events seek to hasten over the scenes which have cast around him the shadow of darkness and of evil. Whilst yet absent on his excursion to the Holy Land, he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and first took his seat in that assembly on the 4th of January 1834. He appeared in the ranks of the Legitimists, the irreconcilable opponents of the existing dynasty, and therein only acted a part imposed upon him by the traditional tendencies of his family. It was long before he gained any reputation in the Chamber, for his oratory was marked by a dreamy and inflated style, utterly inappropriate to a popular assembly, and he was seldom listened to with anything like attention or regard. This indifference rankled deeply in his heart, where there no doubt dwelt a deep sense of powers and feelings far above the general level. In all attempts to include him within the fold of a definite party, Lamartine proved refractory; for his ideas were impracticable, and his principles unsettled, and, moreover, his egotism revolted from being confined to a category not exclusively of his own dictation. Thus, whilst every other member of the Chamber had a position more or less fixed, he alone occupied no ascertainable ground, floating from side to side with every gust of his spleen or caprice. Meanwhile his oratory had assumed a far higher character, and his speeches in the tribune were generally regarded as masterpieces of eloquence, which, if they failed to produce any decisive effects in the Chamber itself, operated wonderfully on the public imagination, from that high-wrought fervour which invariably distinguishes his effusions. Hence he was continually making for himself a name in popular estimation, and the more so from the very circumstance of his being free from the quarrels of factions, in which the bulk of the population had ceased to take the smallest interest. It is undoubted that subsequent to 1840 the government of Louis-Philippe had completely lost the national character it originally possessed, and was reduced to support itself upon a system of corruption which gradually undermined its foundations. In such a state

of things, it was only natural that Lamartine should raise an indignant voice in common with other members of the opposition, among whom his old friends the Legitimists were as vociferous as any; but in his denunciations of ministerial acts, he was not held to transgress the allowed limits of parliamentary warfare. From various causes, a change came over the spirit of Lamartine. He gradually passed from the extremity of monarchical principles to that of universal rule or democracy.

It would be preposterous to deny that Lamartine had arrived at earnest convictions that the monarchy of 1830 had ceased to fulfil the expectations of France, and that its consequences had been injurious to her liberty and morality. Under the peaceful policy of Louis-Philippe she had obtained an extraordinary material prosperity, but that was rather a crime than otherwise. *Ideas* were not progressing, the sacred principles of the Revolution were becoming more and more ignored, and the mere physical happiness of millions was not to be considered in a question affecting their political rights. Having duly pondered the subject in this light, Lamartine selected the press instead of the tribune to proclaim his new opinions, and in the year 1847 astounded all classes of his countrymen by the publication of his 'History of the Girondins.' In this very extraordinary production it was not the Girondins he was called upon to defend, for they have been treated by historians with a forbearance not merited by their actions, but extorted by their individual virtues and sufferings; it was Robespierre, whom he undertook to relieve from the load of odium that rests upon his execrable name, and whom he sought to invest with the fascinating attributes of a hero. The very animation of the style, the vivid force of descriptions, the enthusiasm of conversion preaching its sudden propaganda, added to the marvellous and mischievous effect of the book. It was multiplied in cheap reprints until it became disseminated throughout the whole of France, and bore with it a weight from the favourable antecedents of the author which no other name could have commanded. With Lamartine, the pious, the sentimental, the philanthropic, whose pretensions to every human excellence had been taken upon his own word, it could be no disgrace to harmonise in convulsive theories: his popularity rose to a boundless pitch, which tended only to intoxicate him with yet brighter visions of a glory still to be attained.

The events that have subsequently occurred, and his own recent revelations, leave no room to doubt that from this time Lamartine was in intimate communion with the leaders of the republican faction. He took no prominent part in the great cry for parliamentary reform which arose in France during the autumn of 1847, deeming perhaps the institutions of a hateful monarchy not worth improving. He was still in the background when the convulsion of February 1848 approached, and even when it ultimately broke forth; but such was the paramount influence the republicans ascribed to him, that on the morning of the 24th of February, the third day of the insurrection, when the popular victory was in fact assured, they left to his sole determination the establishment of a regency under the Duchess of Orleans, with himself as her controlling minister, or the immediate proclamation of a republic. Lamartine decided for the latter,

and the celebrated scene in the Chamber of Deputies ensued, when the Duchess and her son, the Count de Paris, were ruthlessly thrust forth from the national asylum, and a provisional government was declared at the dictation of the mob. So utterly was the complicity of Lamartine even then unknown, that in France itself, and certainly in every other country of Europe, the announcement of his name as a member of this government created an almost universal surprise. His associates comprehended men who had already advocated doctrines of violence and anarchy, with whom a contest commenced from the first in the councils of the Hôtel de Ville, which continued during the whole tumultuous existence of the extemporised dictatorship. Lamartine remained steadfast to the cause of order amid threats and dangers which would have appalled an ordinary man, and finally he succeeded, by dint of a personal heroism and persuasive eloquence, to which nothing similar has been witnessed in any age of the world, in delivering over the destinies of France to an Assembly elected by the universal suffrage of his countrymen. In the interval the populace of Paris had risen several times in the exercise of its sacred right of rebellion, and stormed the Hôtel de Ville; the red standard of blood had been mounted, and the ominous theories of Socialism and Communism not only propounded, but partially put in practice; the National Assembly itself was outraged by the irruption of a barbarian horde within a few days of its meeting; and at length, after four days of the most sanguinary conflict that ever took place between citizens in the streets of their capital, the horrible catastrophe terminated in a military despotism. Lamartine disappeared from the scene, and left his country plunged in a chaos of ruin and turmoil from which it cannot soon recover.

Thus has this singular individual reached the last measure of distinction to which his ambition has been for ever aspiring. He has since returned to his calling as an author, and given to the world an extemporised epitome of the 'History of the Revolution of 1848.' In this work he expounds the principles upon which he justifies his share in provoking that lamentable event, and he reduces them to two: 1*st*, The universal participation by all men of adult age in the affairs of government and a universal proprietorship, not after the manner of the Socialists, whom he declares he regards with pity, or of the Communists, whom he looks upon with horror, but after a fashion which he takes care to leave unexplained, save that it is to be accomplished without the least disarrangement of existing rights; 2*dly*, The separation of all religious affairs from the concern of the State. These two principal ideas he considers 'sufficiently holy and sufficiently matured to warrant the promotion of a revolution,' and he therefore 'disinterestedly and conscientiously' promoted one. The ideas themselves may be abstractedly good, but would any man of the least sanity of judgment forcibly break up the institutions of a nation for their hypothetical realisation? It was competent for him to have advocated their adoption by peaceful and moral means, nor could he say these might not have been successful if the nation itself was sensible of their merits; but the moment the nation pronounced its verdict, it condemned and repudiated them! This is the melancholy peculiarity of France, which

exposes it to such incessant dangers. Men, totally destitute of judgment or appreciation, like Lamartine, work themselves up into a belief in the superior efficacy of certain dogmas, principally springing, as in his case, from distempered feelings, and they straightway view themselves as entitled to substantiate them at any cost of blood or happiness to the rest of mankind. Thus no sooner has the grand panacea of a republic been applied to the wounds of France, than there are five or six bands of conspirators arrayed to pull it in pieces and subvert it, or mould it according to the impulses of their caprice and selfishness.

One other ground of exculpation of his conduct, it is proper to state, Lamartine seeks to establish. The peaceful policy of Louis-Philippe precluded the idea of a territorial aggrandisement of France, whilst a republic would be likely to repair so improper an abnegation. It is true he had signed a decree of the provisional government in which the fraternity of nations was proclaimed with the avowed purpose of 'abolishing war by abolishing conquests;' but that he seems to treat, what it was probably intended to be, as a piece of conventional moonshine. He conceives one of two lines of policy prescribed to France, both of them being based on the prostration of England:—1*st*, An alliance with Austria, leading to the absorption by France of Savoy, Switzerland, and the Rhenish provinces, with the extension of Austria in Italy and on the Danube; 2*dly*, An alliance with Russia, by which France would appropriate Italy, the Rhenish provinces and Belgium, and establish a direct protectorate over Spain; whilst to Russia would be abandoned Constantinople and all European Turkey, even to the Adriatic, thereby extinguishing the new monarchy of Greece. This latter alliance he deems by far the most preferable one, pronouncing it in fact as 'the cry of nature and the revelation of geography.' Such are the blessings M. Lamartine proposes to engraft on his republic, and which necessarily presuppose the accompaniment of another general war. It was only by his abrupt dismissal from authority that this fearful scourge was probably averted; for he had resolved to send the French army across the Alps, and to seize upon Savoy, as he takes care to record. He had certainly upheld the cause of peace after the first outbreak of the Revolution, but it was only whilst he thought it expedient for the interest and consolidation of the infant republic.

What may be the future fortunes of Lamartine it is impossible and perhaps useless to conjecture. A rumour is now in circulation that he intends to retire into the East and become a subject of the sultan of Turkey.

T. W. R.

Edinburgh, February 1850.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This is neither a book nor a journey; I never thought of writing either the one or the other. M. de Chateaubriand has composed a book, or rather a poem, on the East: that great author and poet only passed over that land of prodigies, but he has imprinted for ever the marks of genius upon that dust which so many ages have stirred. He went to Jerusalem as a pilgrim and a knight, the Bible, the Gospel, and the Crusades in his hand. I visited it only as a poet and philosopher: I have brought from it profound impressions in my heart, high and awful precepts in my mind. The reflections I have there made upon religions, history, manners, traditions, the different phases of humanity, are not lost upon me. Those reflections which expand the narrow horison of the thought, which bring before the reason the great religious and historical problems, which force men to turn upon themselves, and scrutinise their previous hastily-formed convictions to change them for new ones; that grand and inward improvement of the thought by the exercise of thought itself, by localities, by facts, by comparisons of eras with eras, manners with manners, creeds with creeds, nothing of all this is lost to the traveller, the poet, or the philosopher—they are the elements of his future poetry and philosophy. When he has amassed, classed, arranged, elucidated, and digested the countless throng of impressions, images, and thoughts which the earth and men arouse whom he studies—when he has matured his mind and his convictions—he also gives them vent; and whether good or bad, just or false, he utters his thoughts to his generation, either in the form of a poem or a philosophic summary. He speaks his word, that word which every man who thinks is called upon to speak. This moment will perhaps occur for me; but it has not yet come.

As to a book of travels—that is to say, a complete and faithful description of the countries I have traversed, the personal events that have befallen me, or the effect of the impressions made upon me by places, men, and manners—I have still less intended to compose. It is already done for the East in England, and is now progressing in France at this moment with a faithfulness, talent, and success which I could not hope to surpass. M. de Laborde writes and designs with the talent of the traveller in Spain, and the pencil of our greatest artists. M. Fontanier, consul at Trebisonde, gives us in succession exact and living portraits of the least-explored parts of the Ottoman empire. And the Eastern Correspondence supplied by M. Michaud of the French Academy, and by

his brilliant fellow-labourer M. Poujoulat, leaves nothing to curiosity, as to the history, morals, or landscapes of the East, to desire. M. Michaud, an experienced writer, an accomplished and classical historian, enriches the description of the places he visits with all the recollections, so vivid to him, of the Crusades. He exercises his criticism upon localities by historical illustrations, and clears up history by an examination of the scenes themselves; his ripened and inductive mind pierces the obscurity of the past equally with the manners of the people whom he surveys, and spreads the salt of his piquant and graceful intellect over the usages, customs, and religions he investigates: he is the man advanced in years and wisdom, leading youth by the hand, and showing to him, with the smile of reason and irony, new scenes. M. Poujoulat is a poet and a painter; his style, conveying the impression and hues of the very places, reflects them all sparkling and warm with the local brilliancy. We feel that the Asian sun still shines upon and heats his young and teeming mind whilst he writes to his friend: his pages are portions of the very country itself, which he bears to us all radiant in their native splendour. Such two varied talents, acting in conjunction, render the Eastern Correspondence the most complete work that we could desire upon this admirable country, as well as presenting the most varied and attractive information.

We have not hitherto effected much as to geography; but the labours of M. Caillet, a young staff-officer whom I met in Syria, will be doubtless shortly published, and will give us a complete picture of that part of the world. M. Caillet has passed three years in exploring the Isle of Cyprus, Caramania, and the different parts of Syria, with that zeal and intrepidity which characterise the enlightened officers of the French army. Having shortly ago returned to his native land, he brings with him information that would have been extremely useful to Bonaparte's expedition, and which may pave the way for others.

The notes which I have here consented to give to the public have none of these merits. I yield them with regret; they are merely in the shape of recollections for myself, and were destined for that purpose alone. There is nothing of science, history, geography, or manners in them—the public was far from my thoughts when I wrote them—and how did I write them? Sometimes at noon, during the mid-day repose, under the shade of a palm-tree, or under the ruins of a monument in the desert; more often in the evening beneath a tent, beaten by the wind and rain, by the light of a torch of resin; one day in the cell of a Maronite convent on Lebanon; another day amid the rolling of an Arab boat, or upon the deck of a brig, in the midst of the shouts of sailors, neighing of horses, interruptions and distractions of all sorts by land and sea; sometimes eight days without writing at all; at other times losing the scattered pages of an album, torn by jackals, or steeped in the brine of the sea.

When returned to Europe, I might have doubtless revised these fragments of impressions, collected, arranged, and prepared them, and, like another, made a book of travels. But I have already said to write

travels was not in my mind. It would have needed time, freedom of spirit, attention, and labour; and I had none of all this to give. My heart was broken, my mind was elsewhere, my attention distracted, my leisure destroyed; it was necessary either to burn the notes, or let them go forth such as they were. Circumstances, which it is not requisite to explain, have induced me to adopt the latter alternative: I repent of having done so, but it is too late.

Let, then, the reader close the book before casting his eyes over it if he seeks anything but the most fugitive and superficial impressions of a traveller who marches without tarrying. There can be a little interest only for painters—these notes are almost exclusively picturesque: it is the look, the glance of a passer-by, seated on his camel or on the deck of a brig, who sees landscapes float before him, and who, in order to remember them on the morrow, throws a few colourless pencil-marks on the pages of his journal. Sometimes the traveller, forgetting the scene which surrounds him, turns upon himself, speaks to himself, listens to himself thinking, enjoying, or suffering; he then records a word of his distant feelings, so that the wind of the desert or the ocean may not bear away his whole existence, and so that there may remain some trace of them at another time, when returned to the solitary hearth, striving to reanimate an extinct past, give heat to frozen remembrances, and to link again the chains of a life which have been snapped in so many places. Such are these notes: of interest, they possess none; of success, they can expect no portion; of indulgence, they have too much reason to claim a considerable share.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

MARSEILLES, 20*th May*, 1832.—My mother had received from her mother, on her deathbed, a fine Bible of Royaumont, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. This Bible had engravings of sacred subjects in all the pages. There was Sarah, there was Tobit and his angel, there was Joseph or Samuel; above all, there were those fine patriarchal scenes where the solemn and primitive nature of the East was mingled with every act of that simple and marvellous life which was led by the early men. When I had correctly recited my lesson, and read nearly without a fault a half page of sacred history, my mother uncovered the engraving, and holding the book open on her knees, made me contemplate it, while giving me its explanation as my reward. She was endowed by nature with a soul equally pious and affectionate, and with an imagination of the most sensitive and graphic order: all her thoughts were sentiments, all her sentiments were images; her fine, noble, sweet countenance reflected in its beaming physiognomy all that was glowing in her heart, all that was painted in her conceptions; and the silvery tone of her voice, so affectionate, solemn, and impassioned, imparted to her every word an emphasis of such force, and interest, and love, as still at this moment vibrates in my ear, alas! after six years of silence! The view of these engravings, the explanations and poetical commentaries of my mother, inspired me from my tenderest infancy with Scriptural tastes and inclinations; and from the love of these representations, to the desire of seeing the places where the events represented had taken place, there was but one step. I burned, then, from the age of eight years, with an eager wish of visiting those mountains where God descended; those deserts where the angels came and pointed out to Hagar the hidden spring from which to reanimate her poor banished infant that was dying of thirst; those rivers that issued from the earthly paradise; that heaven where the angels were seen to descend and to ascend on the ladder of Jacob. This longing had never been extinguished in me; I mused continually on a journey to the East, which formed the one great act of my intel-

lectual existence: I was eternally constructing in my thoughts a vast, religious epic, of which these beauteous localities were to form the principal scene; it seemed to me also as if my spiritual doubts and religious perplexities were there to find their solution and their pacification. In a word, I was from this source to find colouring for my poem; for life always presented itself to my intellect as a great poem, while to my heart it breathed of love. GOD, LOVE, and POETRY—these are the three only words I should wish engraved on my monument, should I ever deserve a monument.

Such was the origin of those notions that now impel me to the shores of Asia. Such is my reason for now being at Marseilles, and for my taking so much pains to leave a country which I love, where I have friends, and whence some fraternal feelings will pursue me with regret.

Marseilles, 22d May.—I have freighted a vessel of 250 tons, with a crew of sixteen. The captain is an excellent man. His physiognomy pleases me. His voice has that grave and sincere accent that denotes firm integrity and a pure conscience; there is a gravity in the expression of his countenance, and his look has that lively, frank, and direct beam which is so sure an index of a prompt resolution, energy, and intelligence. He is, besides, a mild, polite, and well-bred man. I have examined him with all that carefulness which one must naturally bring to the selection of an individual to whom he is about to confide not only his fortune and his life, but the lives of his wife and only child—thus concentrating three existences, as it were, into one alone. May God protect us, and grant us a safe return!

The vessel is named the *Alceste*. The captain is M. Blanc of La Ciotat. The owner is one of the worthiest merchants in Marseilles, M. Bruno-Rostand. He overpowers us with attention and kindnesses. He has himself resided a long time in the Levant. He is a well-informed man, and capable for the highest employments; and in his native city his probity and talents have gained for him a consideration equal to his fortune. The latter he enjoyed without ostentation, and, surrounded by a charming family, he is entirely occupied in diffusing among his children the traditions of loyalty and virtue. What a noble country, where such domestic spectacles are to be met with in every class of society! And how amiable are those household institutions that protect, preserve, perpetuate, the same sanctity of morals, the same nobility of sentiments, the same traditional qualities, in the cottage, in the counting-house, or in the lordly mansion.

May 25.—Marseilles welcomes us as if we were children of her own beauteous clime; it is a land of generosity of heart, and of the poetry of soul: they receive poets as brothers, they are poets themselves: and I have found, among men of the common walks of society, among the academicians, and amidst young people who have scarcely entered upon life, a host of character and of talent capable of doing honour, not to their native province alone, but to entire France. The south and north of France appear to me in this respect much superior to the central provinces. The imagination languishes

in these intermediate regions, in these over-temperate climates: it must have an excess of temperature. Poetry is daughter of the sun, or of eternal hoar-frosts: we find either a Homer or an Ossian, a Tasso or a Milton.

May 28.—My heart will carry with it an eternal memorial of the benevolence of the Marseillese. It seems as if they wished, in my case, to heighten those feelings of anguish that oppress the heart when one is about to leave his native land without knowing if he shall ever revisit it. I wish also to treasure up the names of those individuals who have given me a more particular reception, and whose reminiscence will abide with me as the last sweet impression of my natal soil: M. J. Freyssinet, M. de Montgrand, Messrs de Villeneuve, M. Vangaver, M. Autran, M. Dufeu, M. Jauffret, &c.—all men distinguished for some eminent quality of mind and heart, as philosophers, statesmen, authors, or poets. May I see them again, and pay them on my return all those tributes of gratitude and of friendship which it is so sweet to owe, and so sweet to discharge!

Here are some verses which I wrote this morning in sailing between the islands of Pomègue and the coast of Provence. They are a farewell to Marseilles, which I quit with the feelings of a son. There are also some stanzas of it which point to earlier and more remote passages in my heart:—

A FAREWELL TRIBUTE TO THE ACADEMY OF MARSEILLES.

If to yon swift bark's canvass I confide
Each blessing Heaven has willed it to impart;
If I commit to Ocean's fickle tide
A wife and child, twin portions of my heart;
If I expose to sandbank, surge, and blast,
Such hopes as these, so many beating breasts,
And with no gage of safety, save a mast
That quivers when the south-wind lists;

'Tis not that lust of gold inflames a soul
Which to itself hath nobler treasures made;
Nor that I thirst in glory's flaming scroll
To write my name—if written, soon to fade;
'Tis not that like to Dante's is my fate,
The bitter salt of exile doomed to taste;
Nor that inconstant faction's angry hate
Hath laid my parent roof-tree waste.

No, no! I leave upon a valley's side,
And weep to leave, green fields and shade-fraught trees—
A home where sweet remembrances abide,
Which many a kind eye blesses when it sees;
Screened by the woods, I have secure retreats,
Where never factious brawls the calm destroy,
Where, 'stead of civil tempests, nothing meets
My ear but thankfulness and joy.

An aged sire, girt by our imaged forms,
Starts if around the walls the winds but sigh,
And daily prays that He who rules the storms
May not beyond its strength our canvass try;

Workmen and servants, masterless each one,
Trace on the turf our steps with sad acclaim,
And, basking 'neath my window in the sun,
My dogs whine as they hear my name.

Sisters I have, nursed at the same kind breast,
Boughs on the same trunk cradled by the gale;
Friends, too, whose souls my spirit has possest,
Who read my eye, and can my thoughts unveil;
And hearts unknown are by the muse made mine—
Friends who hold converse with my poesies—
Echoes unseen, who round my path combine
To pour responsive harmonies!

Yet souls have instincts hard to be defined,
Like that which prompts some hardy birds to roam
In quest of nurture of another kind,
And cross at one bold flight the deep sea foam.
What seek they in the regions of the East?
Have they not mossy homes beneath our eaves?
And store of food their little ones to feast,
When autumn shakes our sun-tipt sheaves?

I have, like them, the bread each day requires,
Like them I have the river and the hill;
Most humble is the range of my desires,
Yet I, like them, am coming, going still!
The East, like them, some power now bids me trace;
For never have I seen or touched the land
Of Cham, the first dominion of our race,
Where man's heart felt God's kneading hand.

I have not sailed across the sandy sea,
To the slow rocking of the desert ship;
At Hebron's well, beside the palm-trees three,
I have not wet at eve my yearning lip;
My cloak beneath the tents I have not spread,
Slept in the dust which strewed Job's brow of yore,
Nor dreamt by night, with moaning sails o'erhead,
The dreams which Jacob dreamt before.

Of earth's seven pages one yet waits my eye;
I know not how the stars may keep their sphere—
'Neath what ideal weight the lungs may ply—
How palpitates the heart—when gods are near!
I know not, when the grand old columns throw
On the bard's head the shadows of the past,
How herbs may speak, or if earth murmurs low,
Or sadly weeps the passing blast.

I have not heard the nations' cries ascend,
And call responses from the cedars old;
Nor seen high Lebanon's God-sent eagles bend
Their flight on Tyre—emblems of wrath foretold;
My head I have not laid upon the mounds
Whence all of Tadmor but the name is gone,
Nor have my lonely footsteps woke the sounds
That sleep round Memnon's vacant throne.

I have not heard the mournful Jordan pour
Low murmurings from its abysmal caves,

Weeping sublimer tears than those of yore,
With which sad Jeremiah chilled its waves;
I have not heard the soul within me sing
In that resounding grot, where, 'mid the night,
The bard-king's trembling fingers swept the string,
Led by the hand of fiery light.

I have not traced the prints around that spot,
Where, 'neath the olive, Jesus weeping lay,
Nor on the straggling roots the tears have sought,
Which eager angels could not kiss away;
By night I have not in that garden watched,
Where, while the sweat of blood was undergone,
The echo of our griefs and sins unmatched,
Resounded in one heart alone.

To that dear dust I have not bowed my head,
Which was by Christ's departing foot imprest,
Nor kissed the stones in which his mother laid
His tear-embalmed remains of earth to rest;
Nor have I beat my bosom in the place
Where, conquering the future by his death,
He stretched his arms all mankind to embrace,
And blest them with his latest breath.

For these things I depart—on these bestow
The span of worthless days yet left for me.
What boots it where the winter winds lay low
The barren trunk, the withered shadeless tree?
'Madman!' the crowd exclaims, itself unwise!
All do not find their food on every road—
The pilgrim-poet's food in thinking lies:
His heart lives on the works of God!

Adieu, my aged sire, and sisters dear!
My white and walnut-shaded home, adieu!
Farewell, my steeds, now idling all the year!
My lonely, hearth-couched dogs, farewell to you!
Each image grieves, and haunts me like the ghost
Of bliss departed, that would stay me fain:
Ah, may our reuniting hour be erost
By no like shades of doubt and pain!

And thou, my land, more vexed by surge and blast
Than the frail bark which now my all conveys,
Land, on whose fate the hopes of earth are cast,
Adieu! thy shores now fly my dimming gaze!
Oh may a ray of heaven dispel the gloom
Which wraps thy freedom, temples, throne, and thee,
And all thy sacred borders re-illume
With light of immortality!

And thou, Marseilles, that at the gates of France
Sittest as if to hail each coming guest,
Whose port smiles o'er these seas, with hope-bright glance,
And seems for winged barks an eagle nest;
Where kindly hands yet feel the clasp of mine,
Where yet my feet half cling in fond sojourn,
Thine be my parting prayer, Marseilles, and thine
My first salute on my return!

June 13.—We have been to visit our ship—our house for so many months! It is divided into small cabins, in which we have room for a hammock and trunk. The captain has caused some small windows to be pierced, which give the cabins a little light and air, and which we shall be able to open when the sea is not high, or when the vessel does not heel much over. The great state-room is reserved for Madame de Lamartine and Julia. The waiting-maids will sleep in the captain's little state-room, which he has been so kind as give up to us. As the season is fine, we shall eat on deck, under a tent rigged close to the mainmast. The brig is encumbered with provisions of all kinds required for a journey of two years in countries of no resources. A library of five hundred volumes, all selected works of history, poetry, and travels, forms the finest ornament of the largest apartment. Bundles of arms are grouped in the corners, and I have purchased, besides, a private arsenal of muskets, pistols, and sabres, to arm ourselves and our people. The Greek pirates infest the seas of the Archipelago. We are determined to fight to the utmost, and not allow them to board while life is left us. I have to defend two lives, which are dearer to me than my own. There are four guns on deck, and the crew, who are aware of the fate reserved by the Greeks for the unhappy sailors they surprise, are resolved to die rather than surrender to them.

June 17.—I take out with me three friends. The first is one of those persons whom Providence attaches to our path when it foresees that we shall have need of a support that may not bend under peril or misfortune—Amédée de Parseval. We have been linked together from our tenderest youth by an affection which no period of our life has found defective. My mother loved him as a son; I have loved him as a brother; whenever I have been wounded by a stroke of destiny, I have found him at hand, or have seen him arrive to take his share of it—the principal share, the calamity all entire, had it been in his power. His is a heart that lives only in the happiness of others, and suffers only from their misfortunes. When I was, fifteen years ago, at Paris, alone, unwell, ruined, desperate, and dying, he passed the nights in watching by my lamp of agony: when I have lost some adored being, it was always he who came and brought me the balm of solacement; on the death of my mother, he reached me as soon as the fatal intelligence, and conducted me from a distance of two hundred leagues to that tomb where I repaired in the vain search of that last adieu which she had addressed to me, but which I had never heard! More lately! ..... But my misfortunes are not ended, and I shall again experience his friendship whenever there is despair to be soothed away from my heart, whenever there are tears to be mingled with mine.

Two worthy intellectual and well-informed men, two truly choice personages, have also arrived to accompany us in this pilgrimage. The one is M. de Capmas, sub-prefect, deprived of his aim by the revolution of July, one who has preferred the precarious chances

of a painful and uncertain future to the preservation of his place. An oath would have been repugnant to his loyalty, for the very reason that it would have appeared interested. He is one of those men who make no calculation in the face of a scruple of honour, and with whom political sympathies have all the warmth and virgin purity of true sentiment.

Our other companion is a physician of Hondschoote, M. de la Royere. I became acquainted with him at my sister's house during the period when I was meditating this departure. The purity of his soul, the original and unsophisticated graces of his intellect, the loftiness of his political and religious sentiments, made a strong impression on me. I was desirous of bringing him with me, much more as a moral resource, than from any prospective reference to my health. I have since congratulated myself on this, as I attach much more value to his mind and disposition than to his professional abilities, though these are very well established. We converse together much more about politics than about medicine. His views and ideas about the present and future condition of France are liberal, and not at all limited by personal attachment or dislike. He knows that Providence accepts no aid of party in its operations; and, like myself, he looks, in human policy, to ideas, and not to men's names. His thoughts proceed to the result, without troubling themselves through what channel the passage is to be made; and his mind is free from all prejudices and prepossessions, even those of his religious faith, which is sincere and fervent.

Six servants, almost all born or of long service in the family, complete our company. All of them set out with joyfulness, and take a personal interest in this journey. Each believes he is on his own private travels, and they all gaily brave the fatigues and perils upon which I have not deceived them.

In the roadstead, at anchor off the little gulf of Montredon, 6th July 1832.—I have sailed: the billows have now our whole destiny in their power. I am no longer connected with my native land, save by the thought of those cherished beings I still leave in it; by the thought, especially, of my father and sisters.

To explain to myself how—already verging towards the close of my youth, approaching that season of life when man withdraws himself from the ideal world, to enter upon the world of earthly interests—I should have quitted my beauteous and peaceful existence at Saint-Point, and all the innocent delights of the domestic fireside, whose charm was a wife, and whose embellishment a child—to explain to myself, I say, why I wander at present on the vast sea towards unknown shores and an unknown futurity, I am obliged to remount to the source of all my thoughts, and to seek there the causes of my travelling tastes and sympathies. It is because imagination has also its wants and its passions! I was born a poet, that is to say, more or less conversant with that noble language which God addresses to all men, but more clearly to some, through the medium of his works. When young, I had heard this voice of

nature, this language formed of images, and not of sounds, in the mountains, in the forests, on the lakes, on the margin of the chasms and torrents of my own country, and of the Alps; I had even translated into written language some of those accents that had affected me, and which now in their turn affected other minds; but those accents were no longer sufficient for me; I had exhausted that small treasury of divine converse which our soil of Europe utters to man—I thirsted to listen to other specimens on more brilliant and more eloquent shores. My imagination was enamoured with the sea, the deserts, the mountains, the manners, and the traces of God in the East. All my life had the East been the dream of my days of darkness, amidst the fogs of autumn and winter in my native valley. My body, like my soul, is a child of the sun; it must have light; it needs that ray of life which beams not from the shattered bosom of our western clouds, but from out the depths of that purple sky which resembles the mouth of the furnace; those rays which are not merely light, but a glowing shower, which calcine, as they descend, the white rocks, the sparkling teeth of the mountain-peaks, and which tinge the ocean with red, like to a conflagration floating on the waters! I had a craving to stir and knead in my hands a little of that land which had been the land of our first family, the land of prodigies; to see, to traverse that gospel scenery, amid which was enacted the drama of divine wisdom in conflict with human error and perversity!—where moral truth became a martyr, in order to fertilise with its blood a more perfect civilisation! And then I was—I had almost always been—a Christian in heart and in imagination: my mother had made me so: I had sometimes ceased to be so during the less good and pure days of my early youth; misfortune and love, that complete love which purifies whatever it inflames, had conjointly driven me back, at a later period, into this first asylum of my thoughts, into those consolations of the heart which one strives to resummon from his reminiscences and his hopes, when all the bustle of the heart has fallen within us; when all the emptiness of life appears to us, after a passion extinguished, or a death which leaves us nothing to love. This Christianism of sentiment had once more become a sweet habitude of my thoughts: I used often to say to myself—Where is truth, perfect, evident, and incontestible, to be found? If it be anywhere, it is in the heart—it is in that *felt* evidence against which there is no reasoning that can prevail. But truth in the mind is nowhere complete;* it is with God, and not with us; our eye is too narrow to absorb a single ray of it; all truth, with respect to us, is only relative; whatever is most useful to mankind, will be truest also. The doctrine most fertile in divine virtues, then, will be that which contains the greatest number of divine truths; for what is good is true. All my religious logic stood at this point; my philosophy did not ascend higher; it interdicted me from doubts, those interminable dialogues of reason

* In the original—Mais la verité de l'esprit n'est complète nulle part.

with herself; it left me that religion of the heart which harmonises so well with all the infinite sentiments of the life of the soul, that religion which resolves nothing, but which pacifies everything.

July 7, *seven o'clock of the evening.*—I say to myself, This pilgrimage, if not as a Christian, at least as a man and a poet, would have so much pleased my mother! Her soul was so ardent, and coloured itself so quickly and so completely with the impression of places and objects! It was she whose soul would have exulted in presence of this sacred and now deserted theatre, on which was performed the great drama of the gospel—that complete drama in which the human and the divine portion of our nature act each its part, the one crucifying, the other crucified! This journey of the son she loved so well, must be pleasing to her in that heavenly mansion where I now seem to perceive her; she will observe us; she will place herself like a second Providence between us and the tempest, the simoom, and the Arab of the desert! She will protect, against every danger, her son, her daughter of adoption, and her grand-daughter, that visible angel of our destiny, whom we carry everywhere with us. She loved her so much! she rested her look with such unspeakable tenderness, with such penetrating pleasure, on the charming countenance of that infant, the last and fairest hope of her numerous generations!—and if there be imprudence in this enterprise, on which we have so often mused together, she will obtain for me a pardon on high in favour of the motives, which are, Love, Poetry, and Religion!

The same evening.—Politics return to assail us even here. France is beautiful when viewed in the approaching future. A generation of men are rising who will have, by virtue of their later appearance, a complete disconnection from our rancours and recriminations of forty years. Little matters it to them that one may have belonged to this or that hateful denomination of our old parties; these men went for nothing in those quarrels; they have neither prejudices nor vengeance in their minds. That generation present themselves pure and vigorous on the threshold of a new career; but this career we are already blocking up with our hatreds, our passions, and our old disputes. Let us make way for it. How I should have loved to enter upon it in their name! to mingle my voice with theirs from that tribune which still only resounds with repetitions that have no echo in the future—that tribune where the weapons of warfare are the names of men! The hour would have now arrived for lighting up the beacon of reason and morality over our political tempests, for establishing the new social symbol which the world begins to foreknow and to comprehend—the symbol of love and charity among men, the evangelical politics! I do not reproach myself, at least for my part, with any egotism in this respect; I would have sacrificed to this duty even my travels, that dream of my imagination for sixteen years! May heaven rouse up some men for this work, for our politics make man ashamed, and cause the angels to weep! Destiny grants one season in every age for humanity

to regenerate itself; the present is a season of revolution, and men squander it in tearing each other to pieces! They give up to vengeance the season granted by God for regeneration and advancement!

Same day, still at anchor.—The revolution of July, which has profoundly afflicted me, because I loved, innately, the old and venerable family of the Bourbons, because they had both the love and the blood of my father, my grandfather, and all my relations, because they should have had also mine if they had wished it—that revolution, notwithstanding, did not irritate me, because it did not astonish me. I saw it approaching from afar; nine months before the fatal day, the fall of the monarchy appeared to me written in the very names of the men intrusted with its government. These men were devoted and faithful, but they belonged to another age, to another school of thought: while the ideas of the age were moving in one direction, they were preparing to move in another; the separation was complete as to principles; it could not be delayed as to events; it was a mere question of days and hours. I have wept over that family, which seemed condemned to the destiny and to the blindness of Œdipus! I have deplored, above all, that divorce, without any necessity, between the past and the future. The former might have been so useful to the latter. Liberty, and the progress of society, would have borrowed as much strength from that adoption as the ancient royal houses, the old families and old virtues, would have done from them. It would have been at once so politic and so pleasant not to have separated France into two hostile camps, into two opposing interests, but to have moved on together, the one party pressing forward their steps, and the other retarding theirs, in order not to be disjoined on the route. All this is now only a dream. The fact must be regretted, but time must not be lost in uselessly recalling such things to memory. We must act, we must move forward; this is the law of nature, the law of God. I regret that what is called the royalist party, which embraces so much talent, influence, and virtue, should wish to make a pause on the question of July. It was not compromised in that affair, which was a mere affair of the palace, of intrigue, of a clique, in which the great majority of royalists had no part. It is always allowable, always honourable, to take a share in the misfortunes of others; but one ought not to make himself a gratuitous accomplice in an error which he did not commit; we ought to leave to whoever vindicates it the fault of state revolutions, and of the retrograde movement; to pity and bewail the august victims of a fatal mistake; to abjure nought of those affections that are honourable to them; not to repudiate hopes, which, though remote, are legitimate; and, in one word, to return into the ranks of the citizens, to think, speak, act, and combat along with that family of families, the country. But let us drop this subject. We shall see France again in two years. May God protect her, and all that is dear and excellent in every party we leave behind us!

July 8: *under sail.*—This day, at half-past five in the morning, we got under way. Some friends of few days' standing, but of much affection, had outrisen the sun, in order to accompany us some miles to sea, and thus postpone their adieus. The brig glided along a smooth sea, limpid and blue, like the water of a shady spring in the rock. Scarcely did the weight of the yards—those long arms of the vessel loaded with sails—cause a slight inclination of each side alternately; a young man from Marseilles (M. Autrun) recited to us some admirable verses, in which he confided his vows for our safety to the winds and the billows. We were affected by this separation from the land, by those thoughts that flew back to the shore, that traversed Provence, and proceeded towards my father, my sisters, my friends; by those adieus, those verses, that fine outshadowing of Marseilles, which was retiring and diminishing under our view, and by that boundless sea which was to become for so long a while our only country.

Oh, Marseilles! oh, France! Thou deservedst better! This age, this country, these young men, were worthy of contemplating a true poet, one of those men who engrave a world and an epoch in the harmonious memory of mankind! But as for me—I feel it profoundly—I am but one of those men without stamp, of a transitory and effaced epoch, some of whose sighs have had an echo, because the echo is more poetical than the poet. However, I belonged to another period by my inclinations; I have often felt in myself another man; horizons immense, infinite, luminous with poetry at once philosophic, epic, religious, and new, were scattered in confusion before me; but, in punishment of my mad and lost season of youth, these horizons were very quickly closed again. I felt them too vast for my physical forces; I closed my eyes, not to be tempted to precipitate myself into them. Farewell, then, to those reveries of genius, of intellectual pleasure! It is too late! I shall sketch perhaps a few scenes, I shall murmur a few songs, and all that will be said is this:—'Make way for others;' and, I perceive it with pleasure, there are others coming. Nature was never more fertile in promises of genius than at this moment. What men we shall have in the lapse of twenty years, if all should reach to manhood!

However, if God were pleased to grant my prayer, this is all I should implore of Him: a poem according to my heart and to His!—a visible, living, animated, and coloured image of His visible and invisible creations. Here would be a fine inheritance to leave to this world of darkness, doubt, and sorrow! an aliment which would nourish it, which would renew its youth for a century! Oh, why cannot I give this to it, or at least give it to myself, although even no other person should hear a verse of it!

Same day, at three o'clock, at sea.—The east wind, which disputes the way with us, has blown with more force; the sea has risen and whitened; the captain declares that he must regain the coast, and anchor in a bay two hours' sail from Marseilles. Here we are then; the billows rock us sweetly; the sea speaks, as the sailors say; a

murmuring is heard in the distance, resembling the hum that issues from a large city. This threatening language of the sea—the first we have heard—resounds with a solemn effect in the ear and in the breast of those who are about to have such close conversation with it for so long a period.

On our left we see the islands of Pomegue, and the castle of If, an old fortress, with gray, round towers, crowning a naked and slate-coloured rock; ahead, over a lofty coast, intersected with whitish cliffs, are numerous country seats, whose gardens, surrounded by walls, only allow to be perceived the tops of the shrubbery, or the green arcades of the vine arbours; scarcely a mile farther up the country, on an isolated and naked elevation, appear the fort and chapel of Our Lady of Protection (Notre-Dame de la Garde), a place of pilgrimage for the mariners of Provence, before their departure, and at their return from every voyage. This morning, without our knowledge, at the very moment when the wind was filling our sails, a Marseillese woman rose before daybreak, and accompanied by her children, went to pray for us on the summit of this mountain, from whence her friendly glance perceived, without doubt, our vessel like a white speck on the water.

What a world is that world of prayer! What invisible but all-powerful tie is this between beings, known or unknown to each other, and praying in company or in separation for one another! It has always appeared to me that prayer—that instinct so unerring of our powerless nature—formed the only real power, or at least the greatest power, of mankind! Man cannot conceive its result, but what *can* he conceive? The necessity that impels man to breathe, proves to him, of itself, that air is necessary to life. The instinct of prayer also proves to the soul the efficacy of prayer: let us pray then! And Thou who hast inspired unto us this marvellous power of communication with thyself, with creatures and worlds invisible, do thou, oh, my God! hear us most favourably; favour us beyond our desires.

Same day, eleven o'clock at night.—A splendid moon appears to hover between the masts, yards, and rigging of two brigs of war anchored not far from us, between our anchorage and the dark mountains of Var: the cordage of both vessels stands out in relief to the eye on the blue and purple field of the evening sky, like the fibres of a gigantic and fleshless skeleton seen from a distance by the pale and steady lamp-lights of Westminster or St Denis. To-morrow, these skeletons are to awaken into life, to expand their swelling wings like ourselves, and fly away like birds of the ocean, to perch on other shores. We can hear, from the point where I am, the sharp and modulated whistle of the boatswain superintending the duty—the roll of the drum—the voice of the officer of the deck. The colours glide downward from the mast; the boats remount the quarter with the rapid and living gesture of animated creatures. All is once more silence on board of these vessels and of our own.

Formerly, men did not commit themselves to sleep on this deep

and treacherous bed of the ocean, without raising their souls and voices to God, without rendering homage to their sublime Creator, in the midst of all these stars, and billows, and mountain-summits—of all these charms and dangers of the night: yes, an evening prayer arose from every vessel! Since the revolution of July, this is done no longer. Prayer expired on the lips of that old liberalism of the eighteenth century, which had in itself nothing of life, save its cold hatred to the concerns of the soul. That sacred breath of man, which the children of Adam had transmitted, along with their joys and their griefs, as far as our times, was extinguished in France during our season of dispute and pride; we mixed up the Almighty in our quarrels. The shadow of God causes fear in certain men. Those insects—which have just been born, which are to die to-morrow, whose barren dust will in a few days be scattered by the wind, whose blanched bones these eternal waves will cast on some rocky shore—are afraid to confess, by a single gesture, the infinite Being whom the heavens and the ocean testify; they disdain to name Him who has not disdained to create them; and all this for what reason? Because these men wear a uniform, because they can calculate as far as a certain extent of numbers, and because they call themselves Frenchmen of the nineteenth century! Happily the nineteenth century is passing away, and I perceive a better approaching, an age truly religious, in which, if men do not confess God in the same language, and under the same symbols, they will at least confess Him under every symbol, and in every language.

Same night.—I have been walking an hour on the deck of the vessel alone, and making these sad or consolatory reflections; I have been murmuring from my heart and from my lips all the prayers I learned from my mother when I was a child. The verses and fragments of psalms which I have heard her so often mutter in a low voice, during our evening walk in the alley of the garden of Milly, rose again to my memory, and I enjoyed a deep and close-felt pleasure in pouring them forth, in my turn, to the waves, to the wind, to that ear which is always open, and to which no movement of the heart or of the lips is ever lost. The prayer which we have heard breathed by some one whom we loved, and whom we have seen expire, is doubly sacred! Who among us does not prefer the few words his mother taught him, to the finest hymns which he might himself compose? For this reason it is that, whatever sect our reason inclines us to adopt at the age of reason, the prayer of Christianity will ever be the prayer of the human race. I have thus offered up in solitude the prayers for the evening and for the sea, in behalf of that wife who makes no calculation of danger when uniting herself to my fate, and of that fair child who was sporting meantime on the deck, or inside of the boat, with the goat that is to yield to her its milk, or with the pretty and gentle greyhounds, that lick her white hands, and nibble her long fair hair.

Nine in the morning, under sail.—During the night the wind changed and freshened; I heard from my cabin on the deck below

the footsteps, voices, and plaintive song of the seamen, resounding for a long while over my head, along with the clanging of the chain-cable as they secured again the anchor to the bows. They were getting under way; we were proceeding on our route. Again I fell asleep. When I awoke, and opened the port to gaze on the coast of France, which we were so close to the evening before, I saw no longer anything save the immense sea, clear, naked, and gently rustling, with only two vessels, two lofty vessels, rising up like two landmarks, like pyramids of the desert in the boundless distance.

The wave gently caressed the full and rounded quarters of our brig, and babbled pleasingly under my narrow window, to which the foam sometimes rose in slender white garlands; it was like the unequal, varied, confused sound of the warbling of swallows, when the sun is rising over a field of corn. There are harmonies between all the elements, just as there is a general harmony between material and intellectual nature. Every thought has its counterpart in some visible object, which repeats it like an echo, reflects it like a mirror, and renders it perceptible in two ways: to the senses by the image, to thought by thought; such is the boundless poetry of this doubleness of creation! Men call this comparison: comparison is genius. To compare, is the art or instinct of discovering additional words in that divine language of universal anologies which God alone possesses, but part of which He permits certain men to attain. This is why the prophet or sacred poet, and the poet or profane prophet, were of old everywhere regarded as divine beings. At this day they are viewed as mad, or, at the very least, useless creatures: this is logical; for if you reckon as everything the material and palpable world—that part of nature which resolves itself into numbers and dimensions, into money and physical enjoyments—you do well to despise those men who preserve only the culture of moral beauty, the idea of God, and that language of images and of mysterious relations between the visible and the invisible. What does this language demonstrate? God and immortality! but these are nothing to you!

July 10, *at anchor in the little gulf of La Ciotat.*—The favourable breeze that sprang up for a moment, soon died away from our sails, which, drooping along the masts, left them to vibrate at the pleasure of the feeblest wave. A fine image of those characters that want decision—that moving current of the human soul—irresolute characters that fatigue those who possess them: such characters are more exhausted by feebleness than they would be from those courageous exertions which a rigorous firmness of will impresses on men of energy and activity; just as ships are more annoyed on a sea unruffled by the wind, than under the impulse of a fresh breeze that drives and sustains them over the foaming billows.

Whether by chance, or through some secret manœuvre of our officers, we find ourselves obliged, on account of the wind, to enter at three o'clock the delightful bay of La Ciotat, a small town on the coast of Provence, where our captain, and almost all our seamen,

have their houses, wives, and children. Under shelter of a little mole, which projects from a pleasant rising-ground, quite clothed with vines, fig-trees, and olives, like a friendly hand held out to sailors from the shore, we let fall the anchor. The water is perfectly smooth, and so transparent, that at the depth of twenty feet we can perceive the gleam of the stones and shells, the undulations of the long marine plants, and the darting movement of thousands of fishes with glittering scales—those hidden treasures in the bosom of the sea, which is equally rich and inexhaustible as the land in vegetation and inhabitants. Life is found everywhere, and so is intellect. All nature is animated—all nature feels and thinks! He who does not see this, has never reflected on the inexhaustible fertility of creative thought. It ought not to have stopped, nor has it been able to stop: infinity is peopled; and wherever there is life, there also is sentiment; and thought has without doubt unequal grades, but has no vacuum. Would you have a physical demonstration of this? Look at a drop of water under the solar microscope: you will there see thousands of worlds gravitating; you will see worlds in the larva of an insect; and if you succeeded in again decomposing each of these thousands of worlds, millions of other universes would still appear to you! If from these numberless and infinitely small worlds you suddenly raise your view to the innumerable great globes of the celestial vault, if you plunge into the milky way—that incalculable dust, so to speak, of suns, each of which rules over a system of globes larger than the earth and the moon—the intellect is shattered by the weight of such calculations; but the soul can sustain them, and glorifies herself in having its place in this great workmanship, in having strength to comprehend it, in having an impulse to bless and adore its Author! Oh, my God! what a worthy prayer does nature become to him who seeks Thee there, who there discovers Thee under every form, and who comprehends some syllables of its mute language, which, mute though it is, tells of everything!

Bay of La Ciotat, eleven at night.—The wind has died away, and there is no appearance of its return. The surface of the bay is without a ruffle; the sea is so smooth, that one can distinguish here and there the impression of the transparent wings of the *moustiques*,* which float on its glassy surface, and which alone tarnish it at present. See, then, to what a degree of calmness and repose that element can descend, which bears the three-decker without feeling her weight, which can gnaw away whole leagues of coast, wear down hills, split rocks, and shatter mountains, by the shock of its roaring billows! Nothing is so gentle as that which is powerful.

We are to go ashore, at the earnest request of our captain, who wishes to introduce us to his wife, and show us his house. The town resembles the pretty towns in the kingdom of Naples, on the coast of Gaeta. All is radiant, gay, serene; existence is a continual feast in the climates of the south. Happy is the man who is born and who dies under a sunny sky! Above all, happy is he who has his

* A species of gnat, found also in America.

house—the house and garden of his fathers—on the borders of that sea whose every wave is a sparkle that darts its light and its splendour on the land. The lofty mountains excepted, which borrow the white lustre of their summits and horizons from the snows that cover them, from the sky into which they penetrate—no site in the interior of countries, however joyous and graceful it be rendered by hills and trees and rivers, can vie in beauty with the spots that are bathed by the waves of the south. The sea is to the landscape what the eye is to a fine face; it lightens up the scene, and imparts to it that radiance and expression which makes it to live and speak, to enchant and fascinate, the contemplative eye.

Same day.—It is night, that is to say, what is called night in these climates. How many days less light have I not counted on the velvet slopes of Richmond Hill in England! in the fogs of the Thames, the Seine, the Saône, or the Lake of Geneva. A full moon ascends in the firmament; she leaves in the shade our dark brig, which reposes motionless a short distance from the quay. The moon, on her progress, has left behind her, as it were, a train of red sand, with which she seems to have strewed one-half of the sky; the remainder is blue, and whitens up as she approaches. At a horizon nearly two miles distant, between two small islands, one of which has lofty yellow cliffs, resembling the Coliseum at Rome, and the other is violet, like the flowers of the lilac, there appears on the water the *mirage* of a great city—the eye is deceived in this: one sees domes glittering, palaces with dazzling façades, long quays inundated with a sweet and serene light; to the right and left the billows whiten, and seem to envelop it; one would say it was Venice or Malta sleeping on the bosom of the waters. It is neither an island nor a town—it is the reverberated light of the moon from the point of the sea directly under her disc; still nearer us, this reverberation extends and prolongs itself, and rolls a river of gold and silver between two banks of azure. On our left, the bay carries out to an elevated headland the long and sombre chain of its unequal and serrated hills; to the right there is a narrow and encompassed valley, where there flows a beautiful fountain, under the shade of some trees; behind we have a higher hill, covered to the very summit with olives, which the night causes to appear black; from the top of this hill, down to the sea, some gray towers and small white houses pierce here and there through the monotonous obscurity of the olives, and attract the eye and the thought to the dwellings of man. More distant still, and at the extremity of the bay, three enormous rocks seem to rise, without any base, from the water; they are of singular forms, rounded like pebbles, polished by the waves and tempests: these pebbles are mountains, the gigantic freaks of a primitive ocean, of which our seas are without doubt but a feeble image.

July 12.—We have visited the captain's house, which is a pretty dwelling, modest, but ornamented. We were received by his young wife, who appeared to suffer from sadness at the sudden departure

of her husband. I proposed to take her on board, and that she should accompany us during the voyage, which would be longer than the average trips of a merchant vessel. Her state of health was an obstacle to this arrangement: alone, and without children, she would have to count long days, perhaps long years, during the absence of her husband. Her mild and feeling expression bore the impress of that melancholy prospect, and that solitude of heart. The house resembled a Flemish one; its walls were tapestried with portraits of the vessels which the captain had commanded. Not far from this, he took us to the country to see a house which he was, although young, preparing as an asylum, to which he might retire from the wind and the wave. I was well pleased at having seen the rural establishment where this man was planning out beforehand repose and happiness for his old age. I have always loved to get acquainted with the fireside, the domestic circumstances, of those with whom I have had necessary intercourse in this world. These things are a part of themselves, and form a second external physiognomy, that supplies a key to their character and their destiny.

The greater part of our seamen belong also to these villages. Mild, pious, gay, and laborious men they are, managing the wind, the tempest, and the wave, with the same calm and silent regularity that our husbandmen of Saint-Point handle the harrow or the plough; they are ploughmen of the sea, peaceful and musical like the men of our valleys, when they follow, by the rays of the morning sun, their long smoking furrows on the flanks of their hills!

July 13.—Having awoke early this morning, I heard the voices of the sailors on deck, mingled with the crowing of the cock and bleating of the goat and sheep. Some women's and children's voices completed the illusion. I might have imagined myself lying in the wooden chamber of a peasant's cottage on the banks of the lake of Zurich, or of Soleure. I went on deck; it was some of our seamen's children whom their mothers had brought on board. The fathers were making them sit on the ship's guns, or holding them upright on the bulwarks, or laying them down in the boat, or rocking them in the hammocks, with that tenderness in their accent, and those tears in their eyes, which mothers or nurses might have displayed. Brave fellows! having hearts of flint against danger, but women's hearts for those they love—rough or mild, like the element to which they are so familiarised. Let him be shepherd or sailor, the man who has a family has a heart kneaded, so to speak, with kindly and praiseworthy sentiments. The family-spirit is the second soul of humanity; modern legislators have too much neglected it; they think only of nations and of individuals; they omit to consider families, the only source of a pure and a powerful population, the sanctuary of traditions and of morals, in which all the social virtues are retempered. Legislation, even after the diffusion of Christianity, has been barbarous in this respect; instead of inviting men to indulge the family-spirit, it repulses them from such indulgence! It interdicts one-half of mankind from wife and child, from the ownership of a fireside and a

field: these blessings were due from it to every one so soon as he reached the age of manhood; it was only called upon to deny them to culprits. A family is a miniature of society at large; but it is a society in which the laws are natural, because they are the expression of feelings. Excommunication from the privilege of family might have constituted the greatest reprobation, the last withering effect of the law; it would have been the only capital punishment under a Christian and humane legislation: the sanguinary penalty of death would have been abolished ages ago.

July, still at anchor, the wind being contrary.—A mile to the westward, along the coast, the mountains are shattered as if by powerful hammering; enormous fragments have fallen here and there at the feet of the mountains, or on the blue and greenish waves of the sea that bathes them. The sea breaks there incessantly, and from the wave, which strikes with a dull alternating sound against the rocks, there are darted forth, as it were, tongues of white foam, that lick the salt sea-shore. These heaped-up portions of mountains, for they are too large to be called rocks, have been heaved and piled in such confusion over one another, that they form an innumerable quantity of narrow creeks, profound vaults, sonorous grottos, and sombre caverns, whose pathways, windings, and exits, are known only to the children of two or three fishers' cottages in the neighbourhood. One of these caverns, into which you penetrate by the depressed arch of a natural bridge, covered with an enormous block of granite, gives access to the sea, and then opens out upon a narrow and obscure valley, which the sea fills entirely with its waves, here always limpid and smooth, like the sky in a lovely night. This is a little sheltered bay known to the fishermen, where, whilst the billows are raging and foaming without, and shaking the flanks of the coast with their shock, the smallest boats can lie under shelter: you can scarcely perceive in it that slight bubbling of a spring that falls in a sheet of water. The sea preserved there that beautiful colour of a greenish mulberry yellow, which painters of marine scenery find so perceptible to the eye, but which they can never exactly transfer to canvass, for the eye sees more than the hand can imitate.

On the two flanks of this marine valley there ascend out of sight two walls of rocks almost perpendicular, sombre, and of a uniform colour, resembling that of iron dross some time after it has fallen from the furnace. No plant, no moss, can find there even a slit to suspend itself by and take root, to cause to float there those garlands of *lianes* and those flowers which one sees so often undulating on the walls of the rocks of Savoy, at heights where God alone can inhale them; naked, steep, dark, repulsive to the eye, these rocks are only there to defend from the sea air the hills of vines and olives that vegetate under their shelter; images of those men that rule over an epoch or a nation, exposed to all the injuries of time and tempest, in order to protect more feeble and more happy men. At the bottom of the little bay the sea widens a little, serpentines, takes a clearer tint in proportion as it discovers more sky, and terminates at length

in a fine sheet of water, reposing on a bed of small violet shells, bruised and compact like sand. If you land from the boat that has carried you thus far, you find to the left, in the hollow of a ravine, a cool and pure spring of fresh water; then, on turning to the right, a stony goat-walk, rough and precipitous, shaded by wild fig-trees, and by medlars, which leads down from the cultivated grounds to this solitude of the waters. Few spots have so much struck me, or allured me so powerfully in my journeyings. It is that perfect blending of strength and gracefulness which constitutes complete beauty in the harmony of the elements, as well as in animated or intellectual nature. It is that mysterious wedlock of the land and the sea, surprised, so to speak, in their most intimate and most curtained union. It is that image of calm and most inaccessible solitude, side by side with that stormy and tumultuous theatre of the tempests, and close upon the roar of its billows. It is one of those numberless masterpieces of the creation which God has scattered everywhere, as if to sport with contrasts, but which it pleases Him most often to hide under the unattainable summit of a precipitous mountain, in the depth of an inaccessible ravine, or on the most unapproachable reefs of the ocean, like jewels of nature which she only discovers, and that rarely, to simple men, to shepherds, to fishermen, to travellers, to poets, or to the pious contemplation of anchorites.

July 14.—At ten o'clock, a westerly breeze springing up; at three o'clock, up anchor; we soon had nothing but sea and sky for our horizon; sea sparkling: soft and cadenced movement of the brig; murmuring of the wave as regular as the respiration of the human breast. This regular alternation of the wave of the wind in the sail, recurs in all the movements and in all the sounds of nature: may it not be that she also respires? Yes, undoubtedly; she breathes, she lives, she thinks, she suffers and enjoys, she feels, she adores her divine Author! He did not make death: life is the symbol of all His works!

July 15, *out at sea, eight o'clock at night.*—We have seen, gradually sinking, the last peaks of the gray mountains on the coasts of France and Italy, till the blue and sombre line of the sea at the horizon submerged the whole. The eye, at this moment of the known horizon's disappearance, runs over the floating desert of space that surrounds it, like some unfortunate who has lost successively every object of his affections and habitudes, and searches in vain for something on which his heart may repose.

The sky becomes the grand and only scene of contemplation; then the view falls down again upon that imperceptible point, drowned, as it were, in space, that narrow vessel now forming the entire universe of those whom it conveys.

The boatswain is at the helm; his manly and impassible countenance, his firm and vigilant regard, now fixed on the compass in the binnacle, and now on the ship's head, to trace, through the fore-rigging, his course through the water; his right hand grasping the tiller, and by its movement impressing his will on the immense mass of

the vessel. Everything in his appearance indicate the importance of his charge—the fate of the vessel and the lives of thirty persons revolving in his ample forehead, and giving energy to his robust arm.

In the forepart of the deck the sailors are to be seen in groups, seated, standing, or reclining on the planks of shining fir, or on the cables rolled in vast spirals ; some mending the old sails with large iron needles, and seeming as earnest on the neatness of their tasks as girls that embroider their marriage veil or the curtain of their virgin bed ; others leaning over the bulwarks, viewing, without perceiving them, the foaming waves, just as we look at the pavement of a road that we have a hundred times travelled, and carelessly giving to the wind the puffs of smoke from their pipes of red clay. One is giving drink to the fowls in their long troughs; another holds out a handful of hay for the goat to nibble, grasping its horns with the other hand ; while others again are playing with two beautiful sheep that are roosted in the large boat suspended between the two masts: these poor animals raise their restless heads over the gunwale, and perceiving nothing but the undulating plain whitened with foam, they bleat after the rocks and dry moss of their native mountains.

At the extremity of the vessel—the horizon of this floating world —is seen the sharp prow preceded by its mast, the bowsprit, inclining to the sea: this mast projects from the ship's head, like the horn of some marine monster. The undulations of the sea, which are almost insensible at the centre of gravity, or near the middle of the deck, cause the ship's head to describe slow and gigantic oscillations. Now it seems to direct the path of the vessel towards some star of the firmament, and then it threatens to plunge her into some profound valley; for the sea has the appearance of continually rising and descending to one place at the stern of a vessel, the masts and length of which multiply the effect of these undulations.

As for ourselves, separated by the mainmast from this scene of maritime manners, we are seated on the quarterdeck benches, or walk the deck with the officers, looking at the sun and the waves, as they appear to rise and fall successively.

In the midst of all these manly, austere, and pensive figures, a female child, with her loose hair streaming over her white garments, and her rosy, happy, and smiling face beaming from under a little straw hat of sailor fashion, is playing with the captain's white cat, or with a brood of sea pigeons captured the evening before, which are nestled on a gun-carriage, and for which she is crumbling her little allowance of bread.

Meantime the captain of the vessel, with telescope in hand, and spying in silence, towards the west, the precise moment when the lower limb of the sun, refracted upwards as it is by one-half of the disc, seems to touch the water, and float on it for an instant, before being entirely immersed—raises his voice, and exclaims, 'Gentlemen, prayers.' All conversation ceases ; every game is closed; the seamen throw overboard their still lighted cigar, they doff their Greek

red-woollen caps, hold them in their hands, and come and kneel between the two masts. The youngest of them opens the book of prayer, and sings the *Ave maris stella* and the litanies with a tender, plaintive, and grave melody, that seems to have been inspired by thoughts of the surrounding element, and by that restless melancholy of the last hours of day, when all the recollections of the land, the cottage, the fireside, ascend from the heart to the meditations of those simple men. The shades of evening are about to descend once more upon the waters, and to overshroud, in their dangerous obscurity, the path of the mariners and the lives of so many beings, who have now no other beacon-light but Providence, no other asylum but in that invisible hand which sustains them on the waters. If prayer was not born with man himself, it must have been here that it was invented, by men left alone with their thoughts and their feebleness, in presence of that abyss of the firmament, where their view is lost in confusion, and of that abyss of the sea, from which only a frail plank divides them; in hearing of that roar of the ocean, when it growls, hisses, howls, and bellows, like the voices of a thousand savage beasts; amid those blasts of the tempest that make the cordage utter so shrill a sound; at the approaches of night which magnifies every danger, and multiplies every terror. But prayer was never invented; it was born out of the first sigh, the first joy, the first grief of the human heart, or rather man was only born for prayer to glorify God, or to implore Him; this was his only mission here below. Everything else perishes before him, or with him; but the cry of glory, of admiration, or of love which he raises up to God, though it passes away along the earth, does not perish; it reascends, it resounds from age to age, in the ear of God, as the echo of His own voice, as a reflection of His magnificence; it is the only thing that is completely divine in man, and which he can exhale with joy and with pride; for that pride is a homage to Him who alone can have it—to the Infinite Being.

Scarcely had we each revolved, in silence, these thoughts, or others similar to them, when a cry arose from Julia, who was on the side of the vessel facing the eastward. A fire on the sea! A ship on fire! We rushed to see this distant conflagration on the waters. In fact a large mass of fire appeared floating to the eastward on the extremity of the horizon of the sea; then, rising and rounding itself in a few minutes, we recognised the full moon inflamed by the vapour of the east wind, and issuing slowly out of the waves, like a disc of red-hot iron which the smith draws with his pincers from the furnace, and which he suspends over the water where he is about to quench it. On the opposite side of the heavens, the disc of the sun, which had just set, had left in the west the semblance of a golden sandbank, like to the shore of some unknown country. Our view was continually wavering from one to the other of these magnificent displays. Gradually the lustre of this double twilight was extinguished, thousands of stars broke forth above our heads, as if to trace out the route to our masts as they passed from one to another; the first

watch for the night was set, the deck was cleared of whatever might hinder the working of the ship, and the seamen came, one after another, and said to the captain, 'May God be with us!'

I continued for some time walking the deck in silence, then I went below, giving thanks to God in my heart for having permitted me to see again that unknown aspect of His nature. My God! my God!—to see thy workmanship under all its aspects, to admire thy magnificence on the mountains and on the seas, to admire and bless that holy name of thine which no language can express!—this is the whole of life! Multiply thou our life, in order to multiply love and admiration in our hearts! Then do thou turn the page, and cause us to read in another world the endless wonders of the book of thy greatness and goodness!

July 16, *in the open sea.*—We have had all night and all day a beautiful, though high sea. In the evening the wind freshened, the waves began to form, and to roll heavily against the brig's quarters; there was a bright moon, which gave out lengthened torrents of white and undulating light in the large liquid valleys, hollowed out between the great waves. These floating illuminations from the moon resemble streams of running water, or cascades of melted snow, in the bed of the green valleys of the Jura mountains or of Switzerland. The vessel descends, and remounts heavily each of these profound ravines. For the first time during this voyage we hear the complainings, the groanings of the timber; the crushed flanks of the brig, at the shock of every fresh wave, utter a sound which can only be compared to the last bellowings of a bull struck by the hatchet, and lying on his side in the convulsions of mortal agony. This sound mingling throughout the night with the roar of thousands of waves, the gigantic boundings of the vessel, the creaking of the masts, the whistling of the squalls, the showers of spray which they throw, and which one hears raining with a hissing noise upon the deck, the heavy and hurried footsteps of the seamen on duty, running to their work at the few and short but firm words of the officer—all this forms a union of significant and alarming sounds which shake more deeply the human soul than the roar of cannon on the field of battle. It is one of those scenes which one must have witnessed, in order to know the dark side of a sailor's life, and to measure his own sensibility, moral and physical!

The whole night passes thus without sleep. At daybreak the wind falls a little, the wave is no longer crested with foam, everything announces a fine day; we perceive, through the coloured fogs of the horizon, the long and lofty chains of the mountains of Sardinia. The captain promises us a sea as calm and smooth as a lake between that island and Sicily. We are running eight, and sometimes nine knots; at every quarter of an hour the glittering shores to which the wind is conveying us are sketched forth with more and more clearness; the bays open out, the headlands stretch forward, the white rocks emerge to the surface, the houses and cultivated fields begin to be distinguished on the flanks of the island. At noon,

we are close to the entrance of the Bay of St Pierre, but at the moment of doubling the reef that closes it, a sudden hurricane from the north bursts upon our sails; our already heavy sea of last night presents a body to the wind, and is heaped up into really moving mountains; the whole visible surface is but one sheet of foam; the vessel staggers on the ridge of each succeeding wave, then plunges almost perpendicularly into the depths that separate them; in vain we persist in our endeavour to seek an asylum in the bay. At the moment we are rounding the headland to enter it, a furious wind, hissing like a volley of arrows, rushes from every valley, from every creek, and throws the brig on her side: there was scarcely time to clew up the sails; we kept only the courses, or lower sails, with which we hauled to the wind: the captain ran himself to the helm; then the vessel, like a horse curbed by a vigorous hand, and with its bridle held short, seems to curvet over the foam of the bay; the waves graze the bulwarks of the deck, on the side to which the vessel is inclined, and all the larboard side, almost down to the keel, is out of the water. We thus proceed about twenty minutes, in the hope of gaining the small roadstead of the town of St Pierre; we already perceive the vines, and the small white houses, above a cannon-shot distant; but the tempest increases, the wind strikes us with redoubled force: we are obliged to yield, and to veer ship with great danger under actually the most violent blast of the squall. We succeed, and leave the bay by the same manœuvre that drove us thither; we find ourselves once more at large on a horrible sea. The fatigue of the night and day make us eagerly desire a place of shelter before the approach of a second night, which everything indicates us to apprehend will be still more tempestuous. The captain determines on braving everything, even the loss of his masts, in order to find an anchorage on the coast of Sardinia. At some leagues from the point where we were, the Bay of Palma promised us the wished-for shelter. After two hours' arduous exertion we gained our point, and entered, like a sea-bird borne on its wings, the beautiful Bay of Palma. The tempest has not at all subsided; we still hear the incessant roar of the open sea three leagues astern of us; the wind continues to whistle through our rigging; but in this basin, hollowed out among high mountains, it can only dash up puffs of spray that sprinkle and refresh the deck; and at length we cast anchor about three cables' lengths from the Sardinian shore, on a bed of marine plants, and in the tranquil and almost unruffled water. What a delightful sensation is that of the mariner, who has escaped from the storm by dint of labour and suffering, when he hears at length the thundering rattle of the chain-cable, as it rushes out to secure him to some hospitable shore. As soon as the anchor has gone, the formerly-contracted visages of the sailors stretch out; it is easy to see that their thoughts are also in repose; they go down below, change their wet clothes, and soon reappear on deck in their Sunday's attire, and resume all the peaceful habits of their life on shore. In an idle, gay, and prattling humour, they seat themselves

on the bulwarks, or quietly smoke their pipes, viewing with indifference the buildings and landscapes of the land.

July 17.—At anchor in this peaceful roadstead. After a night's delicious sleep, we breakfast on deck under shelter of a sail which serves us for a tent; the scorched but picturesque coast of Sardinia stretches out before us. A boat, armed with two guns, puts off from the island of St Antioch, and appears to stand for us. We soon distinguish her better; she carries seamen and soldiers; she is soon within hail; she interrogates us, and orders us to go ashore; we consult: I decide on accompanying the captain of the brig. We arm ourselves with several muskets and pistols to make resistance, should they be disposed to employ force to detain us. We shoved off in the jolly-boat, and made sail. Nearing the little Sardinian boat that preceded us, we landed on a flat beach at the head of the bay. This beach borders a marshy and uncultivated plain. White sand, large thistles, some tufts of aloes, here and there some clumps of a shrub with a pale-gray bark, and a leaf resembling that of the cedar; swarms of wild horses grazing at liberty on these heaths, which come galloping up to reconnoitre and smell us, and then start away again neighing, like flocks of ravens; a mile from us, gray and naked mountains, with only a few specks of stunted vegetation on their sides; an African sky above their calcined summits; a vast silence over all these plains; the same aspect of desolation and solitude which is to be seen in all regions that have a bad atmosphere, as in Romagna, in Calabria, or along the Pontine Marshes—such is the scene: seven or eight men of fine physiognomy, with elevated foreheads, bold and savage eyes, half-naked, and half-clothed in rags of uniforms, armed with long carbines, and holding reeds in their other hands to receive our letters, or to present to us what they have to offer—such are the actors. I answered their questions in wretched Neapolitan *patois;* I named to them some of their countrymen with whom I had been on friendly terms in Italy during my youth. These men, from having been insolent and imperious, became polite and obliging. I bought a sheep from them, which they quartered on the shore. We wrote—they took our letters in a slit they had made in the end of a long reed; they struck a light, broke off some branches of the shrubs that cover the coast, lighted a fire, and passed our letters, after soaking them in sea-water, through the smoke of this fire, before touching them. They promised to us to fire a musket in the course of the evening as a signal for us to come ashore again, when our other supplies of vegetables and fresh water would be ready. Then, taking out of their boat an immense basket of shell-fish (*frutti di mare*), they offered them to us, without consenting to take any payment.

We returned on board. Hours of leisure and of delightful contemplation passed by me on the poop of the vessel at anchor, whilst the tempest still resounds at the extremity of the two headlands that cover us, and whilst we can perceive the spray of the main sea

still lashing, to the height of thirty or forty feet, the golden flanks of these headlands.

July 18.—Sailed from the Bay of Palma with a smooth, mirror-like sea; a light westerly breeze, scarcely sufficient to dry up the night-dew that glistens on the branches cut from the lentisk-tree, the only verdure of those shores that have already become African. On the open sea a still day, a sweet breeze that carries us six or seven knots an hour; a fine evening; a sparkling night; the sea is also asleep.

July 19.—We awoke at twenty-five leagues' distance from the coast of Africa. I read again the history of St Louis, to recall the circumstances of his death on the coast of Tunis, near the Cape of Carthage, which we shall see this evening or to-morrow.

I could not understand in my youth why certain nations inspired me with an innate antipathy, so to speak, whilst others attracted me, and led me back continually to their history by some involuntary allurement. I experienced, in regard to these vain shadows of the past, these dead memoirs of nations, exactly what I experience, with irresistible compulsion, for or against the physiognomies of the individuals with whom I live or have connection. I love or I abhor, in the physical meaning of the word; at first sight, in the twinkling of an eye, I have passed judgment on a man or woman for ever. Reason, reflection, even violence, often tried by me against these first impressions, are of no avail in the matter. When the coin has received its impress from the die, it is in vain for you to turn it over and over in your fingers; it preserves it—so it is with my soul —so it is with my mind. This is the peculiar attribute of beings with whom instinct is prompt, powerful, instantaneous, inflexible. We ask ourselves, What is instinct?—and we recognise it to be supreme reason, but still reason innate, reason not reasoned, reason such as God made, and not such as man renders it. It strikes us like the lightning, without the eye having the trouble to seek it. It illumines everything with the first jet. Inspiration in all the arts, as well as on the field of battle, is also this same instinct, this guessed reason. Genius also is instinct, and not logic and labour. The more one reflects, the more he must acknowledge that man possesses nothing of great or beautiful that belongs to himself, or that comes from his own power or will; but that whatever there is of sovereignly beautiful, comes immediately from nature and from God. Christianity, which knows everything, understood this from its first commencement. The early apostles felt in themselves this immediate action of the Deity, and exclaimed from the very first, 'Every perfect gift cometh from God.'

Let us return to nations. I have never been able to love the Romans; I have never been able to take the slightest interest in Carthage, in spite of her misfortunes and her glory. Hannibal has never appeared to me more than an East India Company's general, carrying on a mercantile campaign, a brilliant and heroic operation of commerce on the plains of Thrasymene. That nation, ungrateful

like all egotistical nations, rewarded him for it with exile and death! As for his death, it was pathetic; it reconciles me to his triumphs; I have been affected by it ever since my childhood. There has always been to my view, as well as to that of the whole human race, a sublime and heroic harmony between sovereign glory, sovereign genius, and sovereign misfortune. We have in this one of those notes of destiny which never fails in its effect, never misses its sad and voluptuous modulation in the human heart! There is not, in fact, any glory sympathised with, nor any virtue complete, without ingratitude, persecution, and death. Christ was the divine example of this truth; and his life, as well as his doctrine, explains that mysterious enigma of the destiny of great men by the destiny of the Divine Man!

I discovered it afterwards; the secret of my sympathies or antipathies for the memory of certain nations, is in the very nature of the institutions and actions of those nations. With regard to nations like the Phœnicians, Tyre, Sidon, Carthage—commercial societies exploring the world for their profit, and measuring the greatness of their enterprises only by the material and actual utility of the result —I am like Dante; I look, and I pass on.

> 'Non ragionar di lor, ma guarda e passa!'
> [Not speculating concerning them, I look and proceed.]

Let us speak no more of them. They laboured only for the present; succeeding ages have no call to occupy themselves about them. *Receperunt mercedem*—[They have received their reward.]

But those who, little mindful of the present, which they feel escaping from their grasp, have, from a sublime instinct of immortality, an insatiable longing after the future, carried the national thought beyond the present, and raised human sentiment above mere ease, riches, and material utility; those who have expended generations and centuries to leave on their route a fine and eternal track of their passage; those generous and disinterested nations who have stirred up all the great and weighty ideas of the human mind, in order to construct from them monuments of wisdom and of legislation, theogonies, arts, and systems; those nations who have stirred up, too, such masses of marble or granite, in order to construct from them obelisks or pyramids, as a sublime defiance hurled by them against time, a mute language, with which they will for ever speak to great and generous souls; those poet-nations, like the Egyptians, the Jews, the Hindoos, the Greeks, who have idealised politics, and given predominance in their national existence to the divine principle—the soul, over the human principle—the useful; those nations I love, I venerate, I search out and adore their traces, their recollections, their works, whether written, built, or sculptured: I live with their life, I assist as a moved and partial spectator at the touching or heroic drama of their destiny, and I cross willingly the seas, to go and muse for some days over their dust, and to pay to their memory the homage of reminiscence from the future. Such nations

have well deserved of mankind, for they have elevated their thoughts above this globe of dirt, beyond this fugitive existence. They felt themselves formed for a loftier and more ample destiny; and unable as they were to give themselves that immortal life which is the day-dream of every great and noble heart, they said to their works—Immortalise us, exist for us, speak of us to those who shall traverse the desert, or who shall pass over the billows of the Ionian Sea, before Cape Sigeum, or before the promontory of Sunium, where Plato sang the strains of a wisdom which will still be the wisdom of futurity. Such were my thoughts, while listening to the prow on which I was seated, as it cleaved the waves of the African Sea, and looking every minute athwart the rosy vapours of the horizon, to see if I could not perceive the Cape of Carthage.

The breeze fell, the day passed away in gazing vainly from afar on the foggy coast of Africa. In the evening a strong wind arose: the vessel, bandied from one side to another, crushed down under the force of the sails, that resemble the sea-bird's wings shattered by the fatal lead, shook her sides with that terrible roaring that is heard from a tumbling edifice. I spent the night on deck, with my arm passed round a cable. From the whitish clouds that advance, like some lofty mountain, towards the deep Bay of Tunis, flashes of lightning are gleaming, and distant peals of thunder are heard. Africa appears to me as I have always represented her to myself; her flanks torn by the fires of heaven, and her calcined summits hidden under the clouds. In proportion as we approach the coast, and as first the Cape of Byserte, then that of Carthage, issues from obscurity, and seem advancing to meet us, all the great images, all the fabulous or heroic names which have resounded on this shore, also spring forth from my memory, and recall to me the poetical or historical dramas of which these places were successively the theatre. Virgil, like all the poets that wish to surpass truth, history, and nature, has much rather injured than embellished the image of Dido. The Dido of history, widow of Sicheus, and faithful to the manes of her former spouse, causes her funeral pile to be prepared on the promontory of Carthage, and ascends it, the sublime and voluntary victim of a pure love, and of a faithfulness even unto death! This is somewhat finer, holier, and more pathetic than the cold gallantries which the Roman poet allows her with her ridiculous and pious Æneas, and her amorous despair, in which the reader cannot sympathise. But the *Anna soror*, and the magnificent farewell, and the immortal imprecation that follow, will ever plead a pardon for Virgil.

The historical aspect of Carthage is still more poetical than the poetry of Virgil. The heavenly death and the funeral of St Louis—the blind Belisarius—Marius expiating among wild beasts on the ruins of Carthage, himself a wild beast—the shrieks of Rome—the lamentable day on which, like the scorpion surrounded by fire, that pierces itself with its envenomed dart, Carthage, surrounded by Scipio and Massinissa, herself sets fire to her edifices and her riches

—the wife of Asdrubal, shut up with her children in the temple of Jupiter, reproaching her husband for not having known how to die, and kindling herself the torch which is to consume her and her children, and all that remains of her native country, in order to leave only ashes to the Romans!—Cato of Utica, the two Scipios, Hannibal—all these great names still rear themselves erect on the forsaken promontory, like columns standing in front of a temple overturned. The eye sees only a naked headland rising above a deserted sea; a few reservoirs, empty, or filled with their own rubbish; a few aqueducts in ruins; a few moles, ravaged by the billows, and covered by the water; a barbarian town close by, where those very names are unknown, like men that live too great an age, and become strangers in their own land! But the past is sufficient for a place in which it dazzles with such a lustre of recollections. How know I even if I do not love it better alone, isolated in the midst of its ruins, than profaned and polluted by the bustle and the crowd of new generations? It is with ruins as with tombs: amidst the tumult of a great city, and the mire of our streets, they afflict and sadden the view; they are a stain on all that buzzing and agitated scene of life; but amidst solitude on the shores of the sea, on a deserted cape, on a wild sandy shore, those stones, become yellow by the lapse of ages, and shattered by the thunderbolt, cause us to reflect, to think, to muse, or to weep.

Solitude and death, solitude and the past, which is the death of things, are necessarily allied in human thought: their accord is a mysterious harmony. I prefer the naked promontory of Carthage, the melancholy Cape of Sunium, the naked and infested beach of Pæstum, for localising the scenes of ages gone by, to the temples, the arches, the Coliseums of departed Rome, trodden under foot in living Rome, with all the indifference of habit, or the profanation of forgetfulness.

July 20.—At ten o'clock the wind gets milder; we can ascend to the deck; and running seven knots an hour, we soon find ourselves abreast of the detached island of Pantelleria, the ancient island of Calypso, still delicious from its African vegetation, and the coolness of its valleys and its waters. It was to this spot that the emperors in succession exiled persons condemned for political offences.

It appears to us only a black cone rising from the sea, and clad, to two-thirds from its summit, with a white fog driven upon it by the night wind. No vessel can anchor near it; it has only harbours for the small boats which convey to it the exiles from Naples and from Sicily, who languish for ten years, expiating some premature dreams of liberty.

Unhappy the men who, in any department of thought, are ahead of their age! The age crushes them. This is our own fate, as impartial, political, and rational Frenchmen. France is still a century and a-half behind our ideas. She wishes, in everything, men and ideas of sect and party: what signify to her patriotism and reason? It is hatred, rancour, and alternate persecution, that in her

ignorance she requires! She will have all these, until, wounded by the deadly weapons which she is so determined to wield, she either falls, her own victim, or casts those weapons far from her, to turn to the only hope of all political amelioration—God, his law, and reason, his law innate.

July 21.—On my awaking, the sea, after a stormy night, appears to sport with the remains of yesterday's wind; the foam covers it still, like the half-dry flakes of froth that stain the flanks of the horse when fatigued by a long course, or like those which his bit shakes forth when he stoops and lifts his head, impatient for a new career. The waves run quick and irregularly, but are light, shallow, and transparent; this sea resembles a field of fine oats undulating to the breezes of a morning in spring, after a night of rain. We see the islands of Gazzo and Malta rising, at the distance of five or six leagues, under the fogs of the horizon.

July 22: *arrival at Malta.*—As we approach Malta, the low coast elevates itself, and assumes a distinct form; but its aspect is sad and sterile: we soon perceive the fortifications and the gulfs formed by the quays of the harbours. A swarm of little boats, each manned by two rowers, put off from these gulfs, and pull rapidly to our vessel; the sea is heavy, and the wave plunges them sometimes into the deep furrow that we are tracing in the water; they seem on the point of being swallowed up; the wave raises them again, they run in our wake, they skim gaily past our quarters; they throw us small ropes to tow us into the anchorage.

The pilots announce to us a quarantine of ten days, and conduct us to our destined port under the lofty fortifications of the city of Valetta. The French consul, M. Miège, informs the governor, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, of our arrival; he assembles the council of health, and reduces our quarantine to three days.

We obtain the indulgence of an evening excursion in a boat along the canals that lengthen out the port of quarantine. It is Sunday. The burning sun of the day has set at the bottom of a narrow and peaceful creek of the gulf that is behind our ship's head; the sea is there smooth and brilliant, of a light leaden colour, exactly resembling sheet-iron newly tinned. The heaven above is of an orange tint, slightly inclining to rose. This colour fades, in proportion as the sky approaches the zenith, retiring from the west; to the eastward it is of a pale gray blue, and no longer recalls the beauteous azure of the Bay of Naples—nor even the dark profound of the firmament over the Alps of Savoy. The colour of the African sky partakes of the burning atmosphere, and of the harsh severity of that continent; the reverberation of heat from these naked mountains strikes the firmament with dryness and warmth, and the inflamed dust of these deserts of arid sand seems to mingle with the air that envelops them, and to tarnish the vault of heaven. Our rowers convey us slowly to some toises from the shore. The low and smooth sandy beach terminating some inches above the sea, is covered for half a mile with a range of houses that touch one

another, and seem to have approached as near as possible to the water, to enjoy its coolness, and listen to its murmuring. Here is one of those houses and one of those scenes that we see repeated on every threshold, terrace, and balcony. By multiplying this scene and this view over five or six hundred similar houses, one will have an exact memorial of this landscape, so unique to a European that has not seen Seville, nor Cordova, nor Granada; it is a memorial that must be engraven in all its entireness, and with all its details of manners, in order to recall it even once to memory, amid the dull and sombre uniformity of our towns of the west. These memorials, recovered in the memory, during our days and months of snow, fog, and rain, are like a gleam of serene sky amidst a long tempest. A little sun in the eye, a little love in the heart, a ray of faith or of truth in the soul—'tis all the same thing—I cannot live without these three consolations of our terrestrial exile. My eyes are eastern, my soul is love, and my mind is of that class that carry within them an instinct of light, an unreasoned evidence which is not matter of proof, but which never deceived, and ever consoles! Here, then, is the landscape:—

A light, golden, sweet, and serene, like that which beams from the eyes and features of a young maiden before love has engraven one wrinkle on her forehead, or cast one shade on her eyes. This light diffused equally over the sea, the earth, and the heavens, strikes the white and yellow stones of the houses, and causes all the designs of the cornices, corners of the angles, balustrades of the terraces, and carved work of the balconies, to be articulated fully and clearly on the blue horizon, without that aërial tremulousness, that uncertain and vapoury undulation, out of which our western atmosphere has derived a beauty for its arts, being unable to correct this vice of its climate. This quality of the air, this white, yellow, golden colour of the stone, this vigorousness of the contours, imparts to the meanest edifice of the south a firmness and a neatness which revive and gladden the sight. Every house has the air not of having been built, stone on stone, with sand and mortar, but of having been sculptured living and erect, out of the bright rock, and of being planted on the earth, like a block sprung out of its bosom, and as durable as the soil itself. Two large and elegant pilasters rise from the two angles of the façade; they ascend only to the height of a storey and a-half; there an elegant cornice, sculptured out of the shining stone, crowns them, and itself serves as a base to a rich and massive balustrade, which extends the whole length of the top, and replaces those flat, irregular, pointed, and odd-looking roofs, which disgrace all architecture, which break every line harmonising with the horizon in those eccentric assemblages of houses of ours, which we call cities, in Germany, England, and France. Between these two large pilasters, which project several inches from the façade, two openings only are designed by the architect—a door and two windows. The door, which is lofty, wide, and arched, has not its threshold on the street; it opens on an exterior flight of steps,

which encroach seven or eight feet on the quay. This stair, surrounded by a balustrade of sculptured stone, serves for an exterior hall, as well as for an entrance to the house. Let us describe one of these flights of steps—it will answer for them all. One or two men, in white garments, with dark visages, and African eyes, having long pipes in their hands, are carelessly lounging on a couch of reeds at the side of the door: in front of them, leaning gracefully on the balustrade, three young women, in different attitudes, are viewing in silence our boat as it passes, or smiling among themselves at our foreign aspect. A black gown reaching only half way down the leg, a white corset, with wide, folded, and flowing sleeves, a head-dress of black hair, and over the head and shoulders a half mantle of black silk like the gown, covering half the face, one shoulder, and the arm that holds the mantle: this mantle of light stuff, swelled out with the breeze, assumes the figure of a small boat's sail, and, through its capricious folds, now conceals, and now unveils, the mysterious countenance that it envelops, and which seems to escape from it at pleasure. Some are raising their heads gracefully to chat with other young girls who are bending over the upper balcony, and throwing at them pomegranates and oranges; others are speaking to young men with long moustaches, dark, and bushy hair, dressed in short tight vests, white pantaloons, and red belts. Seated on the parapet of the steps, two young abbés in black, with silver shoe-buckles, are conversing familiarly, and playing with broad green fans; while, at the foot of the last steps, a handsome mendicant monk, with naked feet, his forehead pale, bald-white, and open, his body enveloped in the heavy folds of his brown cloak, is reclining like a statue of mendicity on the threshold of the rich and happy man, and viewing with an eye of vacancy and indifference this spectacle of happiness, ease, and enjoyment. On the upper storey are seen on a large balcony, supported by beautiful cariatides,* and surmounted by an Indian veranda adorned with curtains and fringes, a family of English, those happy and firm-minded conquerors of modern Malta. There, some Moorish nurses, with sparkling eyes, and dark leaden complexions, are holding in their arms these beauteous children of Britain, whose flaxen curly tresses, and white and rosy skin, resist the sun of Calcutta, as well as that of Malta and Corfu. On seeing these children under the black mantle and burning look of these half-African women, one might imagine them beautiful white lambs suspended at the breasts of tigresses of the desert. On the terrace there is another scene; the English and Maltese share it together. On one side you see some young maidens of the island holding the guitar under the arm, and warbling a few notes of an old national air, wild as the climate; on the other a lovely young Englishwoman, leaning in a melancholy mood on her elbow, contemplating with indifference the scene of life which is passing before her eyes, and turning over the pages of the immortal poets of her country.

* [Figures, generally human, so called from the natives of Caria having been degraded to appear, as slaves, in this architectural attitude.]

Add to this *coup-d'œil* the Arab horses, ridden by English officers, and prancing, with their tails streaming, along the sands of the quay —the Maltese carriages, a kind of sedan-chairs on two wheels, drawn by a single Barbary horse, which the conductor follows on foot at the gallop, having round his middle a red belt with long fringes, and his forehead covered with the *resille*, or the red cap of the Spanish muleteer, hanging over as far down as the belt—the savage cries of the naked children as they plunge into the sea, and swim alongside our boat—the songs of the Greek or Sicilian mariners at anchor in the neighbouring harbour, and responding in chorus from one ship's deck to another—the monotonous and skipping notes of the guitar, forming, as it were, a sweet humming bass of the evening atmosphere to all these sharper sounds—and you will have some idea of a quay at Empsida on a Sunday evening.

July 24.—Admitted to free *pratique* in the harbour of the city of Valetta; the governor, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, having returned from his country residence to welcome us, received us at the Palace of the Grand Master at two o'clock. What a fine specimen of an honest Englishman—probity is the physiognomy of such men's faces —elevation, gravity, and nobleness, form the expression of the true English nobleman. We admired the palace: its magnificent and dignified simplicity; the beauty in its mass, and the absence of unmeaning decorations both within and without; the vast halls, long galleries, severe paintings; the wide, smooth, and sonorous staircase; halls of arms 200 feet in length, containing the armour, at every period of history, of the Order of St John of Jerusalem; a library of 40,000 volumes, in which we were received by the director, the Abbé Bollanti, a young Maltese ecclesiastic, quite resembling the Roman abbés of the old school, with a mild, penetrating eye, a mouth smiling and meditative, a pale and expressive forehead, his language elegant and modulated, and his politeness simple, natural, and delicate. We conversed for a long while, for this is just the sort of man most suitable for a long, full, and powerful confabulation. There is in him, as in all those distinguished clergymen whom I have met with in Italy, an air of sadness, indifference, and submissiveness, that speaks of the noble and dignified resignation of departed power. Educated amid the ruins, on the very ruins, of a fallen monument, they have contracted from them a habitual melancholy and carelessness about the present. 'How,' I said to him, 'can a man like you tolerate the intellectual exile, and the seclusion in which you live in this deserted palace, and amidst the dust of these books?' 'It is true,' he replied, 'I live alone, and I live sorrowful; the horizon of this island is indeed limited; the fame which I might make here by my writings would not resound very far, and even that which other men make elsewhere scarcely penetrates hither; but my soul perceives, beyond this narrow spot, a horizon more free and vast, whither my thoughts love to transport themselves. We have a beautiful sky over our heads, an atmosphere of grateful warmth around us, a blue and spacious sea before our view—this suffices for the life

of the senses; as to the life of the mind, *that* is nowhere more intense than in the bosom of silence and of solitude. This life thus remounts directly to the source from whence it emanates, to God, without wandering astray, and becoming impaired by the contact of earthly things, and by the cares of the world. When St Paul, on his way to convey the fruitful word of Christianity to the nations, was cast away at Malta, and stayed there three months, in order to sow in that island the grain of mustard-seed, he did not complain of his shipwreck and exile, which were availing to that island in an accelerated acquaintance with the word, and with divine morality; ought I to complain—I who was born on those arid rocks—if the Lord confines me here to preserve his Christian truth, in hearts where so many truths are on the eve of extinction! This kind of life has its poetry too,' he added; 'when I am at length freed from my classifications and catalogues, perhaps I also shall indite that poesy of solitude and prayer!' I left him with regret, and with an earnest wish of again meeting him.

The Church of St John, the cathedral of the island, has quite the character, quite the solemnity of appearance, which one would expect from such a monument in such a place—grandeur, nobleness, richness. The keys of Rhodes, carried off by the knights after their defeat, are suspended at the two sides of the altar, a symbol of eternal regrets, or of hopes for ever frustrated. The dome is superb—the whole of it painted by the Calabrese—a work worthy of modern Rome in her finest era of painting.

One picture struck me remarkably in the Chapel of the Election; it is by Michael Angelo, of Caravaggio, whom the knights of that time had invited to the island to paint the dome of St John. He undertook the task, but the restlessness and irritability of his wild disposition prevailed; he became afraid of a tedious amount of labour, and departed. He left at Malta his masterpiece, the Decollation of St John the Baptist. If our modern artists, who hunt for the romantic in a system, instead of finding it in nature, were to view this magnificent painting, they would find their pretended invention invented before them. Here is the fruit as it grows on the tree, and not the artificial fruit moulded in wax, and painted in false colours; picturesqueness of attitude, energy of design, profundity of sentiment, truth and dignity united, vigour of contrast, but still unity and harmony, horror and beauty side by side—such is this painting. It is one of the finest I have seen in my whole life. It is the painting which the artists of the present school are in search of. Here it is—it is found! Let them search for it no more. Thus there is nothing new in nature, or in the arts. All that man is now doing has been done—whatever he says has been said—whatever he dreams has been dreamed. Every age is a plagiarist from another age; for all of us, such as we are, perishable and fugitive artists or thinkers, copy in different ways a model, immutable and eternal, Nature—that single though diversified thought of the Creator!

July 25.—From the summit of the observatory which commands

the palace of the Grand Master there is a panoramic view of the towns, harbours, and country scenery of Malta; the country naked, formless, colourless, and arid, like the desert; the town resembling the shell of a turtle aground upon the rock—one would say it had been carved out of one single block of the native rock; scenes there are also of the terraced roofs towards the approach of night, and of women seated on those terraces. Thus did David see Bathsheba. Nothing can be more graceful and seductive than these figures, white or dark, like so many shadows, thus appearing by the rays of the moon, on the roofs of this multitude of houses. It is only there, or at church, or on their balconies, that the women are to be seen; their whole language is in their eyes; their whole love is a long mystery which words do not impair—a long drama is thus ravelled and unravelled without discourse. This silence, these appearances at certain hours, those meetings in the same places, those distant intimacies, those mute expressions, are perhaps the first and most divine language of love, that sentiment superior to words, which, like music, expresses in a language of signs what no direct language can express.

Those views, those thoughts, bring back youth to the soul; they cause us to feel the only exhaustless charm which God has spread over the earth, and to regret that the hours of life should be so rapid and so motlied. Two sentiments alone would suffice for man, lived he the age of rocks—the contemplation of God, and love. Love and religion are the two ideas, or rather the one idea, of the nations of the south—so they seek for nothing else, they have enough. We pity them, whereas we ought to envy them! What is there in common between our factitious passions, between the tumultuous agitation of our vain thoughts, and those two sole true ideas that occupy the life of these children of the sun, religion and love—the one enchanting the present, the other enchanting the future? Thus I have ever been struck, in spite of the prejudices to the contrary, with the profound and rarely-troubled calm of the physiognomies of the south, and with that mass of repose, serenity, and happiness, diffused over the manners and countenances of that silent crowd, who breathe, live, love, and sing, before your eyes—song, that overflowing of happiness and of sensations in a soul too full? They sing at Rome, at Naples, at Genoa, at Malta, in Sicily, in Greece, in Ionia, on the shore, on the waves, on the roofs; nought is heard but the slow recitation of the fisherman, the mariner, the shepherd, or the tinkling murmur of the guitar during the serene nights. This is happiness, whatever may be said of it! They are slaves, say you? What do they know of it?—slavery or liberty—conventional happiness or unhappiness! Happiness and unhappiness are closer to us. What matters it to these peaceful groups who are inhaling the sea breeze, or stretched out under the grateful rays of the sun of Sicily, Malta, or the Bosphorus, whether the law be made to them by a priest, a pacha, or a parliament? Does that change anything of their relations with nature, the only ones that engage them? No,

undoubtedly; every society, whether free or absolute, may be analysed always into servitudes more or less felt. We are slaves to the variable and capricious laws that we form for ourselves; they again are so to the immutable law of that control which God exerts upon them—all this, as to happiness or unhappiness, returns to the same point; but as to human dignity, and the progress of intelligence and morality among mankind—no, no! We must, however, examine before pronouncing this *no*. Take at random a hundred men among these slave nations, and a hundred men among our nations calling themselves free, and cast the balance. Among which of them will be found most or least morality and virtue. I know well, but I shudder to tell it. If any one should read this after me, he might suspect me of partiality to despotism, or contempt towards liberty. He would be mistaken. I love liberty as an effort difficult and ennobling for humanity, as I love virtue for its merits and for its reward; but the question is about happiness, and I examine the matter philosophically, and I say, like Montaigne, 'What do I know?' The fact is, that our political questions, so all-important in our lyceums, our coffee-rooms, and our clubs, are very small affairs when seen from a distance, in the midst of the ocean, from the summit of the Alps, or on the heights of philosophical or religious contemplation. Those questions only interest a few individuals that have their daily food and hours of leisure—the great mass have no concern but with nature; a good, beautiful, and divine religion, is the politics for the use of the multitude. This principle of life is awanting in our system—hence it is that we stumble, fall, and fall again: we do not walk; the breath of life is awanting to us; we create formations, and the soul enters not therein. Oh, God! restore us your breath, or we perish.

Malta, July 28, 29, *and* 30.—Detained at Malta by Julia's indisposition. She is recovering, and we resolve on going to Smyrna, touching at Athens. There I shall establish my wife and child; and I shall go alone across Asia Minor, and visit the other regions of the East. We got under way, and were about to leave the harbour, when a sail arrived from the Archipelago, which announced the capture of several vessels by the Greek pirates, and the massacre of the crews. M. Miège, the French consul, advised us to wait a few days; Captain Lyons, of the British frigate *Madagascar*, offered to escort our brig as far as Napoli in the Morea, and even to take us in tow if the brig's rate of sailing should be inferior to that of the frigate. He accompanied this offer with such obliging courtesies as enhanced its value: we accepted, and sailed on the morning of Wednesday, the 1st of August. We were scarcely at sea, when the captain, whose vessel shot rapidly ahead of ours, hove to, and waited for us. He threw overboard a buoy with a hawser fast to it; we picked up the same, and followed, like a led courser, the floating mass, that clove the waters without seeming to feel our weight.

I was not acquainted with Captain Lyons, who had commanded for six years one of the ships of the British station in the Levant;

I was unknown to him even by name; I had not met him in any person's house at Malta, because he was then in quarantine; and, notwithstanding, here was an officer of another nation—of a nation often rival and hostile—who, on the first signal from us, consented to be delayed two or three days on his passage, to expose his vessel and crew to a manœuvre often very perilous (towing), to hear perhaps his men murmuring around him about such condescension to an unknown Frenchman; and all this through one sole feeling of noble-mindedness and sympathies for the anxieties of a wife and the sufferings of a child. Here one sees the genuine English officer in all his personal generosities, and man in all the dignity of his character and mission. I shall never forget either the circumstance or the individual. This officer, who came sometimes on board of us to ascertain our state of comfort, and to repeat to us assurances of the pleasure he felt in protecting us, appeared to me one of the most loyal and open characters whom I ever met with. Nothing about him reminded one of that pretended rudeness of a sailor; but the firmness of a man accustomed to struggle with the most terrible of the elements, was admirably blended, in his still fine youthful countenance, with mildness of temper, elevation of thought, and gracefulness of disposition.

Though we arrived strangers at Malta, we did not behold without regret its white walls sinking in the distance under the waters. Those houses, which we looked upon with indifference a few days before, had now a physiognomy and a language for us. We were now acquainted with those who inhabited them, and the looks of many a wellwisher were pursuing, from the height of their terraces, the distant sails of our two vessels.

The English are a great moral and political people, but in general they are not a sociable people. Concentrated in the sweet and sacred privacy of the family fireside, when they do go out from it, it is not pleasure, it is not the need of communicating their souls, or of diffusing their sympathies; it is custom, it is vanity that leads them forth. Vanity is the soul of all English society. It is this which constructs that form of society, so cold, measured, and full of etiquette; it is this which has created those classifications of ranks, titles, dignities, riches, by which alone men are there distinguished, and which have made a complete abstraction from the man, to consider only the name, the dress, the social form. Are they different in their colonies? I should believe so, after what we experienced at Malta. Scarcely had we arrived there, when we received from all that compose that beautiful colony the most cordial and disinterested marks of interest and goodwill. Our residence there was but one brilliant and continued scene of hospitality. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, and Lady Emily Ponsonby, his wife, a couple formed to represent worthily everywhere, the one the virtuous and noble simplicity of the great English nobles, and the other the sweet and graceful modesty of the ladies of high rank in her country. The family of Sir Frederick Hankey, Mr and Mrs Nugent, Mr Greig, Mr

Freyre, formerly ambassador to Spain, welcomed us less as travellers than as friends. We saw them for eight days—we shall perhaps never see them more: but we carry with us an impression of their obliging cordiality that penetrates to the bottom of our hearts. Malta was for us the colony of hospitality: whatever of chivalrous and hospitable that recalls the memory of its ancient possessors is found anew in those palaces, now occupied by a people worthy of the high rank they hold in civilisation. One may or may not love the English, but it is impossible not to esteem them.

The government of Malta is harsh and contracted; it is not worthy of the English, who have taught liberty to the world, to have in one of their possessions two classes of men, the citizens and the freedmen. The provincial government and the local parliaments would easily associate themselves with the broad representation of the mother country. The germs of liberty and of nationality, when respected among conquered nations, become thenceforward germs of virtue, strength, and dignity for the entire human race. The British flag should float only over freemen.

August 1, *midnight.*—Though we sailed this morning with a heavy sea, a dead calm surprised us about a dozen leagues at sea: it still continues: no wind in the heaven, save some spent breezes, that come from time to time, and ruffle the sails of the two vessels; they cause these great sails to send forth a sonorous palpitation, an irregular flapping, like the convulsive flapping in the wings of a dying bird; the sea is smooth and polished like the blade of a sabre; not a ruffle to be seen, but, at far intervals, large cylindrical undulations, which slide under the vessel, and make her shudder as from an earthquake. The whole mass of the masts, yards, rigging, and sails, creak and tremble then as if under a heavy gale. We are not advancing one inch an hour; the orange-peels that Julia throws overboard float without change of place about the brig, and the helmsman carelessly looks at the stars, without the tiller turning aside his listless hand. We have cast off the tow-rope which fastened us to the English frigate, as the two vessels, no longer having steerage way, ran the risk of striking each other in the dark.

We are now about five hundred paces distant from the frigate. The lighted lamps gleam through the portholes of the officers' large and handsome cabins that decorate her stern. A light, which the eye might mistake for one of the two great luminaries of the firmament, ascends, and remains stationary at the mizentopgallantmast-head, to keep us in company during the night. Whilst our view is fixed on this floating beacon-light that is to guide us, a delicious music suddenly issues from the luminous quarters of the frigate, and resounds under her cloud of canvas, as if under the sonorous vaults of a cathedral. The harmonies are varied, and succeed each other thus for several hours, and spread afar over that enchanted and sleeping sea all the sounds we have listened to in the most delicious hours of our life. All the melodious reminiscences of our towns, of our theatres, of our rural airs, return and carry our

thoughts toward periods that are no more, toward beings now removed from us by death or by lapse of time!

To-morrow, or in a few hours perhaps, the terrible sounds of the hurricane causing the masts to groan, the redoubled shocks of the sea against the hollow flanks of the vessel, the signal-gun of distress, the thunder, the convulsive voices of two elements at war, and of man struggling against their combined fury, will take the place of this serene and majestic music.

These thoughts arise in all our hearts, and a complete silence reigns over the two decks. Every one recalls to himself some of these notes, so significant, and engraven by a strong impression on his memory, which he has heard elsewhere in some happy or sombre circumstance of the life of his heart: every one thinks more tenderly on what he has left behind him. We become anxious at this defiance which man appears to throw down to the tempest. Such moments as these ought to be inscribed in our thoughts for ever; they comprise in a few minutes more impressions, more colours, more life, than whole years passed in the prosaic vicissitudes of common life. The heart is then full, and seeks to overflow. Then it is that the most ordinary man feels himself a poet in every fibre; then it is that the finite and the infinite enter through every pore; then it is that we feel a wish to vent forth before God, or to reveal to but one sympathetic heart, or to all mankind, in the language of minds, what is passing in our mind; it is then that one might improvise songs worthy of earth, and even of heaven. Ah! if one had but a language! But there is no language, especially for us Frenchmen—no, there is no language for philosophy, love, religion, or poetry; mathematics are the language of this nation; her words are dry, precise, and colourless, like ciphers. Let us go to sleep.

Two o'clock of the morning—same date.—I could not sleep, I had felt too much; I returned upon deck: let us describe the scene. The moon had disappeared beneath the orange fog that veiled the horizon. It was indeed night, but a night at sea—that is to say, on a transparent element that reflected the feeblest gleam from the firmament, and seemed to retain a luminous impression of day. The night was not dark, but only pale and pearly, like the colour of a mirror when the torch is withdrawn to a side, or placed behind it. The air also seemed dead, or asleep on that supple couch of the waves. Not a sound, not a breath, not even a sail flapping against the yard—not a wreath of foam to murmur and trace the wake of the brig. I viewed this mute spectacle of repose, voidness, silence, and serenity. I inhaled that light and tepid air, in which the breast can perceive neither heat, nor coolness, nor weight, and I said to myself, This must be the air that is breathed in the land of souls, in the regions of immortality, in that divine atmosphere where all is immovable, voluptuous, perfect.

Another view of the heaven. I had forgot the English frigate; I was looking in the opposite direction; she was a few cables' length from us. I turned accidentally, and my eyes fell on that majestic

colossus, reposing immovable and immense, without the least vibration, as if on a pedestal of polished marble.

The dark and gigantic mass of her hull seemed to detach itself in spectral darkness from the silvery base of the water, and was sketched out on the blue field of sky, air, and sea; not a sigh of life issued from that majestic edifice; nothing indicated either to the eye or ear that it was animated with so much life and intellect, and peopled by so many thinking and acting beings. One would have taken her for one of those great victims of the tempest which the navigator meets with terror, floating rudderless in the solitudes of the southern ocean, a mortuary register without note or date, which the sea allows to float a few days above the surface, before swallowing it up entirely.

Over the dark hull of the vessel the cloud of all her sails was picturesquely grouped, and rose like a pyramid along her masts. They ascended from storey to storey, from yard to yard, cut out in a thousand fantastic forms, unfolded in wide and deep plies, like the numerous high turrets of a Gothic castle grouped around the donjon; they had neither the movement nor the glancing golden colour of sails seen at a distance on the waters in the day-time; motionless, dull, and tinged by the darkness, a slaty gray, one would have said it was a covey of enormous bats, or of some unknown sea-birds, beat down, and pressed closely against one another on a gigantic tree, and suspended to its naked trunk, by moonlight, in a night of winter. The shadow of this cloud of sails descended upon us from aloft, and deprived us of half the horizon. Never did a stranger and more colossal vision of the sea appear to the mind of Ossian in a dream. All the poetry of the waves was there. The blue line of the horizon was confounded with that of the sky; all that was reposing on high or below had the appearance of one single ethereal fluid, in which we were swimming. All that expanse of water, without objects or boundary, augmented the effect of this gigantic apparition of the frigate on the waters, and brought the mind under the same illusion as the eye. It seemed to me as though the frigate, the aërial pyramid of her canvas, and ourselves, were all raised upwards together, and conveyed along, like heavenly bodies in the liquid plains of ether, bearing on nothing, and moving by an internal force on the azure void of an universal firmament.

Several similar days and nights were passed in the open sea, with a dead calm and a burning sky. Immense waves roll from the Adriatic into the sea of Africa; these are vast cylinders, slightly channeled, and gilt in the morning and evening, like the columns of the temples of Rome or Pæstum.

I passed the day-time on deck. I wrote some verses to M. de Montherot, my brother-in-law:—

Friend, more than friend, brother in heart and soul,
Whose sad look haunts me still as on I roll;
Across so many waves, flung far a-lee,
Through floods of sky and air, I think of thee!
I think of all the hours we two have spent,
Where asp and willow o'er the brook are bent—

Of our oft lingering steps, our converse sweet,
In which thy verse with mine would often meet—
Thy verse of smiles and meteor-flashes born,
Not from the lyre with tremulous ardour torn,
But which thy careless hand, from day to day,
Leaves to what wind of fancy sweeps thy way;
Like to those liquid pearls, wept by the dawn,
That steep in sparkling tints the waking lawn,
Which, undiffused, a stream would constitute,
But now sink noiseless on the passer's foot;
Whose humble shower, raised by the sun, exhales
At length in perfume on the drying gales!

New days, new cares; for every fruit its time.
Long ere my judgment had attained its prime,
While yet I sported round my mother's knees,
A child whom toys could charm, or toys displease,
I copied boys, my equals, in their play,
I spoke their language, and I did as they;
In early spring, when buds begin to sprout,
And sap from bark of trees seems sweating out,
I sought our village torrent's rumbling billow,
To cut fresh branches from the bending willow;
Then softening with my lips a twig, as yet
Undried, I from it pulled the bark unsplit;
I blew into the wood, and soon a sound,
Plaintive and soft, filled all the air around;
For artful rules this sound was all unmeet—
An empty noise, a murmur vague and sweet,
Like to the voices of the wave and breeze,
Which bear no meaning, though the ear they please;
The prelude of a soul stirred in young years,
Which chants before the days of song, weeps ere the time of tears!

Those times are past, and half my span is gone;
And pain and care have raised my spirit's tone.
These fragile reeds, fit toys for boyish days,
Could ill relieve this load that on me weighs.
It lieth not in mortal speech nor rhyme,
In trump of war, nor yet in organ chime,
To bear the outburst of my soul's full blast,
Whose fire melts all its shock doth not o'ercast!
To vent its breathings, it hath long ago
Renounced the phrases of the world below:
Their fragile symbols would be burst—'twixt word
And word, lightning collisions would be stirred,
And youth, with shaking front, would wildly cry,
'Let him speak softly, Lord! or else we die!'

But thus the soul speaks to itself alone:
In that unspoken tongue, that mighty tone,
Which never hand of flesh hath placed on scroll,
Doth spirit speak to spirit, soul to soul!
Losing of common tongues all exercise,
On this the lonely soul for cheer relies.
Ever within me doth it murmur on,
Like to a noisy sea, that resteth none;

Its heavy blows, that on my temples ring,
Sound like the rustling of the tempest's wing,
Reverberate in me like a flood by night,
Each wave of which roars loudly in its flight,
Or the rebound of thunder on the hills,
Which all the plain with echoed voices fills,
Or brazen roarings of the wintry breeze,
Falling like Lebanon's masses on the seas,
Or like the mighty clash, when on a rock
The waves in mountains rise, or fall in smoke;
Such are the tones, the voices, that might roll,
In music fit, the burthen off my soul!

No more for me those verses, where the thought,
As from a sounding bow full trimly shot,
And on two rhyming words made to rebound,
Dances complacent at the whim of sound!
My ear disdains this frigid trick of art;
And if the past time's memories touch my heart;
If, while the clear-skied East's mute wilds I view,
My visage e'er shall smiling turn to you;
If, thinking how my friends this morn will see,
My soul with theirs would intermingled be;
In other tones my heart to them shall speak,
And in return their loved remembrance seek.
By prayer!—that language, winged, strong, and clear,
Which, in one sigh, embraces all held dear—
Shows to the heart, and brings in sight of God,
A thousand loved ones, near and far abroad;
Makes between all, through aids from virtue given,
A viewless commerce in the gifts of heaven;
A boundless language, reaching to the sky,
The better heard, that it ascends so high:
Pure incense! which an equal perfume leaves
With him who lights the flame, and who receives!

Thus would my soul itself to thee unfold.
All common speech to me seems weak and cold;
And would'st thou know whence springs this scornful mind,
Follow my bark, that flies before the wind;
Come to those scenes where worlds have passed away,
And sands exult—where empires had their day—
Where heroes, sages, gods, entombed remain—
Come, and three nights, three views, will all explain!

I now have left the land, whose endless noise,
Far, far at sea, still haunts one, and annoys;
That Europe! sinking, splitting, struggling all,
Where every hour beholds some ruin fall;
Where two great spirits, ever hot at war,
Crush throne and fane, and laws and morals mar,
Making, while levelling their parent soil,
Room for God's spirit, veiled from them the while.
My bark, urged onward by an unseen force,
Glanced gaily through the foam upon her course.
Twelve times the sun, like a recumbent god,
Has turned th' horizon for his night abode,

And has come bounding up in air again,
Like fiery eagle from the crested main;
Our mast and sails now sleep—beneath our bow
Our anchor bites the sand—I am in Athens now!

It is the hour, when this so restless place—
Beneath night's finger mute for some brief space—
Woke once to deeds, by turns of shame and pride,
Rolling its living floods like ocean's tide.
Driven by each wind to some ambitious end,
To faction some, and some to virtue bend;
The forum Pericles, Themistocles the shore,
Arms sought the brave, the sage the Porch's door,
The Just to exile, and the Wise to death,
The mob to crime, despite remorse's scathe!
A turbaned man now guards the Parthenon:
The morn is come—I walk, and ponder on.

From high Cythéron's top the day comes down,
And strikes of many a height the naked crown;
From flank to base, from plain to sea, the ray
Passes, but tinges nothing by the way;
No cities in the distance, bright with fires;
No smoke by morning's breath sent up in spires;
No hamlets perched upon the sloping hill;
No towers the vale—the seas no vessels fill;
In passing o'er each lifeless height and plain,
The rays fall dead, and never rise again.
But one, the loftiest shot from morning's bow,
Bends from the gilded Parthenon on my brow,
Then, glancing sadly o'er the stones, time-scarred,
Where dozes o'er his pipe the Moslem guard,
Turns down, as if to weep its ruined grace,
And dies on Theseus' lofty temple-base!
Two rays, disporting on two wrecks!—this pair
Are all that shine and say, Athens is there!

August 6: *at sea.*—At noon we perceived, under the white clouds of the horizon, the irregular tops of the mountains of Greece. The sky was pale and gray, as on the Thames or on the Seine in the month of October; a storm tore up to the westward the dark curtain of fog that dragged on the water; the thunder burst forth, the lightnings flashed, and a strong breeze from the south-east brought us the coolness and moisture of our showery autumnal winds.

The hurricane drove us out of our course, and we found ourselves quite close to the coast of Navarin; we distinguished the two islets that close the entrance of the harbour, and the fine mountain, with two rounded peaks, that overlooks the town. It was here that the cannon of Europe spoke, not long since, to resuscitated Greece. Greece answered ill—emancipated from the Turks by the heroism of her children, and the assistance of Europe, she is now (1832) a victim to ravages from within; she has shed the blood of Capo d'Istria, who had devoted his life to her cause. The assassination of one of her first citizens is a bad commencement for an era of virtue and regeneration. It is distressing that the idea of a great crime should be one

of the first to rise up at the sight of this land, where one comes to look for images of patriotism and glory.

In proportion as the vessel approaches the Gulf of Modon, the shores of the Peloponnesus project into view, and show a distinct outline as they issue from the floating mist that envelops them. These shores, of which travellers speak with contempt, appear to me, on the contrary, well planned out by nature—grand sections of mountain scenery, and graceful undulation of lines. I find a difficulty in withdrawing my view from the scene, which, void as it appears, is full of the past: memory can people every spot! That dusky group of hills, capes, and valleys, which the view embraces completely from where we are, although like a little islet on the ocean, and but a point in the chart, has produced, in itself alone, more splendour, glory, and renown, more virtues and crimes, than entire continents have achieved. This little heap of islands and mountains, from which there sprang forth almost simultaneously Miltiades, Leonidas, Thrasybulus, Epaminondas, Demosthenes, Alcibiades, Pericles, Plato, Aristides, Socrates, Phidias—this land, which devoured Xerxes' armies of 2,000,000 of men, which sent out colonies to Byzantium, to Asia, and to Africa, which created or restored the arts, whether manual or intellectual, and advanced them in a century and a-half to that point of perfection in which they become models, and can no longer be surpassed—that land, whose history is our history, whose Olympus is still the heaven of our imagination—that land, out of which philosophy and poetry have taken their flight towards the other nations of the globe, and to which they return incessantly, like children to their cradle—there it is before me! Each succeeding wave carries me nearer it—I touch it. Its appearance affects me profoundly, much less, however, than if all these reminiscences had not become faded in my thoughts, in consequence of having been sifted over and over in my memory before my thoughts could comprehend them. Greece is to me as a book whose beauties are tarnished, because we have been made to read it before we were qualified for its comprehension.

All is not, however, disenchanted. There still lingers in my heart an echo that responds to these mighty names. Something holy, sweet, and perfumed, ascends with these horizons into my soul. I thank God for having seen, on my passage along this earth, that land of *doers of great things*, as Epaminondas called his country.

During my whole youth I have desired to do what I am now doing, to see what I am now seeing. A desire at length satisfied is a happiness. I experience at the sight of these horizons, so much dreamt of, what I have all my life experienced in the possession of whatever I have eagerly desired—a calm and contemplative pleasure, which falls back upon itself—a repose of the mind and soul, which pause for a moment, and say to themselves, 'Let us make a halt, and enjoy:' but, at bottom, these happinesses of the mind and imagination are very cold. It is not the same with the happiness of the soul: this exists nowhere but in love, human or divine, but always in love.

Same date: evening.—We are sailing deliciously, with a favourable wind, which carries us between Cape Matapan and the island of Cerigo. A Greek pirate brig approached us, while the frigate was some leagues at sea in chase of a suspicious vessel. The brig was only a cable's length from us; we all ascended upon deck, and prepared for action. Our guns were loaded, and the deck strewed with muskets and pistols. The captain summoned the commander of the Greek brig to retire. The latter, seeing twenty-five men well armed on our deck, decided on not venturing to board us. He stood away, but returned almost close alongside of our vessel. We were about to give fire, when he again declined the affair, and withdrew, remaining for a quarter of an hour within pistol-shot of us. He pretended that he was, like ourselves, a merchant vessel returning to the Archipelago. I observed his crew, and never did I see countenances in which crime, murder, and pillage, were written in more hideous characters. There were to be seen on board of the pirate fifteen or twenty bandits, some in Albanese costume, others with tatters of European dresses, seated, lying, or working the vessel. All were armed with pistols and poniards, the handles of which glittered with chased work of silver. There was a fire on deck, at which two aged women were dressing fish. A young girl, of fifteen or sixteen, appeared from time to time among these haridans—a celestial face, an angelic apparition, in the midst of these infernal countenances. One of the old women repulsed her several times to the lower deck, to which she descended weeping. A dispute arose seemingly on this subject between some of the crew. Two poniards were drawn and brandished; the captain, who was leaning on the tiller, carelessly smoking his pipe, threw himself between the two bandits, and turned one over the deck: everything became quiet; the young Greek woman came up again, and wiping her eyes with the long tresses of her beautiful hair, seated herself at the foot of the mainmast. One of the old women knelt behind her, and combed the girl's long hair. The wind freshened. The Greek pirate turned his head to Cerigo, and in a twinkling, crowding all canvas, was soon only a white spot on the horizon. We hove to, in order to wait for the frigate, who fired a gun to warn us. In a few hours she rejoined us. The Greek pirate, which she chased, had escaped, having entered one of those inaccessible creeks of the coast where they always take refuge in a similar emergency.

Same day: eleven o'clock.—Whenever some powerful impression agitates my soul, I feel the necessity of telling or writing to some one what I experience, of finding somewhere a joy of my joy, a reverberation of what has struck myself. An isolated sentiment is not complete; man was created double.

Alas! when I now look around me, there is already much of loveliness. Julia and Marianne* comprise all in themselves alone; but Julia is still so young, that I tell her only what is within the reach of her infancy. This is all the future: it will soon be all the present for

* Madame de Lamartine.

us. The person who would have most enjoyed my happiness at this moment was my mother. In whatever happens to me of happiness or sorrow, my thoughts turn involuntarily towards her. I think I see her, hear her, speak to her, write to her. A being whom we remember to such a degree is not absent; an object that lives so completely, so powerfully in ourselves, is not dead with regard to us. I always impart to her, as during her lifetime, all my impressions, which used to become so rapidly and entirely her own, which became more embellished, coloured, and glowing in her radiant imagination, an imagination which stood always at the age of seventeen! I seek for her in idea in the modest and pious solitude of Milly, where she educated us, where she thought of us when the vicissitudes of my youth separated us from each other. I see her expecting, receiving, perusing, commenting on my letters, revelling more than even myself in my ideas. Vain dream! she is there no more; she dwells in the world of realities; our fugitive dreams are no longer anything to her: but her spirit is with us—it visits, follows, and protects us: *our conversation is with her in the eternal regions.*

I have thus lost, before the age of maturity, the greater number of the beings whom I loved most, or who have most loved me here below. My life of affection has become concentrated; my heart has now only a few hearts to betake itself to for refuge; my memory has scarce on this earth aught but tombs to repose on. If God were to level but two or three strokes more around me, I feel that I should be entirely detached from myself: for I should contemplate myself no longer—I should love myself more in others; and it is only thus that it is possible for me to love myself.

While very young, I loved myself in myself; infancy is egotistical. It was all well then, at sixteen or eighteen years of age, when I did not as yet know myself, when I knew life still less; but now I have lived too long, I have known too much to hold to that form of existence which is called the human 'I.' What is a man, great God! and what a pity to attach the least importance to what I feel, to what I think, to what I write! What place is it which I hold in existing things! What void shall I leave in the world!—a void of a few days in one or two hearts; one shadow less to the sun; my dog, who will seek for me; some trees that I have loved, and that will be astonished at not seeing me return under their shade: that is all. And then all this will pass away in its turn. We do not begin to feel the emptiness of existence till the day comes when we are no longer necessary to any one, till the hour when we can be no longer cherished. The only reality here below, I have always felt, is love—love under all its forms.

August 7: *evening, six o'clock.*—The elevated coast of Laconia is at a few cannon-shots' distance from us. We skirt it with a fine breeze; it slides away majestically before us. Leaning on the bulwark of the vessel, my looks seize, in order to recollect them, those classic forms of the mountains of Greece; they unroll themselves as

if they were waves of stone and earth; they rise, sink, and group themselves before me, like the clouds of the country of his soul before the mind of Ossian. I spend one or two hours, making in silence this review of the hills and of the sonorous names of this departed country. The hills of Cromius, from which the Eurotas derives its source, dart into the air their rounded summits; the globe of the sun descends upon them, and strikes them like domes of gilded copper; he inflames his cloudy couch around him; the mountain-tops become transparent, like the very air that envelops them, and from which they can hardly be distinguished: one would swear that he saw behind them the light of another sun already set, or the immense reflection of some distant conflagration.

One of these mountains, among others, presented to our sight the figure of a crescent reversed; it seems to be hollowed out proportionally in order to open out an aërial track for the disc of the sun, which rolls there amid the golden dust of the vapour that ascends to him. The nearer summits, which the sun has already passed, are tinged with purplish violet, or with a pale lilac colour; they swim in an atmosphere as rich as the painter's palette: still nearer us, other hills, already covered with the shades of evening, appear clothed with dark forests; finally, those which compose the foreground, those which we seem to touch, and whose steeps are washed by the sea-foam, are quite plunged in night; the eye only distinguishes among them a few creeks, which afford a refuge to the numerous pirates of these shores, and a few advancing promontories, which carry, like Napoli di Malvasia, towns or fortresses on their precipitous summits. These mountains, viewed thus from the deck of a ship, at this hour when the night tapestries them with its thousand illusions of colour, are perhaps the finest terrestrial forms that my eyes have yet contemplated; and then the ship floats so gently inclined, like a movable balcony on the sea, which murmurs while caressing her keel, the air is so mildly warm, and so perfumed, the sails give out such pleasing sounds at each puff of the evening breeze —almost all that I love is there, tranquil, happy, safe, looking and enjoying with me. Julia and her mother are leaning near me on the rigging. The countenance of the child beams at all the views and names of places, at all the historical facts which her mother relates to her regarding each; her eyes float along with ours over all those scenes, the marvellous dramas of which are already known to her. There is genius in her look; one sees there the deep, living, warm, and rapid thoughts of a mind which is budding under the ardent and loving soul of her mother; she seems to enjoy as much as we do, and especially because she sees us interested and happy— for the soul of that child lives in ours; a tear comes into her eyes if she sees me sad and pensive; her features are an instantaneous reflection of mine, and the smile of every joy of ours never has to wait for a like smile from her lips. How beautiful she is thus!

I have long seen, and under all their aspects, the mountains of Rome and of Sabina; those here surpass them in variety of grouping,

in majesty of form, in dazzling splendour of tints; their allineation is endless—it would require a volume to describe what a picture would tell at one glance; but to be seen in all their imaginative beauty, they must be thus perceived at the fall of day. Then they are to be seen clad, as in their youth, with forests and green pastures, and rural cottages, and flocks, and shepherds: the shades of evening clothe them—they have no other wardrobe; just as the history of the men who have rendered them illustrious requires the clouds of the past and the *prestige* of distance to attach and seduce our thoughts. Nothing ought to be seen in broad day by the light of the present; in this sad world of ours there is nothing completely beautiful but what is ideal; illusion in all things is an element of the beautiful, except in virtue and in love.

Same date: eight o'clock at night.—The wind freshens; we are sailing along with a beautiful sea before the openings of different bays; we approach Cape St Angelo, anciently Cape Malia: we shall soon be abreast of it.

August 8: *morning.*—The wind has died away; we have passed the night without making any progress, at a short distance from Cape Malia.

Same date: noon.—The breeze is mild, and wafts us towards the cape. The frigate, which has us in tow, hollows out ahead of us a level and murmuring path, along which we glide in her wake, amidst the wreaths of foam which her keel dashes up on its flight. Captain Lyons, who knows the coast, wishes to let us enjoy the view of the cape and the country by passing not more than a hundred fathoms from the shore.

At the extremity of Cape St Angelo, or Malia, which advances considerably into the sea, that narrow passage commences which timid mariners avoid by leaving the island of Cerigo on their left. This cape is the cape of tempests for Greek sailors. The pirates alone show head to it, because they know they will not be followed thither. The wind descends from this cape with such weight and impetuosity on the sea, that it often hurls rolling stones from the mountain upon the decks of vessels.

On the steep and inaccessible declivity of the rock that forms the headland of the cape, sharpened by hurricanes, and by the lashing of the spray, accident has suspended three rocks detached from the summit, and arrested half way in their fall. There they remain, like a nest of sea-fowl bending over the foaming abyss of the waters. A quantity of reddish earth, also stopped in its fall by these three unequal rocks, gives root to five or six stunted fig-trees, which themselves hang with their tortuous branches, and their large gray leaves, over the roaring gulf that whirls at their feet. The eye cannot discern any footpath, any practicable declivity, by which this little mound of vegetation could be reached. However, a small low dwelling can be distinguished among the fig-trees—a house of a gray, sombre appearance, like the rock which serves for its base, and with which one confounds it on the first view. Over the flat roof of the

house there rises a small open belfry, as over the door of convents in Italy: a bell is suspended from it. To the right are to be seen some ancient ruins of foundations of red bricks, in which there are three open arcades leading to a little terrace that stretches in front of the house. An eagle would have feared to build his eyrie in such a place, without a single bush or trunk of a tree to shelter him from the wind which roars continually, from the eternal noise of the sea breaking, and of the spray licking incessantly the polished rock, under a sky always burning. Well, a man has done what the bird itself would scarcely have dared to do; he has chosen this asylum. He lives there: we perceived him: he is a hermit. We doubled the cape so closely, that we could distinguish his long white beard, his staff, his chaplet, his hood of brown felt, like that of sailors in winter. He went on his knees as we passed, with his face turned towards the sea, as if he were imploring the succour of Heaven for the unknown strangers on this perilous passage. The wind, which issues furiously from the mountain-gorges of Laconia, as soon as you double the rock of the cape, began to resound in our sails, and make the two vessels roll and stagger, covering the sea with foam as far as the eye could reach. A new sea was opening before us. The hermit, in order to follow us still farther with his eyes, ascended the crest of a rock, and we distinguished him there, on his knees, and motionless, as long as we were in sight of the cape.

What is this man? He must have a soul trebly steeped in woe, to have chosen this frightful abode; he must have a heart and senses eager for strong and eternal emotions, to live in this vulture's nest, alone, with the boundless horizon, the hurricane, and the roar of the sea. His only spectacle is, from time to time, a passing ship, the creaking of the masts, the tearing of the sails, the cannon of distress, the cries of sailors in their agony.

These three fig-trees, that little inaccessible field, this spectacle of the convulsive struggle of the elements, these rough, severe, and meditative impressions of the soul, formed one of the dreams of my childhood and youth. By an instinct which my knowledge of men has since confirmed, I never placed happiness but in solitude—only at that time I placed love there; but now I shall place there love, God, and thought: this desert suspended between the heaven and the sea, shaken by the incessant shock of the winds and waves, would still be one of the charms of my heart. It is the attitude of the bird of the mountains, while yet touching with its foot the sharp summit of the rock, and already flapping its wings to dart still higher into the regions of light. There is no well-organized man who would not become, in such an abode, either a saint or a great poet—perhaps both. But what a violent shock of existence must have been required to inspire me with such thoughts and desires, and to drive thither those other men whom I see there! God knows. Whatever be the case, he cannot be an ordinary man who has felt the pleasure and the necessity of hooking himself like the pendent bindweed to the walls of such an abyss, and to remain hovering there during a

whole lifetime, beside the tumult of the elements, the terrible music of the tempest, alone with his own thoughts, in the presence of nature and of God.

Same date.—At some leagues' distance from the cape, the sea became finer again. Light Greek vessels, undecked, and crowded with canvas, passed alongside of us in the deep valleys of the waves; they are full of women and children, who are going to Hydra with baskets of melons and grapes. The least puff of wind makes them heel over on the sea, so much as to bathe their sails in it. They have nothing to protect them from the wave but a cloth a few feet high, stretched along the side exposed to the water; they are often concealed from our view by the billow and the foam; they rise again like a cork floating on the water. What a life!—it is that of almost all the Greeks; their element is the sea; they disport there like the child of our villages on our mountain heaths. The destiny of the country is written by nature: it is the sea.

Same date.—Here are the distant summits of the island of Crete rising on our right; here is Ida covered with snows, appearing from this distance like the topsails of a vessel.

We enter a vast bay, that of Argos; we glide along with the wind aft, and with the velocity of a flight of swallows; the rocks, mountains, and islands of the two shores fly like dark clouds from before us. Night falls; we already perceive the head of the bay, though it is six leagues in extent; the masts of three squadrons anchored before Nauplia are sketched out like a winter forest on the background of the sky and the plain of Argos. The darkness becomes soon complete; fires are lighted on the mountain slopes, and in the woods, where the Greek shepherds are tending their flocks; the ships are firing the evening gun. We see all the gunports of these sixty vessels at anchor gleaming successively, like the streets of a great town lighted by its reflectors. We enter this labyrinth of ships, and we are about to anchor in the middle of the night close to a little fort which protects the roadstead of Nauplia, in front of the town, and under the guns of the castle of Palamides.

August 9.—I rise with the sun, to have at length the pleasure of viewing close to me the Gulf of Argos, Argos, Nauplia, the present capital of Greece. What a complete deception! Nauplia is a miserable village, built on the side of a long and narrow gulf, on a margin of earth that has fallen down from the lofty mountains that cover the whole of this coast: the houses have no foreign character; they are built in the style of the most ordinary dwellings in the villages of France and Savoy. Most part of them are in ruins, and the fragments of walls overturned by cannon in the last war are still lying in the middle of the streets. Two or three new houses, painted in rough colours, appear on the quay, and a few coffee-houses and shops of wood project on piles into the sea; these coffee-houses and balconies on the water are crowded with some hundreds of Greeks, in their gaudiest but dirtiest costume; they are seated or stretched out on planks or on the sand, forming a thousand pictu-

resque groups. All their physiognomies are beautiful, but sad and ferocious; the weight of indolence oppresses their every attitude. The laziness of the Neapolitans is mild, serene, and gay—it is the nonchalance of happiness; the laziness of the Greeks is heavy, morose, and gloomy—it is a vice which is its own punishment. We turn our eyes from Nauplia; I admire the beautiful fortress of Palamides, which ranges over the whole mountain by which the town is commanded; the battlemented walls resemble the indentations of a natural rock.

But where is Argos? A vast plain, sterile, and naked, intersected with marshes, extends in a circular form at the head of the gulf; it is bounded on all sides by chains of gray mountains. At the end of this plain, about two leagues in the interior, you perceive a conical hill, which has a few fortified walls on its summit, and which protects with its shadow a village in ruins: that is Argos. Quite close to this is the tomb of Agamemnon. But what are Agamemnon and his empire to me? These historical and political legends have lost the interest of youth and of truth. I should wish to see only a valley of Arcadia; I prefer a tree, a spring under the rock, a rose-laurel on the bank of a river, under the fallen arch of a bridge tapestried with bindweed, to the monument of one of those classical kingdoms, which no longer recall anything to my mind save the *ennui* they gave me in my infancy.

August 10.—We have passed two days at Nauplia. The state of Julia's health again distresses me. I remain a few days more, to wait till she is completely recovered. We are on shore, in the chamber of a wretched inn, opposite a barrack of Greek troops. The soldiers are all day stretched out under the shade of the fragments of ruined walls; their costumes are rich and picturesque; their features bear the impress of misery and despair, and of all those fierce passions which civil war kindles and foments in those savage souls. The most complete anarchy reigns at this moment over all the Morea. Each day one faction triumphs over the other, and we hear the musketry of the Klephtes, of the Colocotroni faction, who are fighting on the other side of the gulf against the troops of the government. We are informed, by every courier that descends from the mountains, of the burning of a town, the pillage of a valley, or the massacre of a population, by one of the parties that are ravaging their native country. One cannot go beyond the gates of Nauplia without being exposed to musket shots. Prince Karadja had the goodness to propose to me an escort of his palikars to go and visit the tomb of Agamemnon; and General Corbet, who commands the French forces, politely offered to add to them a detachment of his soldiers. I refused, because I did not wish, for the gratification of a vain curiosity, to expose the lives of several men, for which I should eternally reproach myself.

August 12.—I was this morning present at a meeting of the Greek parliament. The hall is a hovel of wood; the walls and roof are formed of planks of fir badly joined. The deputies are seated on

raised benches around a floor of sand; they speak from their places. We sat down, to see them arrive, on a heap of stones at the door of the hall. They came in succession on horseback, each accompanied by an escort more or less numerous, according to the importance of the chief. Each deputy dismounted, and his palikars, superbly armed, went and grouped themselves at some distance in the little plain which surrounds the hall. This plain presented the image of an encampment, or of a caravan.

The attitude of the deputies was haughty and martial; they spoke without confusion or interruption, in a tone of emotion, though at the same time firm, measured, and harmonious. They were no longer those ferocious figures that are so repulsive to the view in the streets of Nauplia; they were the chiefs of a heroic nation, who still held in their hands the musket or the sabre with which they had just been combating for its deliverance, and who were deliberating together on the means of securing the triumph of their liberties.

One cannot imagine anything more simple, and at the same time more imposing, than the spectacle of this armed nation thus deliberating amidst the ruins of their country, under a planked roof raised in the open field, whilst the soldiers were polishing their arms at the very door of this senate, and the horses neighing impatiently to resume their path on the mountains! There were to be seen among those chiefs some heads admirable for beauty, intelligence, and heroism: these were the mountaineers. The Greek merchants of the islands were easily recognised by their more effeminate features, and by the wily expression of their physiognomies. The commerce and indolence of their towns have removed all nobility and vigour from their countenances, and stamped in their stead the impress of that vulgar skill and cunning which characterises them.

August 13.—There was a charming fête given on board his vessel by Admiral Hotham, who commands the English station in the roads of Nauplia. He made us visit his three-decker, the St Vincent, and caused to be executed for us the imitation of a naval combat. A vessel, manned with sixteen hundred men, and seen thus at the moment of action, is the masterpiece of human intellect.

He is an excellent man, whose countenance and manners present that rare union of the nobleness of the old warrior and the benevolent mildness of the philosopher, a disposition which pervades generally the fine physiognomies of the English aristocracy. He offered us one of his vessels of war to accompany us as far as Smyrna. I declined, and claimed this favour from Admiral Hugon, who commands the French squadron. He has been so good as give us the brig *Le Génie*, commanded by Captain Cuneo d'Ornano: but it will only escort us as far as Rhodes.

I dined with M. Rouen, French minister in Greece: I was myself to have occupied that post under the restoration. He congratulated me at not having obtained it. M. Rouen, who had passed at Nauplia all the miserable days of Greek anarchy, was sighing for his deliver-

ance. He consoled himself for the severity of his exile by giving a welcome reception to his countrymen, and by representing, with perfect grace and cordiality, the high position of France in a country which one must love both in its past and in its future history.

August 15.—I wrote nothing; my soul was withered and melancholy, like the frightful country that surrounded me; naked rocks, ruddy or black soil, creeping and dusky shrubs, marshy plains, where the frosty north wind, even in the month of August, blows over harvests of reeds; there is all. This land of Greece is now but the winding-sheet of a people; it resembles an old sepulchre robbed of its bones, and the very stones of which are scattered and embrowned by the lapse of ages. Where is the beauty of that Greece so much vaunted? Where is her gilded and transparent sky? All is now dull and cloudy, as in a ravine of Savoy or Auvergne in the last days of autumn. The violence of the north wind, which swept along with the roaring waves to the head of the bay where we were anchored, prevented us from leaving.

August 18: *at sea—at anchor off the gardens of Hydra.*—At length we started last night with a fine breeze at south-east; we were asleep in our hammocks. At seven o'clock we were out of the gulf; the sea was beautiful, and beat melodiously against the sides of the vessel. We were now in the channel that extends between the mainland and the islands of Hydra and Spezzia.

Towards noon we were driven towards the coast of the continent opposite to Hydra. These terrible squalls, proceeding from all the points of the compass, rendered the working of the ship perilous. Our sails were torn to pieces; there was a risk of our masts being carried away; for three hours we struggled without remission against furious hurricanes; the sailors were exhausted with fatigue; the captain appeared anxious about the fate of the vessel: at last he succeeded in gaining the shelter of a lofty shore, and an anchorage well known to sailors, abreast of a charming hill called the Gardens of Hydra. We cast anchor there at a mile from the coast, and not far from the brig-of-war *Le Génie*, which had followed the same route. We had a day's repose, though the sea was still agitated, and squalls whistled through our rigging: we landed on the coast—it was the prettiest spot we had yet visited in Greece; lofty mountains command the landscape; they retain, besides, some strata of earth, some patches of a pale green on their rounded flanks; they slope gently, and hide their feet in some forests of olives; farther off, they extend in moderate inclinations as far as the channel of Hydra, which flows at their feet like a large river rather than a sea. There the eye reposes on one or two country-houses, surrounded by gardens and orchards, cultivated fields, groups of chestnut-trees and green oaks, flocks, some Greek peasants cultivating the ground. We let loose our dogs, and hunted all day on the mountain; we returned with game.

The town of Hydra, which covers all the little island of that name, was shining on the other side of the channel, white, resplendent,

glittering like a rock newly cut. This island does not present an inch of ground to the eye—all is stone; the town covers the whole; the houses are arranged perpendicularly to one another, and were the refuge of free commerce and of Greek opulence during the domination of the Turks. One can estimate the increasing or decreasing civilisation of a nation by the situation of its towns and villages: when security and independence augment, the towns descend from the mountains to the plains; when tyranny and anarchy revive, they reascend the rocks, or take refuge on the reefs of the ocean. During the middle ages, in Italy, on the Rhine, in France, the towns were eagles' nests, on the peaks of inaccessible rocks.

August 18: *at sea.*—We weighed anchor at three o'clock in the morning. A moderate wind allowed us to approach that point of the continent which advances into the Sea of Athens; but when there, a fresh tempest assailed us, still more violent than the former; we were in an instant separated from the two vessels that were sailing in company with us. The sea became enormous; we rolled from one abyss into another, the yards dipping into the wave, and the spray dashing over the deck. The captain persisted in doubling the cape; after several hours' ineffectual manœuvring, he succeeded. We were now in the open sea; but the wind was so powerful, that the brig made considerable leeway. We were obliged to stand for the mountains that were distinguishable on the other side of the Bay of Athens. We went six knots, amidst clouds of humid dust, and under showers of spray, flying from the head and sides of the vessel. Occasionally the horizon cleared up, and allowed us a glimpse of Cape Colonna whitening out ahead of us. We expected to anchor in the evening at the foot of these columns, and to salute the memory of the divine Plato, who was wont to come and meditate two thousand years before us on this same promontory of Sunium. I could not withdraw my view from the horizon, where appear the mountains of Athens, from which the tempest is repelling us. At length, towards sunset, the wind abated, and we made a tack towards the island of Ægina. We got almost becalmed under shelter of the island, and of the coast of the mainland, and we entered at the fall of day another gulf, formed by the island and the lovely shores of Corinth. The sea was like a mirror, and we seemed to sail on a waveless river, whose imperceptible current was carrying us to the anchorage. We cast anchor at the moment when the night fell in an immense enchanted lake, enveloped with sombre mountains, and when the rising moon was striking with its silvery light the Acropolis of Corinth and the columns of the Temple of Ægina. We were some hundreds of paces from the island, opposite gardens shaded by beautiful plains. A few white houses shone forth amidst the verdure. We enjoyed repose, and a tranquil supper on deck, after a day of perils and fatigues. Such is the life of travellers, and of man on the earth.

On our right, the island of Ægina, softening its dark and rapid declivities, extends along a gulf into a tongue of land, strewed with

a few cypresses, vines, and fig-trees, and terminated by the town. The latter is less oddly situated than the few Greek towns we had as yet seen; the gymnasium, erected by Capo d'Istria, gleams in the centre—its museum. I did not go there; I am tired of museums, those cemeteries of the arts; fragments detached from their locality, their destination, and from the whole of which they formed a part, are dead—the dust of marble which has life no more. I went ashore alone, and passed two delicious hours in a garden of cypresses and orange-trees belonging to Gergio, Bey of Hydra. At ten o'clock I returned to the vessel; on descending the ladder, I found half of the deck literally covered with heaps of water-melons, immense baskets full of grapes of all forms and colours, some of which weighed from three to four pounds, figs of Attica, and all the flowers that the season and the climate could furnish. They told me it was the governor of Ægina, Nicolas Scuffo, who, having learned the evening before, through my Greek pilot, of my passage through the gulf, had come to pay me a visit with a boatful of this present from his estate; he recognised in my name that of a friend to Greece, and had brought me the first pledge of that prosperity which so many generous hearts have desired for that country! He announced his intention of returning in the evening. I requested a boat from Captain Cuneo d'Ornano, and went to Ægina to carry my thanks to the governor: I found him afloat, and we returned together on board our vessel. He is a distinguished man, of very intellectual conversation. We spoke of Greece, of her future condition, and her present crisis. I saw with regret that the religious spirit is extinct in Greece; the ignorant clergy are despised; the commercial spirit has not sufficient virtue to resuscitate a people. I fear for that country; at the first European crisis it will decompose itself afresh. It is as in Italy; men the most intelligent and courageous, brilliant individuals, but no common bond of union—Greeks, but no nation.

Having sailed at noon of the 18th from Ægina, we saw the sun set in the golden valley that is hollowed out on the Isthmus of Corinth, between Acro-Corinthus and the mountains of Attica—it kindled up all that quarter of the heaven; and it was there that, for the first time, we witnessed that splendour of the firmament which gives to the East its charm and its glory. Salamis, the tomb of the fleet of Xerxes, was a few paces ahead of us—a gray coast, dark soil, with no other attraction but its name; its naval battle, and the memory of Themistocles, cause it to be saluted with respect by the mariner. The mountains of Attica raise their black summits above Salamis; and to the right, on one of the decreasing peaks of Ægina, the temple of Jupiter Panhellenicus, gilded by the last rays of day, rises above this scene, one of the finest of an historical nature, and casts its religious reminiscences over that record of places and times; the religious thoughts of humanity mingle with, and consecrate the whole; but the religion of the Greeks, a religion of the mind and the imagination, and not of the heart, does not make on me the slightest impression; we know that these gods of the people were only the

sportive creations of poetry and of art—gods feigned and dreamt of. There was nothing grave, nothing real, nothing drawn from the deep wells of nature, and of the human soul, before the age of Socrates and Plato! Then commenced the religion of reason! Then came Christianity, which had received from its divine Founder the word and the key of human destiny! The ages of barbarism, which it had to traverse to arrive at us, have often impaired and disfigured it; but if it had fallen among Platos and Pythagorases, what should we not have attained to, owing to it, by it, and with it!

A settled calm came on, and we floated six hours without motion amid the transparent water and coloured vapours of the Sea of Athens. The Acropolis and the Parthenon rise like an altar six leagues in front of us, detached from Mount Penthilicus, Mount Hymettus, and Mount Anchismus. In fact Athens is an altar to the gods, the finest pedestal on which past ages could have placed the statue of humanity! At the present day, its aspect is sombre, sad, dark, arid, desolate—a weight on the heart; there is nothing living, green, gracious, or animated; we see there nature exhausted, which God alone could vivify. Liberty will not suffice for this: to the poet and the painter, it is written on these barren mountains, on these capes whitened with crumbling temples, on these marshy or pebbly heaths, which have no longer anything but sonorous names, it is written—'It is finished!' It is a land of apocalypse, that seems struck by some divine malediction, by some great word of prophecy; a Jerusalem of the nations, in which there is no longer even a tomb! Such is the idea of Athens and all the shores of Attica, of the islands and the Peloponese.

Having arrived at the Piræus at eight o'clock in the morning of the 19th August, we came to an anchor. Horses were waiting for us on the beach of the Piræus: we mounted. I found an ass, on which we placed a side-saddle for Julia; and we started. For half a league, the plain, although of a light, manageable, and fertile soil, is completely naked and uncultivated. The Turks burned during the war a forest of olive-trees, which extended down to the sea; some black trunks still remain. We entered the wood of olives and fig-trees, which encircle the advanced group of the hills of Athens as with a verdant belt. We followed the foundations, still evident, of the long wall built by Themistocles, which united the city to the Piræus. A few Turkish fountains, in the form of wells, surrounded with rustic troughs of rough stone, are placed at intervals. Some Greek peasants and a few Turkish soldiers were lying near the fountains, and giving each other to drink. At length we passed under the lofty ramparts and black rocks that serve as a pedestal to the Parthenon. The Parthenon itself does not appear to us to increase in magnitude, but, on the contrary, to dwindle the more as we approach it. The effect of this edifice—the finest, by the judgment of all ages, that human hands have erected on the earth—does not, when thus viewed, correspond in anything to what one expects; and the pompous language of

travellers, artists, or poets, falls back sorrowfully on your heart when you see that reality so remote from the descriptions. It is not gilded as by the petrified rays of the Grecian sun; it does not shoot upwards like an aërial island, carrying a divine monument; it does not shine from afar on the sea and land like a beacon-light, proclaiming, here is Athens!—here man has exhausted his genius, and hurled his defiance to the future! No, nothing of all this! Over your head you see rising irregularly old blackish walls, covered with white spots. These spots are marble, the fragments of the monuments with which the Acropolis was crowned, before its restoration by Phidias and Pericles. These walls, flanked at intervals by other walls that sustain them, are crowned with a square Byzantine tower and Venetian battlements. They surround a broad eminence, which contained almost all the sacred monuments of the city of Theseus. At the extremity of this eminence, on the side of the Ægean Sea, there presents itself the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, the virgin that sprang from the brain of Jupiter. This temple, the columns of which are blackish, is marked here and there with spots of a dazzling whiteness; these are the impressions of the Turkish cannon, or of the hammers of the Iconoclasts. Its form is an oblong; it appears too low and too small for its monumental situation. It does not say of itself, 'This is I; I am the Parthenon, I cannot be anything else!' —you must ask this of your guide, and when he has answered you, you are still in doubt. Farther off, at the foot of the Acropolis, you pass through a dark low gateway, at which a few Turks in ragged garb are seated, beside their rich and beautiful weapons, and you are in Athens. The first monument worthy of regard is the temple of Jupiter Olympius, the magnificent columns of which rise alone on a naked and desert place, to the right of what was Athens, a worthy portico of the city of ruins! Some paces from this we entered the city—that is to say, an inextricable labyrinth of narrow paths, strewed with portions of fallen walls, of broken tiles, of stones and marble, scattered pell-mell; sometimes descending into the court of a ruined house, sometimes clambering along the staircase, or even on the roof of another. In these little, white, vulgar hovels, or ruins of ruins—dirty and infected haunts—some families of Greeks are huddled together, and hidden. Here and there, several women, with black eyes, and the graceful Athenian mouth, came out, at the noise of our horses' footsteps, to the threshold of the door, and gave us the gracious salute of Attica, 'Welcome, gentlemen foreigners, to Athens!' We arrived, after a quarter of an hour's walk, amidst the same scenes of devastation, and the same heaps of fallen walls and roofs, at the modest dwelling of M. Gaspari, agent of the consulate of Greece at Athens. I had sent him in the morning the letter that recommended me to his attentions. I had no need of it; politeness is the disposition of almost all our agents towards a stranger. M. Gaspari received us like unknown friends; and while he was sending his son to search for a residence to us in some house still standing, one of his daughters, an Athenian girl, a fine and

graceful specimen of that beauty hereditary in the women of her country, served up to us, with much eagerness and modesty, some iced orange juice, in vessels of porous earth, of antique form. After having refreshed ourselves a while in this humble asylum of simple and cordial hospitality, so sweet to meet with under a burning sun, several hundreds of miles from one's own country, at the close of a day of storm, heat, and dust, M. Gaspari conducted us to the lower part of the town, across the same ruins, to a neat, white house, quite recently built, and where an Italian, M. ——, had established an inn. A few rooms whitened with lime, and neatly furnished; a court refreshed by a spring, and by a little shade; at the foot of the staircase a fine lioness in white marble; abundance of fruits and vegetables; some honey of Hymettus, calumniated by M. de Châteaubriand; Greek servants, acquainted with Italian, attentive, and intelligent—all this was doubly valuable to us, in midst of the desolation and absolute nakedness of Athens.

One could not be more comfortable on a tour through Italy, England, or Switzerland. May this inn maintain its ground, and prosper for the consolation and welfare of travellers to come! But, alas! for forty-eight days no stranger had crossed its threshold or disturbed its silence!

In the evening, M. Gropius obligingly came and put himself at our disposal, to show us, and comment with us upon Athens. As happy as M. de Châteaubriand had been formerly when conducted through the ruins of Athens by M. Fauvel, we had in M. Gropius a second Fauvel, who had become an Athenian thirty-two years before, and built, like his master, a house for his old age amidst these wrecks of a city where he had spent his youth, and which he assists as much as he can to raise, for the hundredth time, out of its poetical ashes. M. Gropius is consul for Austria in Greece, and a man of intellect and learning, joining to the most profound and correct knowledge of antiquity, that character of simple good-nature and inoffensive grace which is the distinctive feature of the true and worthy sons of learned Germany. When unjustly accused by Lord Byron, in his sarcastic notes on Athens, M. Gropius did not return injury for injury to the memory of the great poet: he was only afflicted that his name should have been dragged by him through edition after edition, and consigned to the rancour of fanatics ignorant of antiquity; but he did not choose to justify himself; and when one is on the spot, a witness to the constant efforts made by this distinguished man to restore some word to an inscription, some strayed fragment to a statue, or a form and date to a monument, one is sure, beforehand, that M. Gropius has never profaned what he adores, nor made a vile commerce of the noblest and most disinterested of studies, the study of antiquities.

With such a man days are worth years for the ignorant traveller like myself. I requested him to excuse me from all doubtful antiquities, conventional celebrities, and systematic beauties. I abhor falsehood and effort in everything, but especially in admiration. I

wish to see only what God or man has made beautiful—present, real, palpable beauty, addressing itself to the eye and to the soul; and not the beauty of a locality or an epoch, historical, or critical beauty—I leave that for the learned. To us poets, there must be beauty, evident and sensible: we are not creatures of abstraction, but men of nature and instinct. Thus have I many a time traversed Rome; thus have I visited seas and mountains; thus have I read sages, historians, and poets; thus have I visited Athens!

It was a pure and beautiful evening: the devouring sun was descending, bathed in a violet vapour, on the black and narrow bar which forms the Isthmus of Corinth, and was gilding with his last luminous beams the battlements of the Acropolis, which present their form, rounded like the crown of a tower, over the large and undulating valley where sleeps in silence the shade of Athens. We issued out by paths without name or track, having to clear at every moment breaches of fallen garden walls, or of roofless houses, or of ruins lying in heaps on the white dust of the soil of Attica. As we descended towards the bottom of the deep and desert valley shaded by the Temple of Theseus, the Pnyx, the Areopagus, and the Hill of the Nymphs, we discovered a greater extent of the modern town opening out on our left, resembling in everything what we had previously seen. A vast, confused, melancholy, disordered assemblage of fallen huts, of pieces of walls still standing, roofs sunk in, gardens and courts ravaged, mounds of stones heaped together, barring up the way, and rolling under our feet; the whole wore the colouring of recent ruins, that dull, feeble, and discoloured gray, which has not even for the eye the sanctity of time elapsed, nor the gracefulness of ruins. There was no vegetation, excepting three or four palm-trees resembling Turkish minarets, that had remained upright over the destroyed city; here and there a few houses of vulgar and modern fashion, recently built by some Europeans, or by Greeks from Constantinople. These were houses such as are seen in our villages of France or England, roofs raised without any grace, numerous and narrow windows, with an absence of terraces, architectural lines, or decorations—residences for a lifetime, built in the expectation of a fresh destruction—but nothing of those palaces which a civilised people build with confidence for themselves and generations unborn. In the midst of all this chaos, there appear, though rarely, some fragments of the Stadium, some blackish columns of the Arch of Adrian, or of Lazora, the dome of the Tower of the Winds, or of the Lantern of Diogenes, inviting, but not detaining, the view. In front of us appeared, increasing and detaching itself from the gray hill on which it is placed, the Temple of Theseus, isolated, exposed on all sides, standing quite entire on its pedestal of rock. This temple, after the Parthenon, is, according to scientific judges, the finest that Greece has erected to her gods or her heroes.

On approaching, assured, from my reading, of the beauty of the monument, I was astonished to feel myself cold and unmoved; my heart tried to be affected, my eyes endeavoured to admire; but in

vain! I did not feel what one experiences at the sight of a faultless work—namely, a negative pleasure: was it then a real and strong impression, a new, powerful, and involuntary pleasure? No! This temple is too little; it is a sublime toy of art! It is not a monument for gods, for men, for centuries. I had only one instant of ecstacy; this was when, seated at the western angle of the temple, on the lowest steps, my view embraced, all at once, the magnificent harmony of its forms, and the majestic elegance of its columns, together with the wide and more sombre space of its portico, and the admirable bas-reliefs on its interior frieze of the combats between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ; and underneath, through the opening at the centre, the blue and resplendent sky, diffusing its serene and mystic light on the cornices and salient figures of the bas-reliefs; they then appeared to live and move. Great artists alone, of all descriptions, have this gift of life, alas, to their own cost! In the Parthenon there remain only two figures, Mars and Venus, half crushed by two enormous fragments of the cornice which have fallen on their heads; but these two figures are worth to me, in themselves alone, more than all I have seen of sculpture in my life; they live as never canvas nor marble lived. One suffers from the weight that oppresses them; you would wish to relieve their limbs, which seem to bend and stiffen under this mass; you feel that the chisel of Phidias trembled and glowed in his hand when these sublime figures were coming to life under his fingers. You feel—and this is no illusion, but the truth, the painful truth!—that the artist infused a portion of his own individuality, his own blood, into the forms and the veins of the beings whom he was creating, and that it is still a part of his life that you see palpitating in these living figures, in these limbs ready to move, on these lips ready to speak!

No! the Temple of Theseus is not worthy of its renown; it does not live as a monument, it tells nothing of what it ought to tell; it is beauty, without doubt, but a beauty cold and dead, from which the artist alone should shake off the windingsheet and wipe away the dust! As for me, I admired it, and I went away without any desire of seeing it again. The fine stones of the colonnade of the Vatican, the majestic and colossal shadows of St Peter's at Rome, have never allowed me to depart without regret, without a hope of returning.

Higher up, after clambering up a black hill covered with thistles and reddish pebbles, you arrive at the Pnyx, the scene of the stormy assemblies of the people of Athens, and of the inconstant ovations of their orators and favourites. Enormous blocks of black stone, some of which are of twelve or thirteen feet cube, rest one above another, and supported the terrace where the people used to meet. Higher still, at the distance of about fifty paces, you perceive an enormous square block on which steps have been cut, which served, doubtless, for the orator to ascend to that tribune, which thus overlooked the people, the town, and the sea. This has no trace of the elegance of the people under Pericles; it has a Roman character; the recollections connected with it are noble. From this Demosthenes spoke, and

excited or calmed that sea of people, more stormy than the Ægean, which he could also hear roaring behind him. I sat down there, alone and pensive, and remained till the night had nearly closed in, reanimating, without an effort, all that history, the finest, most ardent, and most fervid of all the histories of men who have wielded the sword or the tongue. What an age for genius! And what genius, greatness, wisdom, light, and even virtue (for not far from this Socrates died) for that age! The present day resembles it in Europe, and especially in France, that vulgar Athens of modern times! But it is only the elect of France and of Europe that may be called Athens—the mass is barbarous still. Suppose Demosthenes speaking his glowing, energetic, and elevated language to a popular audience in one of our present cities; who would comprehend him? The inequality of education and enlightenment is the grand obstacle to our complete modern civilisation. The people are masters, but they are not capable of being so; hence they destroy everywhere, and raise up nowhere anything beautiful, durable, or majestic! All the Athenians comprehended Demosthenes, knew their own language, and could judge regarding their own legislation and arts. They were a nation of chosen men; they had the passions of a populace, but not their ignorance; they committed crimes, but not absurdities. It is so no longer; hence democracy, though necessary in right, seems impossible in fact, among our great modern populations. Time alone can render nations capable of governing themselves. Their education is formed by their revolutions.

The destiny of an orator such as Demosthenes or Mirabeau, the only two worthy of the name, is more seducing than that of the philosopher or the poet; the orator partakes, at the same time, in the glory of the author, and in the power of the masses on whom and through whom he acts: he is the philosopher-king, if he is a philosopher; but his terrible weapon, the people, is broken in his hands, wounds and kills himself; and then, what he does and says, what he stirs up in humanity, being transitory passions, principles, and interests, all this is not durable, not eternal in its nature. The poet, on the contrary—and by poet I mean whoever creates ideas in bronze, in stone, in prose, in words, or in rhymes—the poet stirs up only what is imperishable in nature and in the human heart: ages pass away, languages are worn out, but he lives for ever all entire, for ever as much himself, as great, as new, as powerful over the soul of his readers: his destiny is less human, but more divine: he is above the orator.

The beauty would be to unite both destinies: no man has done so; but there is, nevertheless, no incompatibility between action and thought in a complete intellect. Action is the daughter of thought; but men, jealous of every pre-eminence, never grant two powers to one same head. Nature is more liberal. They proscribe from the domain of action him who excels in the domain of intellect and speech; they would not have Plato to make real laws, nor Socrates to govern a borough.

I sent to request of the Turkish Bey, Youssouf Bey, commandant of Attica, permission to ascend to the citadel with my friends, and visit the Parthenon. He sent me a janissary to accompany me. We set out on the 20th, at five o'clock in the morning, accompanied by M. Gropius. Everything is silenced before the incomparable impression of the Parthenon, that temple of temples built by Setinus, ordered by Pericles, decorated by Phidias; the unique and exclusive model of the beautiful in the arts of architecture and sculpture—a sort of divine revelation of ideal beauty received one day by that people who were emphatically a nation of artists, and transmitted by them to posterity in blocks of imperishable marble, and in sculptures that will live for ever. This monument, such as it was, taken into view as a whole its situation, its natural pedestal, its steps decorated with unrivalled statues, its grand figures, its execution, perfect in all the details, its material, its colour of petrified light—this monument has for ages crushed admiration, without satisfying it. When one sees of it what I have seen of it only, with its majestic fragments, mutilated by the Venetian bombs, by the explosion of gunpowder under Morosini, by the hammer of Theodore, by the cannons of the Turks and Greeks, its columns lying in immense blocks on its pavements, its fallen capitals, its triglyphs broken by the agents of Lord Elgin, its statues carried away in English vessels—what remains of it is sufficient to make me feel that it is the most perfect poem written in stone on the face of the earth; but still I also feel that it is too little; the effect is wanting, or it is destroyed. I passed delicious hours, reclined under the shade of the Propylæa, with my eyes fixed on the tottering pediment of the Parthenon; I feel the whole spirit of antiquity in what it has produced most divine; the rest is not worth the language that describes it! The aspect of the Parthenon exhibits, more than history, the colossal grandeur of a people. Pericles ought not to die! What superhuman civilisation was that which found a great man to order, an architect to conceive, a sculptor to decorate, statuaries to execute, workmen to hew, a people to pay, and eyes to comprehend and admire such an edifice? Where shall a like epoch and people be found again? Nothing announces it. As the human race gets older, it loses the sap, the mood, the disinterestedness, necessary for the arts! The Propylæa, the temple of Erechtheus, or that of the Cariatides, are beside the Parthenon. They are themselves masterpieces, but drowned in that masterpiece; the soul, struck with too violent a shock at the sight of the first of these edifices, has no longer strength to admire the others; one has to look and go away, lamenting less the devastation of this superhuman work of man, than the impossibility of man ever equalling its sublimity and harmony. It is revelations such as these that heaven does not give twice to the earth—it is like the poem of Job, or the Song of Songs, like the poem of Homer, or the music of Mozart. It is done, seen, and heard; then it is done, seen, and heard no more, till the consummation of ages. Happy the men through whom these divine breathings pass! they die, but

they have proved to man what man can be; and God recalls them to himself to celebrate Him elsewhere, and in a language more powerful still! I wandered the whole day, mute amidst these ruins, and I returned with my eyes dazzled by figures and colours, and my heart full of recollections and admiration. The Gothic style is beautiful, but order and light are awanting to it—order and light, those two principles of every eternal creation! Adieu for ever to the Gothic.

Of all books, the most difficult to make, in my opinion, is a translation. Now, to travel is to translate; it is to translate to the eye, thought, and soul of the reader, the places, colours, impressions, and sentiments which nature or human monuments give to the traveller. He must be able, at the same time, to look, to feel, and to express; and how to express?—not with lines and colours like the painter—a simple and easy matter; not with sounds like the musician; but with words, with ideas, which contain neither sounds, nor lines, nor colours. Such were the reflections which I made, seated on the steps of the Parthenon, having before my view Athens and the olive wood of the Piræus, and the blue sea of Ægea, and over my head the majestic shadows of the frieze of the temple of temples. I wished to carry away for myself a living memorandum, a written memorandum of this moment of my life. I felt that this chaos of marble, so sublime, so picturesque to my sight, would vanish from my memory, and I wished to be able to find it again amid the commonplace of my future life. Let us write, then: it will not be the Parthenon, but it will be at least a shade of that great shade that hovers this day above me.

From the midst of the ruins, which were Athens, and which the cannon of the Greeks and Turks have pulverised and scattered over the whole valley, and over the two hills to which the city of Minerva extended, a mountain rises precipitous on all sides. Enormous walls surround it, built at their base with fragments of white marble, higher up with the wreck of ancient friezes and columns, and terminated in some places by Venetian battlements. This mountain resembles an enormous pedestal, hewn out by the gods themselves for supporting their altars. Its summit, levelled to receive the floors of the temples, is scarcely five hundred feet in length by two or three hundred feet in breadth. It commands all the hills that formed the ancient ground of Athens and the valleys of Penthilicus, and the course of the Illissus, and the plain of the Piræus, and the chain of dales and peaks which curves and extends as far as Corinth, and finally, the sea, strewed with the islands of Salamis and Ægina, where shine on the summit the pediments of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenicus. This view is even at this day admirable, although all these hills are naked, and reflect like polished brass the reverberated rays of the sun of Attica. But what a spectacle must Plato have had from this spot under his view, when Athens, living and clothed with her thousand inferior temples, murmured at his feet like an overflowing hive; when the great wall of the Piræus traced to the

very sea an avenue of stone and marble, full of movement, and where the population of Athens were passing and repassing incessantly like waves; when the Piræus itself, and the port of Phaleros, and the sea of Athens, and the gulf of Corinth, were covered with forests of masts or with glittering sails; when the sides of all the mountains, from those that hide Marathon as far as the Acropolis of Corinth, an amphitheatre of forty leagues in a semicircle, were diversified with forests, pastures, olives, and vines, and when the villages and towns decorated on all sides this splendid belt of mountains!

I see from here the thousand roads that descended from these mountains, traced on the flanks of the Hymettus, through all the sinuosities of the gorges and valleys, that all come, like beds of torrents, to discharge themselves into Athens. I hear the noises that rise from the town, the blows of the hammer from the workmen in the marble quarries of Mount Penthilicus, the rolling of the blocks which tumble along the slopes of its precipices, and all those sounds that fill with life and bustle the approaches to a great capital. On the side of the town I see ascending by the sacred way, cut out in the very flank of the Acropolis, the religious population of Athens, coming to implore Minerva, and to burn the incense to all their domestic divinities, in the very place where I am now seated, and where I breathe only the dust of the temples.

Let us rebuild the Parthenon; that is easy, for it has lost only its frieze and its interior compartments. The exterior walls chiselled by Phidias, the columns, or the wrecks of the columns, are still there. The Parthenon was entirely constructed of white marble, called Penthilican marble, from the name of the neighbouring mountain whence it was brought. It consisted of an oblong, surrounded by a peristyle of forty-six columns of the Doric order. Each column is 6 feet in diameter at its base, and 34 feet in height. The columns rest on the very pavement of the temple, and have no base. At each extremity of the temple there exists, or did exist, a portico of six columns. The total dimensions of the edifice were 228 feet in length by 102 in breadth; the height was 66 feet. It presented to the eye only the majestic simplicity of its architectural lines. It was a single idea in stone, one and intelligible at a look, like the idea of the ancients. You had to approach it in order to contemplate the richness of the materials, and the inimitable perfection of the ornaments and details. Pericles had been desirous to make it as much an assemblage of all the masterpieces of genius and of human workmanship, as a homage to the gods; or rather it was Greek genius all entire, offering itself under this emblem, as itself a homage to the Divinity. The names of all those who carved one stone, or modelled one statue of the Parthenon, have become immortal.

Let us forget the past, and let us now look around us, now that centuries, and the war of barbarous religions, and ignorant nations, have been trampling it under foot for more than 2000 years.

There are only wanting a few columns to the forest of white columns: they have fallen, in entire and glittering blocks, on the

pavements, or on the neighbouring temples; some, like the great oaks in the forest of Fontainebleau, have remained leaning on the other columns; others have slidden from the top of the parapet which encircles the Acropolis, and lie, in enormous shattered blocks, one above another, as do in a quarry those parings of the blocks which the architect has rejected. Their flanks are gilt with that sunny coating which the lapse of ages spreads over marble, their fractures are as white as ivory freshly turned. They form, on this side of the temple, a streaming chaos of marble, of all shapes and colours, thrown or piled up in the most singular and most majestic disorder: from a distance one might fancy he saw the foam of enormous waves that were breaking and whitening on a headland beaten by the sea. The eye cannot tear itself away from the view of them; we follow, admire, and lament them, with that feeling which we should have for beings who might have had, or who might still have, the sentiment of existence. It is the most sublime effect of ruins that men have ever been able to produce, because it is the ruin of what they ever made most beautiful!

If we enter under the peristyle and porticos, we might believe ourselves to be still at the moment when the edifice was being finished; the interior walls are so well preserved, the face of the marble so shining and polished, the columns so straight, the preserved parts of the edifice so wonderfully free from all damage, that the whole seems to be springing forth from the hands of the workman; only the heaven sparkling with light is the sole roof of the Parthenon, and through the chasms in the faces of the walls the eye plunges into the immense and voluminous landscape of Attica. The whole soil around is strewed with fragments of sculpture, or with morsels of architecture, which seem to wait for the hand that is to raise them to their place in the monument that waits for them. The feet strike incessantly against the masterpieces of the Greek chisel—you pick them up, and then throw them down again, to pick up one more curious; you at length tire of this useless labour; the whole is but a masterpiece pulverised. Your footsteps print themselves in a dust of marble: you at length view it with indifference, and remain mute and insensible, overwhelmed in the contemplation of the whole, and in the thousand thoughts that arise from each of these fragments. These thoughts are of the very nature of the scene where you breathe them; they are grave, like these ruins of times passed away—like these majestic witnesses to the nothingness of human nature; but they are serene as the sky that is over our heads, inundated with a pure and harmonious light, elevated like that pedestal of the Acropolis which seems to hover on high over the earth; resigned and religious like this monument erected to a divine idea, which God has allowed to crumble before him, to make way for ideas more divine! I feel no sadness here; my soul is light, though meditative; my thoughts embrace the order of the Divine will and of human destinies; she admires that it should have been given to man to raise himself so high in the arts and in a material

civilisation; she conceives how God may have then broken that admirable mould of an incomplete idea; how the unity of God, recognised at length by Socrates in these very places, may have withdrawn the breath of life from all those religions which the imagination of the early ages gave birth to; how these temples may have fallen on their gods; the idea of the only God is worth more than these dwellings of marble, where only His shadow was worshipped. That idea has no need of temples built by human hand; entire nature is the temple where it worships.

In proportion as religions become spiritualised, the temples disappear; Christianity herself, which constructed the Gothic, to animate it with her breath, leaves her admirable cathedrals to fall insensibly into ruins. The thousands of statues of her demigods descend by degrees from their aërial niches around her cathedrals; she is transformed also, and her temples become more naked and more simple as she divests herself more and more of the superstitions of her ages of darkness, and resumes more the great principle which she propagated on earth—the principle of the one only God, proved by reason, and adored by virtue!

VISIT TO THE PACHA.

On the evening of the 20th I went to thank Youssouf, the Bey of Negropont and Athens. I entered a moorish-looking court; the wide galleries of the two storeys were supported by little columns of black marble. A waterless fountain was in the centre of the court, and stables all around. I ascended a wooden staircase, on the landing of which were ranged several *spahis*, and I was introduced to the bey. At the extremity of a spacious and rich apartment, decorated with wainscoting in little compartments painted in flowers, in arabesque and in gold, in the corner of a large Indian cloth ottoman, the bey was seated in the Turkish fashion; his head was under the hands of his hair-dresser, a fine young man dressed in a very rich military costume, and having superb arms in his belt; eight or ten slaves, in different attitudes, were scattered about the apartment. The bey desired my pardon to be asked for allowing himself to be surprised at the moment of his toilet, and begged me to be seated on the ottoman not far from him. I sat down, and the conversation commenced. We spoke regarding the object of my journey, the condition of Greece, the new boundaries assigned by the conference at London, the negotiations concluded by Mr Stratford Canning, all of them subjects about which the bey appeared to be in profound ignorance, and regarding which he interrogated me with the liveliest interest. After a short while, a slave, carrying a long pipe, the end of which was of yellow amber, and the tube covered with plaited silk, approached me with measured steps and downcast looks; when he had exactly calculated to himself the precise distance of the point of the floor at which he should apply the pipe to my mouth, he pointed it to the ground, and walking circularly, so as not to derange it from its perpendicular, he came towards me by a half

turn, and, bowing, delivered into my hands the amber extremity, within reach of my lips. I bowed in my turn towards the pacha, who returned my salute, and we commenced smoking. A white Athenian greyhound, with yellow paws and tail, was sleeping at the feet of the bey. I complimented him on the beauty of this animal, and asked him if he was a sportsman. He answered in the negative, but said that his son, who was then at Negropont, was passionately fond of this exercise; he added that he had seen me passing in the streets of Athens with a greyhound, which was white also, but of a smaller breed; that he thought it excessively beautiful, and that, if I had several of the same kind, he would be overjoyed at possessing one. I promised, on my return to my native country, to transmit him one to Athens, in testimony of my remembrance and my gratitude for his kind attentions. Another slave then brought the coffee, in very small China cups, themselves contained in small network of gilt-silver thread.

The expression of this Turk had that character which I have since recognised in all the Mussulman countenances which I have had occasion to see in Syria and Turkey—nobleness, mildness, and that calm and serene resignation which these men derive from the doctrine of predestination, and which true Christians acquire from faith in providence. There is here the same adoration of the Divine will; but the one is pushed to absurdity and error, while the other is the sad and true avowal of that universal and merciful wisdom which presides over the destiny of all that it has designed to create. If an opinion, held from conviction, could be considered a virtue, fatalism, or rather providentism, would be mine! I believe in the ever-acting and ever-present energy of the will of God—it is the evil in us that alone opposes this Divine will in always producing good! Whenever our destiny is changed, or injured, or perverted, if we consider well, we shall always recognise that it is through a will of our own, a human will; that is to say, a corrupt and perverse one; if we would allow the only ever-good will to act, we should be always good, and always happy ourselves!—evil would not exist! These dogmas of the Koran are but the Christian doctrine modified; but that modification has not been able to degenerate them. That worship of theirs is full of virtues, and I love this people because they are a people of prayer.

August 22.—I have suffered deep anxiety regarding my daughter's health. I have had a sorrowful walk to the temple of Jupiter Olympus and to the Stadia. I drank from the waters of the muddy and infectious stream, which is the Illissus! I scarcely found enough of water to dip my finger. Aridity, nakedness, and the tinge of iron-dross, are spread over all that plain of Athens! Oh ye plains of Rome, ye gilded tombs of the Scipios, thou green and sombre fountain of Egeria!—what a difference! And how the sky also surpasses at Rome the-so-much-vaunted sky of Attica!

August 23.—We sailed in the evening. We enjoyed a beautiful twilight under the olive groves of the Piræus on going to sea.

The brig of war, *Le Génie*, Captain Cuneo d'Ornano, was waiting for us, and we got under way. A fine breeze from the northward carried us in three hours abreast of the Cape of Sunium, whose yellow columns we saw marking out on the horizon the ever-living trace of the organ of Grecian wisdom, of that Plato whose disciple I would have been if Christ had not spoken, nor lived, nor suffered, nor forgiven when expiring.

We passed a dreadful night in the midst of the Cyclades, but the wind abated at break of day. We had had fine smooth sailing till the evening. At night we encountered a furious squall between the island of Amorgos and that of Stampalia. There was the doleful groaning of the vessel, and the dull sound of the wave as it beat against our stern. The roll of the vessel threw us now on one billow, then on another. I spent the night in watching the child, and walking on the deck. What a distressing night! How often I shuddered on thinking that I had staked so many lives on a single chance! How happy I would have been if a celestial spirit had transported Julia away to the peaceful retreat of Saint-Point! My own life, now half spent, has lost more than half its value to myself! —but that life, which is mine also, which gleams in her beautiful eyes, which beats in that young heart, is a hundred times dearer to me than my own!—it is for that life especially that I pray with fervour the blast that sets the waves in commotion, to spare that cradle which I have so imprudently trusted it to. It hears me!— the billows smoothen, the day appears, the islands fly behind us: Rhodes shows itself on the right, in the foggy distance of the horizon of Asia; and the lofty peaks of the coast of Caramania, white as the Alpine snow, rise resplendent above the floating clouds of night. Here, then, is Asia!

The impression surpasses that from the horizons of Greece: one feels a milder atmosphere; the sea and the sky are tinged with a calmer and paler blue; nature defines herself in more majestic masses! I breathe, and feel my entrance into a wider and loftier region! Greece is small—it is tormented and despoiled—it is the skeleton of a dwarf!—here is that of a giant! Dark forests stain the sides of the mountains of Marmoriza, and one sees from afar white torrents of foam falling into the profound ravines of Caramania.

Rhodes springs up like a verdant nosegay from the bosom of the waves; the light and graceful minarets of its white mosques rear themselves above its forests of palms, carobs, sycamores, planes, and fig-trees; they attract from a distance the mariner's eye to those delicious retreats of the Turkish cemeteries, where are to be seen, every evening, Mussulmans stretched out on the turf that covers the tomb of their friends, and quietly smoking and chatting, like sentries waiting till they are relieved, like indolent men that love to lie down in bed, and make an essay of sleep before the hour of their last repose. At ten o'clock in the morning our brig was suddenly surrounded by five or six Turkish frigates, under full sail,

that were cruising off Rhodes. One of them approached within hail, and interrogated us in French; they saluted us politely, and we soon came to an anchor in the roadstead of Rhodes, in the midst of thirty-six men-of-war of the Capitan-Pacha, Halil Pacha. Two French vessels of war—one a steamer, *Le Sphinx*, commanded by Captain Sarlat, the other a corvette, *L'Actéon*, commanded by Captain Vaillant—were lying at anchor not far from us. The officers came on board to ask us the news from Europe. In the evening we delivered our thanks to M. d'Ornano, the commander of the brig *Le Génie:* he proceeded on his return with the *Actéon*. We were now to continue our voyage alone to Cyprus and Syria.

I passed two days at Rhodes in examining this first specimen we had of a Turkish town—the Oriental character of the bazaars, or Moorish shops, of carved wood—the street of the Knights, where every house still preserves uninjured, over the door, the escutcheons of the ancient families of France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Rhodes presents some fine remains of its antique fortifications; the rich Asiatic vegetation with which they are crowned and enveloped, imparts to them more grace and beauty than those of Malta can lay claim to—an Order that could allow itself to be expelled from such a magnificent possession, received its death-blow! Heaven seems to have formed this island as an advanced post on Asia: a European power that should be mistress of it, would hold at the same time the key of the Archipelago, of Greece, Smyrna, the Dardanelles, and of the Egyptian and Syrian seas. I know not in the world either a finer military maritime position, or a lovelier sky, or a more smiling and fertile land. The Turks have impressed upon them that character of inaction and indolence which they carry everywhere! Everything here is in a state of inertia, and in what may be called misery; but this people, who create nothing. who renew nothing, never break nor destroy anything either—they at least allow nature to act freely around them—they respect trees even in the very middle of the streets, and of the houses which they inhabit; water and shade, the lulling murmur and voluptuous coolness, are their first, their only wants. Thus, as soon as you approach a land possessed by Mohammedans, whether in Europe or in Asia, you recognise from afar the rich and sombre verdure which covers it, the trees for shade, the spouting fountains for lulling to repose, the silence, and the mosques with their light minarets rising at every step from the bosom of a religious soil—it is all that is necessary to this people. They leave this soft and philosophic apathy only to mount their desert coursers, the first servants of man, and fearlessly to rush upon death for their prophet and their God. The dogma of fatalism has made them the bravest people on the earth, and although existence may be to them both light and pleasant, that promised by the Koran as the reward of a life given up for its sake is the more prized, from their requiring but one weak effort to throw themselves from this to the celestial world, which they see before them redolent in beauty, repose, and love! It is the religion

of heroes!—but this religion grows faint in the faith of the Mussulman, and heroism is extinguished with the faith which is its principle, so that as the people shall believe less either in a dogma or an idea, they will die less willingly and less nobly. It is as in Europe; why die, if life avails more than death, if there is no immortal gain from the sacrifice to duty? Thus war will diminish and be abolished in Europe, until some faith shall reanimate and move the heart of man more highly than the base instinct of life.

The forms of women seated on the terraces by the light of the moon are ravishing to behold. There is the eye of the Italian women, but softer, more timid, expressing more of tenderness and love; there is the figure of the Grecian women, but more rounded, more supple, with more gracious and winning motions. Their forehead is large, white, and polished, like that of the most beautiful women of England or of Switzerland; but the regular, straight, and high profile of the nose, give to the countenance more majesty and nobleness. The Greek sculptors would have been yet more perfect, if they had taken their models of female figures from Asia! How sweet is it for the European, accustomed to the hard features, the studied and contracted expression, of the women of Europe, especially of drawing-room women, to behold countenances as simple, pure, and smooth, as the marble broken from the quarry —countenances which have but one expression, the repose of tenderness, and which the eye can scan as quickly and as easily as the large type of some magnificent publication.

Society and civilisation are evidently enemies of physical beauty. They multiply impressions and sentiments too much; and as the features receive and involuntarily preserve their marks, they become complicated, and, as it were, adulterated; they acquire a certain confusion and uncertainty, which destroy their simplicity and their charm; they are like a tongue too full of words, which is inarticulate because it is too rich.

August 27.—We set sail from Rhodes for Cyprus on a splendid afternoon. I have my eyes turned upon Rhodes, which sinks at last into the sea. I regret this beautiful island as an apparition one wishes to recall; I could have settled there, if it were less separated from the moving world in which destiny and duty compel us to live! What delicious retreats on the sides of the high mountains, and on the declivities, shaded by all the trees of Asia! I was shown a magnificent house belonging to the former pacha, surrounded by three extensive and abundant gardens, bathed by numerous fountains, and adorned with ravishing kiosks. They asked 16,000 piastres for the purchase; that is to say, 4000 francs (£165)—happiness at a cheap rate!

August 28.—The sea is beautiful, but dull, and no wind; immense waves come from the west, rolling majestically on our stern, and throwing us, during three days and nights, from one side to the other. A motion without result is an insupportable martyrdom!—it is rolling the cask of the infernal regions! On the fourth day we

perceive the eastern point of Cyprus; to run along the island takes up a day; we do not cast anchor in the road of Larnaca before the morning of the sixth day.

M. Bottu, French consul at Cyprus, recognises the vessel in which he knows we embarked. He sends on board one of the persons of his consulship to invite us to his house, and receive a hospitality to which we had no other right than his obliging and amiable disposition. I accept; we disembark: excellent and cordial reception from Monsieur and Madame Bottu; M. Perthier, and M. Guillois, attachés of the consulate, greet us with the same forwardness to oblige: we give and receive visits—receive as presents coffee, and wine of Cyprus, sent by M. Mathei, one of the Cyprian magnates.

August 31.—We passed two days at Cyprus, enjoying the delights of repose after a long voyage with the most unexpected and most amiable attentions of hospitality. Such was the state of my mind at Cyprus; but that was all. This land, which had been pictured to me as an oasis amongst the islands of the Mediterranean, bears a complete resemblance to all the cropped, dull, and naked islands of the Archipelago; it is the carcase of one of those enchanted isles where antiquity placed the scene of its most poetical rites. It is true that, in a hurry to arrive in Asia, I visited only with the eye the distant and picturesque scenes of which this island, as they say, is so full: on my return, I must make a month's stay, and traverse in detail the mountains of Cyprus.

The island is fertile in all parts; oranges, olives, grapes, figs, vines, cotton—all succeed, even the sugar-cane. This land of promise, this beautiful kingdom for a knight of the Crusades, or for a companion of Bonaparte, formerly contained 2,000,000 of people; there are now only 30,000 Greek inhabitants, and some Turks. Nothing would be more easy than to seize upon this sovereignty; an adventurer would succeed without trouble, with a handful of soldiers, and some millions of piastres; it would be worth the trouble, if there were a chance of preserving it; but Europe, which has so much occasion for colonies, is opposed to making them; the jealousy of the powers would come to the assistance of the Turks, scatter discord in the new conquest, and the victor would suffer the fate of King Theodore. What a pity!—it is a delightful dream, and a week may convert it into reality!

At sea: departure from the Isle of Cyprus, the 2*d of September.*—We hoisted sail yesterday at midnight. Our Cyprian friends, MM. Bottu and Perthier, passed the evening with us on the deck of the brig, and did not quit us till midnight. We are impressed with the liveliest sentiments of gratitude for the truly amicable welcome given us by M. and Madame Bottu. The traveller's fate is a singular one; he everywhere plants his affections, recollections, and regrets; he never quits a shore without indulging the desire, and the hope of returning to it, to seek again those whom he did not know a few days before. When he arrives, everything is indifferent to him on the land he looks upon; when he departs, he feels that there are

eyes and hearts which follow him from that shore which he sees receding from him. He himself fixes his look upon it; he leaves there a part of his own heart; then the wind bears him to another horizon, where the same scenes, the same impressions, are renewed for him. To travel is to multiply, by arrival and departure, by greetings and farewells, impressions which the events of a sedentary life give only at rare intervals; it is to experience a hundred times in a year a little of what one finds in ordinary life from knowing, loving, and losing beings cast in our route by Providence. Departing is, as it were, to die, for we quit distant countries where fate does not conduct the traveller a second time. Travelling is summing up a long life in a few years; it is one of the strongest exercises a man can give his heart and his mind. The philosopher, the politician, the poet, should all have travelled much. Changing the moral horizon is to change thought.

September 3.—We arise in the wide sea. We no longer behold the white coasts of the island, or the rounded summit of Olympus. The sea is calm as a vast lake; a thick and silvery mist covers the horizon on all sides. A feeble breeze, lazy and inconstant, comes at intervals to exhaust itself in our large sails. The sun scorches the planks of the deck, which we water to cool it. Every one is extended on the beams or the ropes, speechless, motionless, the forehead streaming with perspiration. The air fails for respiration; it is a veritable simoom on the sea. It appears as if we breathe in advance the oppressive and burning blast of the desert, from which we are yet a hundred and fifty leagues. Thus the days are passed. We have no power to speak, not even to read. I sometimes open the Bible to seek what is related of Lebanon, the first height which must soon strike our eyes. I read the history of Herod in Josephus.

September 4.—The same absence of wind; the same burning sky. The sea smokes with heat, and its dead waters are veiled by a mist which no wind stirs. We follow, till out of sight, the slight ripple which some expiring breeze causes on its surface; we see a light air slowly approaching the brig, giving a little colour to the sea; it imparts a momentary swelling to the large sails; the vessel creaks, and raises a little foam at its prow. Our breasts are expanded; we draw near the quarter from which the breeze has come. We feel an air of coolness pass along our foreheads, and beneath the moist curls of our hair; and then all returns into stillness and the accustomed stifling heat. The water we drink is tepid; no one has force to eat. If this state were prolonged, man could not long survive. Happily we have only six weeks of heat to fear; it will be over by the middle of October.

September 4, *evening*.—From five till eight o'clock a fresh breeze out of the gulf of Alexandretta has pushed us on a few leagues. We must be nearly one-half of the way between Cyprus and the coast of Syria; perhaps to-morrow, on rising, we shall have it in sight.

September 5.—I heard, on getting up, the slight murmur produced by a vessel moving forward. I hasten on deck to see the coast; but

we can see nothing yet. The frequent currents of this sea may have carried us far from our reckoning; we were perhaps on the low shores of Idumæ or of Egypt. We are all becoming impatient.

Same date, two o'clock.—The captain of the brig has distinguished the tops of Mount Lebanon. He calls me to show them; I seek them in vain through the heated mist where his finger points. I can see nothing but the fog which the heat raises, and above, some clouds of a dull white. He insists; I look again, but in vain. All the sailors show me Lebanon, laughing; the captain does not understand how I do not see it like him. 'But where are you looking for it?' said he to me; 'you are looking too far; here, nearer, above our heads!' I raised my eyes towards the sky, and I perceived in reality the white and gilded crest of Sannin, which stretched in the firmament above us. The mist of the sea prevented me from seeing its base and sides. Its head alone appeared, glorious and serene in the blue of heaven. It conveyed one of the most magnificent and delightful impressions I have felt in my long travels. There was the land to which all my immediate thoughts tended, as a man and as a traveller; there was the sacred land, the land to which I was going from such a distance to seek the recollections of primitive humanity; and then it was the land also where I was about to bring to repose, in a delicious climate, beneath the shade of oranges and palms, on the edges of snow-torrents, on fresh and verdant hills, all that I held dearest in the world—my wife and Julia. I did not doubt that a year or two passed under this lovely sky would strengthen the health of Julia, which for the last six months had sometimes given me gloomy forebodings. I saluted these mountains of Asia as an asylum where God led her to cure her; a silent and profound joy filled my heart; I could not draw my eyes from Lebanon.

We dine under the awning stretched over the deck. The breeze continues, and increases as the sun goes down. At every instant we run to the prow to calculate the progress of the vessel by the noise which it makes in cutting the sea; the wind becomes at length more brisk, the waves curl; we make five knots an hour; the sides of the lofty mountains pierce the mist, and show themselves as airy capes before us; we begin to distinguish the deep and black valleys which open from the coasts; the ravines grow whiter, the tops of the rocks are clearly discerned; the first hills which rise from the sea are rounding their forms; by degrees we think we recognise the villages scattered on the declivities of the hills, and the great monasteries which crown, like Gothic castles, the summits of the intermediate mountains. Every object that our vision seizes creates heartfelt joy. Everybody is on deck; each makes his neighbour remark something that had previously escaped him: one sees the cedars of Lebanon as a black spot on the sides of a mountain; another, as a tower on the top of the mountains of Tripoli; some even think they can distinguish the foam of the cascades as they fall down the precipices. We wished to reach the shore so long dreamt of, so long desired, before night; we fear that at the moment of reaching it a fresh calm

may keep the vessel for days slumbering on the waves which are become fatiguing, or that a contrary wind may spring up from the coast, and drive us back upon the sea of Candia; this sea of Syria, an immense gulf surrounded by the lofty summits of Lebanon and Taurus, is so perfidious to mariners: there is nothing but tempests, calms, or currents; the currents drive vessels very far from their course, and there are no ports on the coast; it is necessary to come to anchor in dangerous roads, at a great distance from the shore; an almost constant surge disturbs these roads, and cuts the anchors; we shall not be tranquil and sure of having arrived until we are actually on land. Whilst we are making all these reflections, and wavering between hope and fear, night all at once falls—not, as in our climates, with the slowness and measure of twilight—but like a curtain drawn over the heavens and over the earth. All disappears, all is effaced on the blackened sides of Lebanon, and we see nothing more than the stars between which our masts are swinging. The wind falls also, the sea sleeps, and we go down into our cabins in great uncertainty for to-morrow.

I did not sleep; my mind was too much agitated: I heard, through the ill-joined planks which separated my chamber from Julia's, the breathing of my sleeping child, and all my heart reposed upon her. I thought that to-morrow, perhaps, I should sleep more tranquilly, having my mind more at ease as to a life so dear, which I repented of having thus hazarded upon the sea, which a tempest might carry off in its bloom. I prayed God, in my thoughts, to pardon me this act of imprudence, not to punish me for having confided too much in Him, for having asked from Him more than I had any right to do. I became reassured: I said to myself, There is a visible angel who protects at once her destiny and that of us all. Heaven will count her innocence and purity as a ransom; it will carry us forward, it will bring us back, on her account. She will have seen, at the best age of life, at that age in which all the impressions incorporate themselves, so to speak, with us, and become the very elements of our existence, all that is beautiful in nature, in creation. The recollections of her infancy will be the wonderful monuments, the chief works of art, in Italy; Athens and the Parthenon will be engraved in her memory like paternal spots; the beautiful islands of the Archipelago, Mount Taurus, the mountains of Lebanon, Jerusalem, the Pyramids, the Desert, the tents of Arabia, the palm-trees of Mesopotamia, will be the recitals of her advanced age. God has given her loveliness, innocence, genius, and a heart moved by generous and sublime sentiments; I shall have given her what I could add to these celestial gifts—the sight of scenes the most marvellous, the most filled with enchantment, on the earth. What a being she will be at twenty years old! All will have been happiness, piety, love, and marvel in her life. Oh who will be worthy of completing it by love! I wept, and prayed with fervour and confidence, for I can never entertain a powerful sentiment in the heart but it tends to the Infinite, but it resolves itself into a hymn or an invocation to

Him who is the end of all our sentiments, to Him who produces and absorbs them all—to God.

As I was about to fall asleep, I heard on deck some hurried steps, as if preparing for a manœuvre: I was astonished, for the silence had been unbroken for some time, and the sea only made that slight rippling noise which indicated the vessel moving onwards. Shortly, I heard the sonorous rings of the anchor-chain heavily unrolled from the capstan; then I felt that sudden shock which makes the whole ship vibrate, when the anchor has fallen upon a solid bottom, and digs into the sand or sea-weed. I got up, and opened my narrow window. We had arrived; we were in the road before Beirout; I saw some lights scattered upon the distant shore; I heard the barkings of dogs on the plain. It was the first noise which had come to me from the coast of Asia, and it rejoiced my heart. It was midnight. I returned thanks to God, and I sank into a deep and quiet sleep: no person but myself had been aroused below deck.

September 6: *nine o'clock in the morning.*—We were before Beirout, one of the best-peopled towns on the coast of Syria, the ancient Berytus, made a Roman colony under Augustus, who gave it the name of *Felix Julia*. The epithet of 'Fortunate' was bestowed upon it on account of the fertility of its surrounding lands, of its incomparable climate, and of the magnificence of its situation. The town occupies a delightful hill, which sweeps with a gentle declivity to the sea; some banks of earth or of rocks advance into the waves, and support the Turkish fortifications, with an effect truly picturesque; the road is shut in by a tongue of land which defends it from the eastern winds. The whole of this tongue of land, as well as the neighbouring hills, are covered with the richest vegetation; mulberry-trees for silkworms are planted all around, raised in rows one above the other, upon artificial terraces; carob-trees, with their dark verdure and majestic dome; fig-trees, palms, oranges, pomegranates, and a quantity of other trees and shrubs foreign to our climates, extend on all parts of the shore near the sea the harmonious tints of their foliage. At a greater distance, upon the acclivities of the mountains, forests of olives strew the country with their gray and ashy leaves. At about a league from the town, the high mountains of the chain of Lebanon begin to rise; they open their deep gorges where the eye loses itself in the distant darkness; they cast down their broad torrents, which become rivers; they stretch in different directions, some towards Tyre and Sidon, others towards Tripoli and Latakia, and their unequal summits, lost in the clouds, or whitened by the refraction of the sun's rays, resemble our Alps covered with eternal snows.

The quay of Beirout, which the waves wash without ceasing, and sometimes cover with foam, was filled with a crowd of Arabs, in all the splendour of their striking costumes, and of their arms. We perceived a movement as active as on the quays of our large maritime towns. Several European vessels were at anchor near us in the road; and the chaloupes, bearing merchandise from Damascus and

Bagdad, came and went between the shore and the ships incessantly. The houses of the town arose in confused groups, the roofs of the lower serving as terraces for the upper ones. These houses with flat roofs, and some of them with turretted balustrades, the bars of painted wood which closed the windows hermetically with the veil of Eastern jealousy, the tops of palm-trees, which appeared to spring from the stones, and showed themselves even under the roofs, as if to carry a little verdure to the eyes of the females, prisoners in the harems—all this captivated us, and announced the East. We heard the sharp cry of the Arabs of the Desert who were disputing upon the quay, and the harsh and doleful groans of the camels, as they made them bend their knees to receive their loads. Occupied with this spectacle, so new and captivating to our eyes, we did not think of disembarking into our new country. The flag of France, however, floated on the top of a mast on one of the most elevated houses in the town, and appeared to invite us to go and repose ourselves after our long and painful voyage under its protection.

But there were too many of us, and we had too much luggage to risk the disembarkation before reconnoitring the country and choosing a house, if we could procure one. I left my wife, Julia, and two of my companions, in the brig, and I caused the boat to be lowered, to go on shore and make inquiries. In a few minutes I reached the sand through the smooth and silvery water, and some Arabs with naked legs carried me in their arms to the bottom of a gloomy and steep street which led to the French consulate. The consul, M. Guys, for whom I had letters, and whom I had already seen at Marseilles, was not arrived. I found in his place M. Jorelle, the acting member of the consulate, and French dragoman in Syria, a young man whose pleasing and amiable countenance bespoke our good opinion, and whose kindness during our long stay in Syria justified this first impression. He offered us a part of the consular house as a first asylum, and promised to have inquiries made in the environs of the town for a house where we could establish our household. In a few hours the boats of several vessels, and the porters of Beirout, under the guardianship of the consular janissaries, had effected the landing of our party and of our baggage of all description; and before night we were all on shore, temporarily lodged and rendered comfortable by the care and attentions of M. and Madame Jorelle. That is a delightful moment in which, after a long and stormy passage, when just arrived in an unknown land, you cast your eyes from a perfumed and smiling terrace upon the element which you have at last quitted for a long time, upon the ship which has brought you through the tempests, and which is yet heaving in the billows, upon the shady and quiet country which surrounds you—upon all those scenes in life on shore which seem so sweet when you have been long a stranger to them. We enjoyed this contemplation all the evening. Madame Jorelle, a young and charming woman, born at Aleppo, had preserved the rich and noble costume of the Arab females; the turban, the embroidered

vest, the dagger in the girdle: we never ceased for a moment admiring this magnificent costume, which so much heightened her truly Oriental beauty.

When night was come, we were served with a supper in the European fashion, in a kiosk, the large latticed windows of which opened on the port, and in which the refreshing breeze of evening played round the lights. I opened a case of French wine, which I added to this hospitable entertainment, and we thus passed our first evening in conversation upon the two countries, that which we quitted, and that which we came to visit: an inquiry respecting France was answered by a question upon Asia. Julia played with the long tresses of some Arab women, or of some black slaves who came to wait upon us; she admired the costumes so new to her; and her mother wove into tresses the long curls of her fair hair, in imitation of those of the Beirout ladies, or converted her shawl into a turban for the head. I have seen nothing more ravishing amongst all the female faces which are engraved in my memory than the countenance of Julia thus dressed in the turban of Aleppo, with the band of carved gold, from which hung strings of pearls and chains of gold sequins, and her long hair flowing over her shoulders; joined to the surprised look she cast on her mother and me, and her smiles, which seemed to say, 'See how handsome I am in this attire!'

After having spoken a hundred times of our country, and repeated all the names of places and of persons which a common recollection brought to our minds—after we had exchanged all the information which could mutually interest us—we talked of poetry: Madame Jorelle begged me to let her hear some pieces of French poetry, and translated herself some fragments of the poetry of Aleppo. I told her that nature was always more perfectly poetical than poets, and that she herself at that moment, at that hour, in so beautiful a spot, in that strange costume, with that Eastern pipe in her hand, and the poniard with a diamond hilt at her waist, was a more beautiful subject for the Muse than all those which we surveyed by thought alone. And as she answered me that it would be very agreeable to have a memorial of our journey to send to her father at Aleppo, in some verses made for her, I retired for a moment, and I brought back some lines suitable to the place where they were written, and the feeling of gratitude which inspired me:—

Child of the East, and dost thou ask a wreath of song from me?
Thou, nursed where desert-winds pour forth their music wild and free!
Flower of Aleppo's gardens! thou, upon whose opening bloom
The bulbul * might have loved to chant and languish in perfume!

Who to the balsam-tree brings back the sweets that from it flow?
Or would refix its beauteous fruits upon the orange-bough?
Who seeks to lend new lustre to the Oriental morn?
Or would with added stars of gold night's glittering sky adorn?

No, this is not a place for verse! But if thou lovest well
All that which casts o'er poesy its most enchanting spell,

* [The bulbul is the Eastern name for the nightingale.]

Look on the waters of this pool, * and there thyself behold—
Compared with loveliness like thine, all verse is weak and cold!

When, placed in the kiosk at night beside the lattice-bars,
Through which creeps in the ocean-breeze, the light of moon and stars,
Thou sittest on a mat to which Palmyra lent its gifts,
And whence the Moka's bitter fumes arise in heated drifts;

When to those half-closed lips of thine thy beauteous fingers raise
Thy pipe of jasmine-wood, on which the golden frettings blaze,
And, drinking in the rose's sweet perfume the while, thy mouth
Makes murmurings in the water-cell, as of the breezy south; †

When the winged mists, which hover and embrace thee round and round
With odorous vapours, have their chain about thy senses wound,
And visions, far-off dreams of love, and days of youthful glee,
Float round us in the fragrant air exhaled in mists from thee;

When thou describ'st the Arab steed, the spurner of the sands,
Subjected to the foaming bit beneath thy childlike hands—
Thy slanting glance so lustrous bright, meanwhile, as to outvie
The soft yet burning brilliancy of his triumphant eye;

When, tapering like the handle of the polished vase, thine arm
Upon thy bended elbow props thy brow of many a charm,
And when a chance reflection of the evening lamp displays
Thy jewelled poniard's hilt and sheath, all bright with diamond rays—

Then is there nought in all the sounds that language can employ,
Nought in the dreaming brow of those who know the poet's joy,
Nought in the soft sighs of a soul from stain and blemish free,
Nought half so fresh and redolent of poesy as thee!

I have o'erpast the happy time, in which life's flower of bloom,
Love, young love, opens up the heart, and fills it with perfume,
And admiration in my soul, though touched unto the core,
Has nought for beauty but a ray that carries warmth no more!

Alone in this unpassioned heart the harp is now adored:
Yet how would I, in younger years, my verses forth have poured,
For one of those most fragrant wreaths of light and cloudy air,
Which now thy lip sends up to float, unheeded, here and there.

Or how should I have joyed to trace that most enchanting mould,
Of which a viewless hand now forms an outline dim and cold,
As night's soft rays, caressing with their light that form of thine,
Sketch on the wall its shadowy grace amid the sweet moonshine!

We could not tear ourselves from this first scene of Arab life. At length we went, for the first time these three months, to repose in beds, and to sleep without fear of the waves. An impetuous wind roared upon the sea, shook the walls of the lofty terrace under which we slept, and made us feel, with a more delicious sensation, the benefits of a tranquil abode after so many joltings. I thought that Julia and my wife were at length for a long time beyond the reach of danger, and I cast in my mind the means of preparing for them

* [The pool or fountain in the court of an Oriental dwelling.]

† [The circumstance of a lady wearing a poniard, and of her smoking from a pipe which contains perfumed water in a bowl or cell for cooling the fumes, will not surprise those acquainted with Eastern manners.]

an agreeable and safe residence, whilst I pursued the course of my journey into those places which I visited in the sequel.

September 7.—I have arisen with the sun. I have opened the shutter of cedar-wood, the sole barrier of the chamber in which we sleep in this beautiful climate. I have cast my first look upon the sea, and upon the glittering line of coast which stretches from Beirout as far as Cape Batroun, half way to Tripolis.

Never has a view of mountains made such an impression upon me. Lebanon has a character which I have not seen either in the Alps or Mount Taurus; it is the mingling of the imposing sublimity of the outlines and the summits, with the gracefulness of the details and the variety of tints—it is a mountain solemn as its name—it is the Alps under the sky of Asia, plunging their aërial crests into the deep serenity of an eternal splendour. It appears that the sun reposes for ever upon the gilded angles of these summits; the dazzling whiteness with which it impresses them is confounded with that of the snows, which remain to the middle of summer upon the highest tops. The chain develops itself before the eye for a length of at least sixty leagues, from the Cape of Saïde, the ancient Sidon, to the environs of Latakia, where it begins to decline, in order to leave Mount Taurus to cast its roots into the plain of Alexandretta.

Sometimes the chain of Lebanon rises almost perpendicularly from the sea, with villages and large monasteries suspended upon their precipices; sometimes it retires from the shore, forming immense gulfs, and leaving verdant spots or ridges of sand between it and the waves. Vessels frequent these gulfs, and go to anchor in the numerous roads with which the coast is indented. The sea is there of the bluest and most sombre hue; and although it is always billowy, the waves, which are broad and high, rolled in vast circles upon the sands, and reflect the mountains as in a stainless mirror. These waves produce a dull murmur at once harmonious and confused, which mounts to the vines and the carob-trees, and fills the fields with life and stirring sound. To my left the coast of Beirout was low; it was a continuity of little tongues of land crowned with verdure, and only preserved from the overflowing of the sea by a line of rocks and sand, covered for the most part with ancient ruins. Farther on, hillocks of red sand, like that of the Egyptian deserts, jutted out into a promontory, and served as a beacon to mariners; on the summit of this promontory the broad tops of a forest of Italian pines were visible, and the eye, glancing between their scattered trunks, fell upon the sides of another chain of Lebanon, and even upon the advanced sandbank upon which Tyre (now Sour) was built.

When I turned to the land side, I saw the high minarets of the mosques, like isolated columns, mounting into the undulating azure of the morning; the fortresses which command the town, and from the crevices of their walls, a multitude of climbing plants, wild figs, and wallflowers springing; the round battlements of the fortifications; the level sweep of the mulberry-trees in the fields; here and there the flat roofs and white walls of country-houses, or of the

huts of the Syrian peasants; and beyond, the green banks of the Beirout hills, covered with picturesque edifices of every description —Greek convents, Maronite convents, mosques, and santons, and clothed with foliage and tillage, like the most fertile hills of Grenoble or of Chambéry. Then there was always Mount Lebanon, taking a thousand curves and bends, grouped in gigantic masses, and casting its heavy shadow, or making its snows glitter, over all the scenes of this landscape.

Same date.—I have passed the whole day in traversing the environs of Beirout, and seeking for a place of rest to establish my family. I have hired five houses, which compose a group, and I shall unite them by wooden staircases, galleries, and doors. Each house here is formed only of a subterranean apartment, serving as a kitchen, and of one chamber, in which the whole family, howsoever numerous, sleep. In such a climate, the real habitation is the roof turned into a terrace. It is there the women and the children pass the days, and frequently the nights. In front of the houses, between the trunks of mulberry or olive-trees, the Arab makes a fireplace with three stones, and his wife prepares his food there. They cast a straw mat over a stick which stretches from the wall to the branches of the tree. Beneath this shade the household economy is all carried on. The women and the girls are squatted there the whole day, occupied in combing their long hair, and putting it into tresses, in washing their veils, in weaving silk, in feeding their chickens, or in playing and chatting amongst themselves, like the girls on a Sunday morning in our villages of the south of France when they collect at the doors of their dwellings.

Same date, evening.—The whole day has been occupied in unloading the brig, and carrying from the town to our country-house the luggage of our caravan. Each of us will have a chamber. A large grove of mulberries and oranges extends around the five united houses, and affords a few paces for promenade, and a little shade to breathe in, before the door of each. I have purchased Egyptian mats, and Damascus carpets, to serve us for beds and divans. I have found the Arab carpenters very active and intelligent; they are already at work upon the doors and windows, and we shall go this evening to sleep in our new abode.

September 8.—Nothing can be more delicious than our arising after the first night passed in our house. We have had breakfast brought upon the largest of our terraces, and we have looked over our environs.

The house is ten minutes' walk from the town. We arrive by pathways shaded with immense aloes, which hang their prickly fruit upon the heads of those passing under. We go by the side of some antique arches, and an enormous square tower built by the emir of the Druzes, Fakardin, which serves at present as an observatory for the sentinels of Ibrahim Pacha's army, and whence they command the whole country. We afterwards glide between the trunks of mulberries, and come to a group of low houses concealed in the

trees, and flanked on both sides by citrons and oranges. These houses are irregular, and the middle one rises like a square tower or pyramid above the others. The roofs of all these little houses communicate by means of some wooden steps, and thus form a whole sufficiently commodious for persons who have just passed so many days beneath the deck of a merchant vessel.

A few hundred paces from us the sea advances into the land, and seen from here, above the green tops of the citron and aloe-trees, it resembles a beautiful inland lake, or a large river of which only a portion is observable. Some Arab barks are at anchor, and are gently moved by the insensible undulation. If we ascend the upper terrace, this beautiful lake is expanded into an immense gulf, closed on one side by the Moorish castle of Beirout, and on the other by the high dark walls of the mountain-chain which extends towards Tripolis. But in front of us the landscape is more extensive. It commences by sweeping over a plain of fields in admirable cultivation, studded with trees which entirely conceal the soil, and here and there with houses similar to our own, raising their roofs like so many white sails on a sea of green; it contracts afterwards into a long and agreeable hill, on the summit of which a Greek convent shows its whitened walls and its blue cupolas; some pine-trees rise above the very cupolas of the convent. Down the hill are terraces sustained by stone walls, on which grow olives and mulberries. The sea washes the lowest of the terraces, and then retiring, gives place to a second plain more distant, through which a river meanders amongst a wood of green oaks, and falls into the gulf, which is rendered yellow by its muddy waters. This plain is not terminated until it reaches the sides of the mountains. These mountains do not rise with a single spring; they begin by enormous hills resembling immense blocks, some rounded, others square; a slight vegetation covers the tops of these hills, and each of them bears either a monastery or a village, which reflects the glare of the sun, and attracts the eye. The sides of the hills shine like gold; they are composed of yellow freestone shivered by earthquakes, each particle of which reflects and darts out light. Above these first small mountains, the steps of Lebanon grow broader; there are table-lands of one and two leagues, uneven, broken, cut into ravines, deep beds of torrents, and dark gorges where the eye loses itself. After these table-lands, the high mountains show themselves almost perpendicularly; yet we see the black spots of the cedars and the firs which crown them, and some inaccessible convents, some unknown villages, which appear to hang upon their precipices. At the top of the most pointed of this second chain, some trees, which seemed gigantic, are visible, like straggling hairs upon a bald forehead. We distinguish their unequal heights, which are like the battlements on a citadel.

Behind this second chain, the real Lebanon at length arises; it is not possible to distinguish whether his sides are abrupt or sloping, whether they are naked or covered with vegetation: the distance is too great. The flanks are confounded in the transparency of the

atmosphere with the air itself, of which they seem to be a part; we see only the ambient refraction of the sun's rays which obscures them, and their reddened crests, which are confounded with the purple clouds of the morning, hovering like unapproachable islands in the billows of the sky.

If our eyes descend from this sublime horizon of mountains, they find a restingplace only on the majestic groups of palm-trees, planted here and there in the country, near the houses of the Arabs, on the green undulating tops of the larch-pines scattered in small knots upon the plains or the hills, on the nopal hedges, or other thick plants, the heavy leaves of which fall down, as if for decoration, upon the little walls which sustain the terraces. These walls themselves are so covered with lichens in flower, ivy, wild figs, and bulbous plants, flowering in every variety of tint, that we cannot perceive the stones of which the walls are built; they are ramparts only of verdure and flowers. In fine, near to us, just beneath our eyes, are two or three houses similar to our own, and half-hidden by the orange-trees in flower and in fruit, which present to us those animated and picturesque scenes which are the life of every landscape. Arabs, seated upon mats, smoke upon the roofs of the houses. Some women lean on the windows to look at us, and conceal themselves when they perceive that we see them. Under our very terrace two Arab families, fathers, brothers, women and children, take their repast by the shade of a small plane-tree upon the threshold of their houses; and at some paces from them, under another tree, two young Syrian girls of incomparable beauty dress themselves in the open air, and cover their hair with white and red flowers. There is one of them whose hair is so long and bushy, that it completely envelops her, as the branches of a weeping-willow close around the trunk on all sides: we can only perceive her beautiful forehead, and her eyes radiant with simple gaiety, piercing for a moment this natural veil, as she shakes aside the waving hair. She appears to enjoy our admiration; I throw to her a handful of *ghazis*, small pieces of gold, of which the Syrians make necklaces and bracelets, by stringing them on a slip of silk. She joins her hands, and carries them to her head to thank me, and retires into the low chamber to show them to her mother and sister.

September 12.—Habib-Barbara, a Syrian Greek established at Beirout, and whose house is near ours, serves us as dragoman—that is, interpreter. Attached in this quality during twenty years to the different consulates of France, he speaks French and Italian; he is one of the most obliging and intelligent men whom I have met in my travels: without his assistance, and that of M. Jorelle, we should have had infinite difficulty in completing our establishment in Syria; he procures us domestics, both Greek and Arab. I buy at first six Arab horses of the half-blood, and I keep them, like the people of the country, in the open air in a field before the house, the legs fettered by rings of iron fastened to a stake in the earth. I cause a

tent to be prepared beside the horses, for the *saïs*, or Arab grooms. These men appear quiet and intelligent; as to the animals, in two days they knew us and scented us like dogs. Habib-Barbara presents us to his wife, and to his daughter, who is to be married in a few days; he invites us to the wedding: curious to observe a Syrian marriage, we accept, and Julia prepares her presents for the bride. I give her a small gold watch, of which I have laid in a store for occurrences of this nature; she adds to it a small chain of pearls. We get on horseback to reconnoitre the environs of Beirout; Madame Jorelle mounts a superb Arab horse, caparisoned in blue velvet plated with silver, a breast-piece of embossed silver cut in garlands, and clanging on the chest of the beautiful animal. M. Jorelle sells me one of his horses for my wife; I get Arab saddles and bridles made for fourteen horses.

About half a league from the town on the east, the Emir Fakardin had planted a forest of spreading pines, upon a sandy ridge which extends between the sea and the plain of Bagdad, a pretty Arab village at the foot of Lebanon. The emir had planted this magnificent forest, it is said, in order to oppose a rampart to the invasion of the immense hillocks of red sand which rise at a little distance, and threaten to overwhelm Beirout and its rich plantations. The forest has become superb; the trunks of the trees are sixty and eighty feet high, and their wide immovable branches stretch from one to another, covering an immense space with their shade; the sand creeps between the trunks, and forms the pleasantest soil for the hoofs of the horses. The rest of the ground is covered with a light downy turf, sprinkled with flowers of the most dazzling red; the roots of wild hyacinth are so large, that they are not crushed beneath the iron of the horses' shoes. Through the columns of trunks we see on one side the white and reddish downs of sand which hide the sea, on the other the plain of Bagdad, and the course of the river into this plain, and a corner of the gulf, looking like a small lake, so much is it lessened by the horizon of land, and the twelve or fifteen Arab villages upon the last slopes of Lebanon, which form the curtain of this scene. The light is so clear, and the air so pure, that we distinguish at several leagues' elevation the forms of the trees upon the mountains, and the large eagles who float on the ethereal ocean without moving their wings. This wood of pines is certainly the most magnificent of all the spots I have seen in my life. The sky, the mountains, the snows, the blue horizon of the sea, the red and lurid aspect of the desert; the meandering course of the river, the isolated tops of the cypress-trees, the clusters of palms in the fields, the delightful appearance of the huts, covered with oranges and vines overhanging the roofs; the austere aspect of the elevated Maronite monasteries, casting alternate shade and light on the chiselled rocks of Lebanon; the caravans of camels loaded with merchandise passing in silence amongst the trees; flocks of poor Jews mounted on asses, holding two children on each arm; women enveloped in white veils on horseback, marching to the sound of the fife

and the tambour, surrounded by a crowd of children, dressed in red stuffs embroidered with gold, and dancing before their horses; some Arab horsemen throwing the *djerid* around us, upon horses whose manes literally sweep the sand; some groups of Turks seated before a café built in the foliage, and smoking their pipes, or performing their devotions; a little farther, the sandy desert hills without end, which are tinged with the golden rays of the evening sun, and from which the wind raises clouds of heated dust; and, in fine, the dull murmur of the sea, which mingles with the musical rustling of the wind amongst the branches of the pines, and with the song of myriads of unknown birds—all this offers to the eye and the thought of the wanderer a blending of objects the most sublime and beautiful, and at the same time the most melancholy, which have ever excited my mind: it is the site of my dreams; I will return to it every day.

September 16.—We had passed all these days in the pleasant occupation of making a general knowledge of men, manners, places, and in the amusing details of an establishment, in the bosom of a country so entirely new. Our five houses have become, by the assistance of our friends and Arab workmen, a sort of Italian villa, like those we have inhabited with such delight on the mountains of Lucca, or the coasts of Leghorn, in former times. Each of us has his apartment; and a saloon, having a terrace ornamented with flowers, is the centre of reunion. We have arranged divans there; we have placed on the tables our ship-library; my wife and Julia have painted the walls in fresco, have piled on a cedar table their books, and all those little objects of women which in London and Paris adorn tables of marble and mahogany; it is there that we assemble in the burning hours of the day, for in the evening our saloon is held in the open air, on the terrace itself; it is there we receive the visits of all the Europeans whom the commerce with Damascus, of which Beirout is the seaport, fixes in this fine country. The Egyptian governor of Ibrahim Pacha has come to offer us, with a graciousness and cordiality more than European, his protection and his services for our sojourn, and for the journeys that we wish to venture upon. He has dined with me to-day; he is a man who would not disgrace any society. An old soldier of the pacha of Egypt, he has for his master, and especially for Ibrahim, that blind devotion and confidence in fortune which I recollect to have formerly witnessed in the generals of the emperor; but the Turkish attachment has something in it more touching and more noble, because it belongs to a religious sentiment, and not a personal feeling. Ibrahim Pacha is destiny, is Allah, to his officers: Napoleon was but glory and ambition to his. He drank champaigne with pleasure, and submitted to all our usages, as if he had never known any other. Pipes and coffee, taken at several intervals, filled up the afternoon. I have given him a letter for Ibrahim Pacha, a letter in which I announced to him the arrival of a European traveller in the country subject to his arms, and ask from him the protection which is to be expected from

a man who combats for the cause of European civilisation. Ibrahim passed a short while ago with his army; he is at present beside Homs, a large town in the desert between Aleppo and Damascus; he has left few troops in Syria; the principal towns, such as Beirout, Saïde, Jaffa, Acre, Tripolis, are occupied by agreement with Ibrahim by the soldiers of the Emir Beschir, or great prince of the Druzes, who reigns in Lebanon. This chieftain has not resisted Ibrahim; he abandoned the cause of the Turks, in appearance at least, after the taking of St Jean d'Acre by Ibrahim, and he now mixes his troops with those of the pacha. The Emir Beschir, if Ibrahim should be defeated at Homs, could block his retreat, and destroy the remnant of the Egyptians. This skilful and warlike prince has reigned for forty years over the mountains of Lebanon. He has cast into one people the Druzes, the Metualis, the Maronites, the Syrians, and the Arabs, who live under his sway. He has sons as warlike as himself, whom he sends to govern the towns which Ibrahim intrusts to him; one of his sons is encamped a quarter of a mile from here, in the plain which reaches to Lebanon, with 500 or 600 Arab horsemen. We must see him; he has sent to compliment us.

An Arab related to me to-day the entry of Ibrahim into the town of Beirout. At some distance from the gate, as he passed along a deep road, the sides of which are covered with thick roots and interwoven plants, an enormous serpent issued from the bushes, and, crawling on the sand, slowly advanced under the feet of Ibrahim's horse; the horse, being alarmed, began to prance, and some slaves, who followed the pacha on foot, threw themselves forward to kill the serpent; but Ibrahim stopped them with a gesture, and drawing his sword, cut off the head of the reptile before him, and crushed the body below his horse's feet. The crowd uttered a cry of admiration, and Ibrahim, with a smile on his lips, continued his route, enchanted at this circumstance, as it is an assured augur of victory amongst the Arabs. This people see no accident in life, no natural phenomenon, without attaching to it a moral and prophetic sense. Is it a confused reminiscence of that first more perfect tongue which mankind formerly understood, a language in which all nature was explained by nature? Is it a vivacity of imagination, which seeks to find relations amongst things which it is not permitted to man to comprehend? I do not know, but I lean to the first interpretation; humanity has no instincts without motives, end, and cause; the instinct for divination has tormented every age and every people, especially the people of the primitive ages. Divination, then, either must or might have existed; but it is a language of which man lost the key when leaving that superior state, that Eden of which all nations have a confused tradition. Then, doubtless, nature spoke more loudly and clearly to his spirit; man conceived the hidden relation of all natural events, and their connection could conduct him to the perception of truths, or of future circumstances; for the present is always the generating and infallible germ of the future; it requires only to be seen and to be comprehended.

September 17.—Still the same life. The day is passed in giving and receiving visits of Arabs and Franks, and in traversing the delicious environs of our retreat. We have found equally obliging dispositions amongst all the European consuls of Syria, whom the war has concentrated at Beirout. The consul of Sardinia, M. Bianco, the Austrian consul, M. Laurella, and the English consuls, MM. Farren and Abost, have put us in communication with all the Arabs who can assist us in our projects of travelling into the interior. It is impossible to meet greater welcome and hospitality. Some of these gentlemen have lived many years in Syria, and have relations with the Arab families of Damascus, Aleppo, and Jerusalem, who have again similar relations with the principal sheiks of the Arabs of the deserts which we have to travel over. We thus form in advance a chain of recommendations, and relations of hospitality, upon the different routes which may lead us to Bagdad.

M. Jorelle has procured me an excellent dragoman, or interpreter, in the person of M. Mazoyer, a young Frenchman by origin, but who, born and bred in Syria, is very well versed in the learned languages, and in the different dialects of the regions which we have to traverse. He is installed from to-day with me, and I hand over to him the government of all the Arab part of my household. This Arab portion is composed of an Aleppo cook, named Aboulias ; of a young Syrian of the country, named Elias, who, having already been in the service of the consuls, understands a little Italian and French; of a young Syrian girl also speaking French, and who will serve to interpret for the women; in fine, of five or six Greek, Arab, or Syrian grooms, from different parts of Syria, destined to take charge of our horses, to fix the tents, and to serve us an escort in travelling.

The history of our Arab cook is too singular not to preserve :— He was a young and intelligent Christian; he had established at Aleppo a small commerce in stuffs of the country, which he went himself to sell, mounted on an ass, amongst the tribes of wandering Arabs, who come in the winter to encamp in the plains about Antioch. His commerce prospered; but his quality of infidel giving him some anxiety, he thought it best to associate himself with a Moslem Arab of Aleppo. The trade only went on the better, and at the end of some years Aboulias found himself one of the most eminent merchants of the country. But he was enamoured of a young Græco-Syrian girl, and they would not give her to him except on condition of quitting Aleppo, and of establishing himself in the neighbourhood of Saïde, where the family of his young mistress resided. He required to realise his fortune; a quarrel ensued between the two partners about the partition of the wealth acquired in common. The Mohammedan Arab prepared a snare for the poor Aboulias ; he posted concealed witnesses, who, in a dispute with his associate, heard him blaspheme Mohammed—a mortal crime for an infidel. Aboulias was dragged before the pacha, and condemned to be hanged. The sentence was put in execution; but the cord having broken, the unfortunate man fell to the foot of the gibbet, and

was left for dead on the place of execution. However, the relations of his bride having obtained from the pacha permission to bury his body with the forms of their religion, carried it into their house, and perceiving that Aboulias gave signs of life, they resuscitated him, concealed him in a cave for some days, and interred an empty coffin, to avoid exciting the suspicion of the Turks. But they had got an idea of the deceit; and Aboulias was again arrested at the moment he was escaping in the night from the gates of the town. Conducted to the pacha, he related to him how his life had been saved without any fault of his. The pacha, according to a text of the Koran, which was favourable to the accused, gave him the alternative either of being hanged a second time, or of becoming a Turk. Aboulias preferred the latter, and for some time practised Islamism. When his adventure was forgotten, and his conversion certified, he found means to escape from Aleppo, and to embark for the isle of Cyprus, where he made himself once more a Christian. He espoused the woman whom he loved, obtained the protection of the French, and was enabled to reappear with impunity in Syria, where he continued his trade as a packman amongst the Druzes, Maronites, and Arabs. Such is the man whom we now required to travel in these countries. His talent as a cook consists in making a fire in the open air with prickly plants, or the dried dung of camels; in suspending a brass kettle upon two cross-sticks; and in boiling rice and chickens, or morsels of lamb, in the kettle. He also heats round flints in the fire, and when they are almost red, he spreads upon them a paste of barley meal which he has kneaded, and this forms our bread.

September 19.—To-day my wife and Julia have been invited, by the wife and daughter of a neighbouring Arab chief, to pass the day in the bath; it is the amusement of the women of the East amongst themselves. A bath is announced fifteen days beforehand, as a ball in Europe. The following is the description of this festival, as given us by my wife in the evening:—The bath-rooms are in a public place, to which the approach of men is prohibited every day up to a certain hour, in order to keep them exclusively for the women, and the whole day when the bath is required for a bride, as was the case on the present occasion. The rooms are feebly lighted, through small domes of painted glass. They are paved with marble, in compartments of different colours, worked with great art. The walls are also covered with marble in mosaic, or adorned with mouldings or Moorish pillars. The rooms are graduated as to heat; the first of the temperature of the outer air, the second lukewarm, the others successively hotter, until the last, where the steam, from water nearly boiling, rises from basins, and fills the air with its stifling heat. In general, there is not a hollow bath in the centre of the room; there are only spouts always flowing, which pour on the marble floor about half an inch of water. This water escapes by channels, and is incessantly renewed. What is called the bath in the East is not a complete immersion, but a

succession of sprinklings more or less hot, and the pressing of vapour on the skin.

Two hundred ladies of the town and the neighbourhood were invited this day to the bath, and in the number several young European females; each arrived enveloped in the immense cloak of white linen, which entirely covers the superb costume of the women when they leave home. They were all accompanied by their black slaves or free servants: as they arrived, they formed into groups, and seated themselves on the mats and cushions prepared in the first vestibule; their attendants removed the cloak which encompassed them, and they appeared in all the rich and picturesque magnificence of their clothes and jewels. These costumes are greatly varied in the colour of the stuffs, and the number and splendour of the jewels, but they are uniform in the shape of the garments. These garments consist of pantaloons with large folds of streaked satin, bound at the waist by a tissue of red silk, and closed round the ankle by a band of gold or silver; a loose robe, worked in gold, open in front, and tied under the breast, which it leaves uncovered; the sleeves are tight from the shoulder, and hang loose from the elbow to the wrist; beneath is a chemise of silken gauze passing over the bosom. Above their robe they wear a vest of scarlet velvet, lined with ermine or marten, embroidered with gold at all the seams, and the sleeves open. The hair is parted at the crown of the head; one part falls down over the neck, the rest is twisted into tresses with black silk resembling the hair, and descends to the feet. Little wreaths of gold or silver hang at the extremity of these tresses, and by their weight draw them down the full length of the figure; on their heads small strings of pearls, of golden sequins, and of natural flowers, are scattered, the whole mixed together with incredible profusion. It seems as if the contents of a casket had been thrown at hazard upon the brilliant hair, so redolent is it in jewels and flowers. This barbaric luxury has the most picturesque effect upon young girls of fifteen to twenty years of age. On the top of the head some women wear a cap of carved gold, in the form of an inverted cup; from the middle of this cap a string of gold, with a row of pearls, hangs pendant down the back. The legs are unadorned, and the feet are covered with yellow slippers, which they drag as they walk. The arms are crowded with bracelets of gold, silver, and pearls; the breast with several necklaces, which shield the uncovered bosom with chains of gold or pearls.

When all the ladies were collected, a barbarous music was heard; women whose bodies were clothed in a simple red gauze, uttered sharp and doleful cries, and played on the fife and tambourine. This concert never ceased throughout the day, and imparted to a scene of pleasure and rejoicing a character of uproar and frenzy perfectly savage. When the bride appeared, accompanied by her mother and her young friends, attired in a costume so magnificent, that her hair, neck, arms, and bosom were entirely concealed under a floating veil of garlands, gold, and pearls, the bathing-women seized her, and took

off, piece by piece, all her garments. During this process the other females were undressed by their slaves, and the different ceremonies of the bath commenced. They passed from one saloon to another, always to the sound of the same music, and always with the most absurd ceremonies and words. They took the vapour-bath; then the water bath; then they had thrown over them perfumed soap water. At length the sports began, and all the ladies, with various gestures and cries, gambolled like a troop of schoolboys taken to bathe in a stream, splashing each other, plunging their heads into the water, and throwing it upon their bodies; and the music struck up with an increased roar every time that any of these infantine tricks excited the noisy laughter of the young Arab girls. At length they left the bath; the slaves and servants twisted afresh the damp hair of their mistresses, arranged again the necklaces and bracelets, put on the silken robes and velvet vests, stretched the cushions on the mats in the rooms where they had dried the floors, and drew from baskets and silk coverings the provisions brought for the collation. They consisted of pastry and sweetmeats of all kinds, in which the Turks and Arabs excel; sherbet, orange-flowers, and all the iced drinks of which the Orientals make use at every moment of the day. Pipes and hookahs were brought for the elder females; a cloud of odoriferous smoke filled and obscured the atmosphere; coffee, served in little cups, enclosed in small open vases of gold or silver thread, never ceased circulating, and conversation became animated. Then followed the dancing-girls, who executed, to the sounds of the same music, the Egyptian dances and the monotonous evolutions of Arabia. The whole day was thus passed, and it was not till the fall of night that this cortége of women reconducted the young affianced bride to the house of her mother. This ceremony of the bath usually takes place a few days before marriage.

September 20.—Our establishment being complete, I occupy myself with organising my caravan for the journey into the interior of Syria and Palestine. I have bought fourteen Arab horses, some from Lebanon, others from Aleppo and the desert; I have caused bridles and saddles to be made in the fashion of the country, richly ornamented with silken fringe and thread of gold and silver. The respect of the Arabs is in proportion to the luxury displayed; it is necessary to dazzle them, to strike their imagination, and to betray no distrust in travelling amongst their tribes. I have got our arms put in order, and I have bought some very beautiful ones to arm our *carvas*. These carvas are Turks, who are substituted for the janissaries which the Porte formerly granted to ambassadors or travellers whom it wished to protect; they are at the same time soldiers and magistrates; they answer very nearly to the gendarmes of the states of Europe. Each consul has one or two attached to his person; they travel on horseback with them; they announce them in the towns which they have to visit; they go to apprise the sheik, pacha, or governor; they get emptied and put in order the house which it pleases them to select in the town or village; they protect, by their

presence and authority, every caravan to which they are attached; they are clad in costumes more or less splendid, according to the wealth or importance of the person who employs them. The ambassadors or consuls are the only persons who have a right to them; but, owing to the exertions of M. Jorelle, and the kindness of the Egyptian governor of Beirout, I am granted several. I shall leave some of them at the house for the service of my wife and Julia, and for their security when they leave home; and I take the youngest, the most intelligent and brave, to march at the head of our detachment. These men are quiet, serviceable, attentive, and require scarcely anything but fine arms, fine horses, and glittering costumes; they live, like all my other Arabs, on cakes of barley-meal and fruits; they sleep in the open air, under the mulberries in the garden, or in a tent which I have had erected near the place where the horses are kept. M. Bianco, the Sardinian consul, whom we see every day like a friend of several years' standing, facilitates all those internal arrangements which will tend to the security of my wife and child during my absence, and which will contribute also to our own safety in travelling. I buy tents, and he lends me the best of his own.

September 22.—The stifling heats of September delay our departure for some time. We pass the days in exchanging visits with our Greek, Arab, and Maronite neighbours, and in forming relations which may render our stay agreeable. We could find in no part of Europe more kindness and cordiality than they evince towards us here; these people are accustomed only to see Europeans arrive in their country who are absorbed in commerce, and who enter into such connections as are likely to be advantageous to themselves merely; they do not understand at first that any one can come to live and journey amongst them simply to know them, and to admire their beautiful country and their ruined monuments. They begin by suspecting the intentions of a traveller; and as traditions lead them to believe that treasures are concealed in all the ruins, they think that we have the power of drawing forth these treasures, and that such is the object of our expenses and fatigues. But when once they can be convinced that we do not travel with this intention, that we come solely to admire the works of God in the most beautiful countries of the world, to study manners, to see and love mankind—when, further, we offer them presents, without demanding in exchange anything but their friendship—when we have with us, as we have, a physician and a medicine-chest, and we distribute amongst them, without fee, prescriptions, and medicines—when they see that the stranger who arrives amongst them is an object of regard and attention to the other Franks, that he has a beautiful vessel with him, which bears him at his pleasure from one port to another, and who refuses to load himself with any article of commerce, their imagination is struck with an idea of power, greatness, and disinterestedness, which overthrows all their systems, and they pass at once from distrust to admiration, from admiration to de-

votedness. Such is their disposition for us. Our court is for ever filled with the Arabs of the mountains, Maronite monks, sheiks of the Druzes, with women, children, and invalids, who come from fifteen to twenty leagues to see us, to ask for our advice, and offer us hospitality, if we wish to pass through their territories: almost all are preceded by some presents of the wines or fruits of the country. We receive them with kindness, make them take coffee, smoke the pipe, and drink iced sherbet; I give them, in return for their presents, the fabrics of Europe, some arms, a watch, little jewels of small value, of which I have brought a great quantity; they return enchanted at our welcome, and spread far and wide the reputation of the *Emir Frangi*, for it is thus that they have named me—the *Prince of the Franks*. I have no other designation in all the environs of Beirout, and in the town itself; and as this estimation may be of the greatest utility to us in our adventurous career in these countries, M. Jorelle and the European consuls have had the kindness not to undeceive them, and to allow the humble poet to pass for a potent man.

It is not possible to imagine the rapidity with which news circulates from mouth to mouth in Arabia; it is known already at Damascus, Aleppo, Latakia, Saïde, and Jerusalem, that a stranger is arrived in Syria, and is about to travel through those countries. In a country where there is little movement in affairs and minds, the most petty circumstance of an unusual nature becomes all at once the topic of every conversation; it circulates with the rapidity of speech from one tribe to the other; the lively and exalted imagination of the Arabs exaggerates everything, and in fifteen days a renown is gained at a hundred leagues' distance. This disposition of the country, of which Lady Hester Stanhope formerly experienced the effect in circumstances nearly similar to mine, is too favourable for us to be complained of. We let them do and say what they like, and I accept, without contradiction, the imaginary titles, riches, and virtues with which the Arab imagination has endowed me, to lay them humbly down hereafter, when returning again into the just proportions of my native mediocrity.

September 27: *Fakardin's Tower.*—We have passed all the day at the nuptials of the young Syrian-Greek girl. The ceremony commenced by a long procession of Greek, Arab, and Syrian women, who came, some on horseback, others on foot, through the roads of aloes and mulberries, to assist the bride during this fatiguing day. For several days and nights a certain number of these women has never left Habib's house, nor ceased to utter shrill and prolonged cries, songs, and groans, similar to those shouts which the reapers and haymakers make on the coasts of France during the harvests. These clamours, lamentations, tears, and rejoicings, must prevent the bride from getting any sleep for several nights before the marriage. The old and young men of the family of the husband make as many on their side, and permit him scarcely any repose for eight days beforehand.

Introduced into the gardens of Habib's house, the females were

made to enter into the interior of the divan, to pay their compliments to the young girl, to admire her dress, and to see the ceremonies. As for us, we were left in the court, or called into an outer room. There a table was laid out in the European manner, covered with a multitude of dried fruits, honey, and sugar-cakes, liquors, and sherbet; and during the evening they renewed these refreshments, as the numerous visitors exhausted them. I succeeded in being admitted as an exception into the divan of the women, at the moment when the Greek archbishop was bestowing the nuptial benediction. The young girl was standing up by the side of the bridegroom, covered from head to foot with a veil of red gauze, embroidered with gold. The priest lifted up the veil for a moment, and the young man for the first time got a glimpse of her to whom he was uniting his fate; she was extremely pretty. The paleness which fatigue and emotion spread upon her cheeks was rendered yet more striking by the reflection of the red veil, and the countless ornaments of gold, silver, pearls, and diamonds with which she was covered, and by the long tresses of her jet-black hair which fell around her person. This, joined to her eyelashes painted black, as well as her eyebrows, and the margins of her eyes, her hands, with the tips of her fingers and nails, stained red with henna, and marked with Moorish designs, all gave to her ravishing beauty a character of novelty and solemnity with which we were singularly struck. Her husband had scarcely time to see her. He appeared exhausted, and fainting under the infliction of the vigils and fatigues with which these ridiculous customs extinguish even the force of love. The prelate took from the hands of one of his priests a chaplet of natural flowers, placed it on the head of the young girl, took it off, put it on the hair of the youth, again took it off, to set it on the veil of the bride, and thus passed it several times from one head to the other. Then he put, in the same alternate manner, rings on the fingers of both. They afterwards broke the same piece of bread, they drank the consecrated wine in the same cup. After which they removed the bride into the apartments where women alone could follow her, in order to change her dress. The father and friends of the bridegroom led him into the garden, and made him sit down at the foot of a tree, surrounded by all the males of his family. The musicians and dancers then arrived, and continued till the setting of the sun their barbarous symphonies, their piercing cries, and their contortions, around the young man, who had sunk into sleep at the foot of the tree, resisting all the efforts of his friends to awaken him. At night they conducted him alone, and in procession, to his father's house. It is not until after eight days that a newly-married husband is permitted to take his wife, and conduct her to his own house.

The women, who filled the house of Habib with their exclamations, also issued forth a little later. Nothing was more picturesque than this prodigious procession of women and young girls, in their strange and splendid costumes, covered with glittering stones, surrounded by their servants and their slaves, bearing torches of resinous pine to

lighten the road, and extending thus their luminous train through the long and narrow paths, shaded by aloes and oranges, to the borders of the sea, sometimes in a profound silence, sometimes uttering piercing cries which resounded over the waves, or beneath the large plantains at the foot of Lebanon. We returned to our house, close to the country residence of Habib, where we continued to hear the noise of the women of the family conversing; we mounted upon our terraces, and followed with our eyes for a long time the wandering lights, which danced on all sides through the trees in the plain.

September 29.—There is a report of the defeat of Ibrahim. If the Egyptian army suffers a reverse, the vengeance of the Turks, oppressed at present by the Christians of Lebanon, is to be feared, and excesses will take place in isolated spots such as ours. I have determined to hire a house, by way of precaution, in the town. I have found one this morning which can lodge us all; it is composed, like all Arabian palaces, of a small dark corridor, which opens on the street by an elliptical doorway: this corridor conducts to an inner court, paved with marble, and surrounded with divans or open rooms. In the summer they throw an awning over this court, and the Arabs there receive visits. A cascade of water flows and murmurs in the middle of the court; when there is no running stream, there is at least a closed well in one of the corners. From this court we pass into several large apartments, likewise paved in mosaic or with flags of marble, and adorned to the height of the ceiling either with marble sculptured in niches, in pilasters, or in small fountains, or with a wainscoting of yellow cedar, admirably carved. The first part of these divans is lower by a step than the second half, and this second half is separated by a balustrade of elegantly-worked wood. The slaves and attendants keep in the first division, standing with the cup of coffee, sherbet, or pipe, in their hands: the masters are seated on the carpets, supported by cushions, in the second. Generally, at the bottom of the room, is a small wooden staircase, concealed in the wainscot, which leads to a sort of high gallery, which fills the far-end of the apartment. This gallery opens on one side upon the street, with little windows, furnished with bars; and on the side of the room it is also hidden by wooden lattices, in the manufacture of which the carpenters of the country expend all their art in design and workmanship. These galleries are very narrow, and can only contain a sofa, covered with a mattress and silk cushions: the rich Turks or Arabs retire there for the night; the others are contented with cushions laid on the floor, and sleep upon them in their clothes, without any other covering than the heavy and beautiful furs in which they are habitually clad. There are five or six similar rooms in my town-house on the first floor, and as many on the second, besides a great number of small chambers detached, for the European domestics. The janissaries, the saïs, and the Arab servants, will sleep at the street-door, or in the corridor, or in the court; they never trouble themselves to find these people with a room or a bed. The lower classes here have no

other bed than the earth or a straw mat; the loveliness of the climate is a sufficient provider, and we ourselves find that there is not under heaven a more delightful canopy than the starry firmament, where the light sea-breezes waft their freshness and provoke to sleep: there is little or no dew, and it is sufficient to cover the eyes with a silk kerchief, to sleep in this manner without inconvenience.

This house is intended only as a refuge for my wife and child, in case of Ibrahim Pacha's retreat: I have contented myself with taking the keys, and we shall not occupy it unless the rest of the country becomes uninhabitable. Under the guardianship of the European consuls, in a town surrounded with walls, and close to a harbour where vessels of all nations are perpetually at anchor, there cannot be any imminent peril for travellers. I have taken the town-house for a year, at 1000 piastres—that is to say, about 300 francs (£12, 10s.); the five conjoined houses in the country cost me only 3000 piastres—in all, 1300 francs (£45, 11s. 8d.) per annum, to have six houses; of which one alone—that in the town—would cost 4000 or 5000 francs in Europe.

Upon a tongue of land to the left of the town there is one of the most delicious abodes that a man could desire on the earth. It belongs to a rich Turkish merchant, to whom I have made proposals for letting it to me. He has declined giving it me on hire, but has offered to sell it to me for 30,000 piastres, or about 10,000 francs (£416, 13s. 4d). It is built in the midst of a very large garden, planted with cedars, oranges, vines, and figs, and irrigated by a fountain of clear spring water: the sea encompasses it on two sides, and the foam dashes at the foot of the walls: the beautiful road of Beirout extends before you, with its ships riding at anchor, and you can hear the whistling of the wind in their rigging. The road is closed by an old Moorish castle, which juts into the sea, and is connected by bridges to beautiful green banks. The elevated turrets of the castle fall in a sombre shade upon the snows of Sannin, and the sentinels of Ibrahim are seen in their intervals pacing about, and looking at the sea.

This house is far more beautiful than the one which I have just hired. All the walls are covered with marble, elaborately sculptured, or with wainscotings of cedar, of the richest workmanship. Inexhaustible waterspouts murmur in the midst of the rooms on the ground-floor; and projecting grated balconies, running round the upper storeys, permit the women to pass day and night in the open air, without being seen, and to feast their eyes with the wonderful spectacle of the sea, the mountains, and the animated scenes of the harbour. The Turk received me with great civility; lavished upon me sherbet, pipes, and coffee, and conducted me himself into all the rooms of his house. He sent, beforehand, a black eunuch to request his women to retire into a pavilion of the garden; but when we came to their apartments, or harem, the order was not yet executed, and we perceived five or six young women, some fifteen or sixteen years old at the most, the others from twenty to thirty, in the beauti-

ful and graceful costume of the Arab women, and in all the disorder of their household toilet, who arose with precipitation from their mats and divans, and took to flight in their bare legs and feet, here throwing their veils hastily over their faces, there snatching little children to their breasts, with all the bashfulness and confusion natural to so complete a surprise. They glided into a dark passage, and the eunuch placed himself at the door. The Arab merchant appeared in no degree embarrassed or annoyed at the circumstance, and we visited all the secret recesses of the harem, as we might have done in a European house.

VISIT TO LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

Lady Hester Stanhope, the niece of Mr Pitt, after the death of her uncle, left England, and travelled through Europe. Young, beautiful, and rich, she was welcomed everywhere with the cordiality and respect which her rank, fortune, wit, and beauty were calculated to secure her; but she constantly refused to unite her lot to that of her most worthy suitors, and after some years passed in the chief capitals of Europe, she embarked with a numerous suite for Constantinople. The motives of this expatriation have never been known; some have attributed it to the death of a young English general, killed at that period in Spain, and whom a never-ending sorrow for his fate brought perpetually to the mind of Lady Hester; others to the pure love of adventure, which the enterprising and courageous character of this young lady seemed to evince. Whatever it was, she departed. She passed some years at Constantinople, and at length embarked for Syria in an English vessel, which also bore the greater part of her treasures, and immense sums in jewels, and presents of all kinds.

A tempest assailed the ship in the Gulf of Macri, upon the coast of Caramania, opposite the Isle of Rhodes. It struck upon a rock some miles from the shore. The vessel was shattered to pieces in a few seconds, and the treasures of Lady Stanhope were buried in the waves. She herself escaped death with difficulty, and was borne, on a remnant of the wreck, to a small desert island, where she passed twenty-four hours without food or assistance. At last some fishermen of Marmoriza, who were searching for the spoils of the shipwreck, discovered her, and conducted her to Rhodes, where she made herself known to the English consul. This deplorable disaster did not diminish her courage. She went to Malta, and thence to England. She collected the residue of her fortune; she sold, at a sacrifice, part of her lands, embarked her riches, and presents adapted to the countries she purposed visiting, a second time on board a vessel, and put to sea. The voyage was fortunate, and she landed at Latakia, the ancient Laodicea, upon the coast of Syria, between Tripolis and Alexandretta. She established herself in the environs, learnt Arabic, surrounded herself with all the persons who could facilitate her intercourse with the Arab, Druze, and Maronite populations of the country, and prepared, as I was then doing myself, for travels of dis-

covery into the least-accessible parts of Arabia, Mesopotamia, and the Desert.

When she had rendered herself familiar with the language, costume, manners, and usages of the country, she organised a numerous caravan, loaded camels with rich presents for the Arabs, and traversed all the districts of Syria. She sojourned at Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, Koms, Balbek, and Palmyra. It was in this last station that the numerous tribes of wandering Arabs, who had facilitated her approach to these ruins, collected around her tent to the number of forty or fifty thousand, and, enraptured with her beauty, grace, and magnificence, proclaimed her Queen of Palmyra, and delivered to her patents, by which it was stipulated that every European protected by her might come in full security to visit the Desert and the ruins of Balbek and Palmyra, provided that he engaged to pay a tribute of one thousand piastres. This treaty still exists, and would be faithfully executed by the Arabs, if positive proof were given of the protection of Lady Stanhope.

On her return from Palmyra, she was, however, about to be carried off by a numerous tribe of other Arabs, who were at enmity with those of Palmyra. She was apprised in time by one of her people, and owed her safety, and that of her caravan, to a forced march at night, and to the swiftness of her horses, which cleared an incredible extent of desert in twenty-four hours. She returned to Damascus, where she resided some months, under the protection of the Turkish pacha, to whom the Porte had especially recommended her.

After a wandering life in all the countries of the East, Lady Hester Stanhope settled at last in an almost inaccessible solitude upon one of the mountains of Lebanon, near Saïde, the ancient Sidon. The pacha of Acre, Abdallah-Pacha, who entertained for her a profound respect, and an absolute devotion, ceded to her the ruins of a convent, and the village of Digioun, peopled by the Druzes. She built there several houses, surrounded by an outer wall, like our fortifications of the middle ages. She formed a charming garden by artificial means, in the manner of the Turks—a garden of flowers and fruits, vineyards, kiosks enriched with arabesque sculpture and paintings; water flowing in marble channels, water spouting in the midst of the kiosks, avenues of oranges, figs, and citrons. There Lady Stanhope lived several years in a luxury altogether Oriental, accompanied by a great number of European or Arab dragomans, by a numerous suite of women and black slaves, and maintaining amicable and even political relations with the Porte, Abdallah-Pacha, the Emir Beschir, sovereign of Lebanon, and, above all, with the Arab sheiks of the deserts of Syria and Bagdad.

Her fortune, still considerable, was diminished by the derangement her affairs suffered from her absence, and she found herself reduced to thirty or forty thousand francs of income, which was, however, sufficient in this country for the establishment she is obliged to keep up. But the persons who had accompanied her from Europe died or removed; the friendship of the Arabs, which

it is necessary to sustain by unceasing presents and imposing illusions, cooled, the intercourse became less frequent, and Lady Hester fell into the complete isolation in which I found her; but in this state the heroic cast of her character was displayed by all the energy and constancy of courage. She never thought of retracing her steps: the world and the past caused her no regret; she flinched not under abandonment, misfortune, or the prospect of an old age amidst oblivion. She remained alone where she is yet, without books, journals, letters from Europe, friends, or even servants attached to her person, surrounded only by some negresses and black children, and a few Arab peasants to cultivate her garden, to take care of the horses, and to protect her personal safety. It is generally believed in the country, and my communications with her induce me likewise to believe, that the supernatural vigour of her mind and resolution is sustained not only by her strength of character, but also by exalted religious ideas, in which the mysticism of Europe is mingled with certain Oriental superstitions, and especially with the ravings of astrology. Whatever it may be, Lady Stanhope has a great renown in the East, and excites the astonishment of Europe. Finding myself so near her, I desired to see her; her choice of solitude and meditation had so much apparent sympathy with my own inclinations, that I felt glad in the idea of ascertaining in what we coincided. But nothing is more difficult for a European than to gain admission to her; she refuses any communication with English travellers, with women, or with the members of her own family. I had therefore little hope of being introduced to her, and I had no letter of recommendation; knowing, however, that she preserved some distant relations with the Arabs of Palestine and Mesopotamia, and that a protection from her hand, addressed to these tribes, might be of the very greatest utility to me in my future travels, I resolved to send her, by an Arab, the following letter:—

'My Lady—A traveller like yourself, a stranger like you, in the East, and an imitator of you in my search after the contemplation of its territories, its ruins, and the great works of God, I have just arrived in Syria, with my family. I should reckon that day amongst the most interesting of my journey on which I should become acquainted with a woman who is herself one of the wonders of this East which I come to visit.

'If you will do me the favour of receiving me, be pleased to name the day which will be convenient to you, and let me know if I must come alone, or if I may bring with me some of the friends who accompany me, and who will attach no less value than myself to the honour of being presented to you.

'Let not this request, my lady, in any degree constrain you, from politeness, to grant me what is offensive to your habits of complete seclusion. I understand too well myself the value of liberty, and the charm of solitude, not to appreciate your refusal, and to respect its motives.—Accept,' &c.

I had not long to wait for an answer: the 30th, at three o'clock in

the afternoon, the equerry of Lady Stanhope, who is at the same time her physician, arrived at my house with orders to accompany me to Digioun, the residence of this extraordinary woman.

We started at four o'clock. I was accompanied by Doctor Leonardi, M. de Parseval, a domestic, and a guide. We were all on horseback. I passed through, about half an hour from Beirout, a wood of magnificent firs, originally planted by the Emir Fakardin upon an elevated promontory, the view from which extends to the right over the stormy sea of Syria, and to the left over the magnificent valley of Lebanon—an admirable landscape, in which the choicest of western vegetation, the vine, fig-tree, mulberry, and pyramidal poplar, are united with the lofty columns of eastern palms, the broad leaves of which shake in the wind like bunches of feathers. A few paces beyond, we enter into a sort of desert of red sand, raised into immense moving masses like the waves of the ocean. There was a brisk wind this evening, and it ploughed up the sand, raised it aloft, and scooped out hollows, as it makes the breakers of the sea lash and roar. This spectacle was new and sad, as an insight into the true and vast desert which I was soon to enter upon. No mark of men or animals was visible on this turbulent scene; we were guided only by the bellowing of the waves on the one side, and by the transparent ridges of Lebanon on the other. We soon recovered a sort of road or path, strewed with enormous angular blocks of stone. This road, which follows the sea even into Egypt, conducted us to a ruined house, the remnant of an old fortified tower, where we passed the gloomy hours of the night, stretched upon a mat of rushes, and covered up with our mantles. As soon as the moon had risen, we got on horseback again. It was one of those nights in which the sky is resplendent with stars, in which the most perfect serenity appears to reign in those vast ethereal regions we contemplate from below, but in which nature immediately around us seems to groan and torture herself into violent convulsions. The desolate aspect of the coast for some leagues added to this painful impression. We had left behind us, with the twilight, the beautiful shady slopes, the verdant valleys of Lebanon. Savage hills, strewed from top to bottom with black, white, and gray stones, the relics of earthquakes, arose close beside us; to our left and to our right the sea, agitated since the morning by a growling tempest, rolled its heavy and threatening waves, which we saw as they came from afar, by the shadow which they cast before them, and broke upon the beach with the noise of thunder, throwing their thick and bubbling froth upon the ridge of damp sand we were travelling on, bathing each time the feet of our horses, and threatening to drag us back with it. A moon as brilliant as a winter sun shed sufficient light upon the sea to discover to us its fury, and not sufficient clearness upon our route to satisfy our eyes as to the perils of the road. A glimmering light shortly broke on the top of the mountains of Lebanon, with the white or sombre fog of morning, and spread over all this scene a false and pale tint which was neither day nor night, which had neither the splendour of the one nor the serenity of the

other; an hour painful to the eye and to the thought, a contest of two opposing principles of which nature often presents the afflicting image, and which we more often find in our own hearts.

At seven in the morning, under a sun already oppressive, we quitted Saïde, the ancient Sidon, which sits upon the waves as a glorious memento of a past dominion, and we climbed the slaty, naked, and broken hills, which, rising insensibly from stage to stage, led us to the solitude that we sought in vain to forestall with our eyes. Each peak, as we cleared it, disclosed to us one more elevated, which we had to wind round or climb up; the mountains were linked with mountains, like the rings of a chain, leaving between them only deep ravines, dry, scorched, and scattered with blocks of grayish rock. These mountains are completely bare of vegetation and of soil: they are the skeletons of hills which the waters and the winds have gnawed for ages. It was not there that I expected to find the residence of a female who had visited the world, and who had had the universe to select from. At length, from the top of one of these rocks, my eyes fell upon a deeper and broader valley, closed in on all sides by mountains more majestic, but not less sterile. In the middle of this valley, the hill of Digioun, like the base of a large tower, took root, and mounting in circular layers of rock, grew attenuated as it approached the summit, and formed an esplanade of some hundred fathoms broad, covered with a beautiful lively green vegetation. A white wall, flanked by a kiosk at one of its angles, encircled this verdant spot. This was the abode of Lady Hester. We reached it at mid-day. The house is not what we call by the same name in Europe, it is not even what is called a house in Asia; it is a confused and strange aggregation of ten or twelve little houses, each containing but one or two chambers on the ground-floor, without windows, and separated from one another by small courts or gardens —an assemblage very similar in aspect to those poor convents which we meet with in Italy or Spain upon high mountains, belonging to the mendicant orders. According to her custom, Lady Stanhope was not to be seen until three or four o'clock in the afternoon. We were each conducted into a sort of narrow cell, dark, and without furniture. We were served with breakfast, and we threw ourselves on a divan, whilst waiting for the rising of the invisible hostess of this romantic habitation. I fell asleep. At three o'clock they came and knocked at my door, to announce to me that she expected me. I passed through a court, a garden, an open kiosk with hangings of jessamine, then two or three gloomy corridors, and I was introduced by a little negro child, six or eight years old, into the cabinet of Lady Hester.

So profound an obscurity reigned, that I had great difficulty in distinguishing the noble, grave, mild, and majestic features of the white form which, in Oriental costume, rose from the divan, and came forward stretching out her hand. Lady Hester appears to be fifty years old; she has those features which years cannot alter. The freshness, colour, and grace of youth are gone; but when the beauty is in the

figure itself, in the chasteness of the outlines, in the dignity, majesty, and expression of a male or female face, it changes at the different epochs of life, but it does not pass away. Such is the beauty of Lady Stanhope. She had upon her head a white turban, on her forehead a little fillet of purple wool falling on each side of the head upon the shoulders. A long shawl of yellow cashmere, and an immense Turkish robe of white silk, with hanging sleeves, covered her person in simple and majestic folds, and it was only in the opening which this first tunic left upon her breast, that a second robe of Persian flowered stuff, reaching to the neck, and fastened by a clasp of pearls, could be perceived. Yellow Turkish boots, embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful Oriental costume, which she wore with the freedom and gracefulness of a person who has never worn any other since her infancy.

'You have come a long way to see a hermit,' she said to me; 'you are welcome; I receive few strangers, scarcely one or two in a year; but your letter pleased me, and I desired to know a person who loved, like me, God, nature, and solitude. Something, besides, told me that our stars were friendly, and that we should agree well together. I see with pleasure that my presentiment has not deceived me; and your features which I now see, and the very noise of your steps whilst you were traversing the corridor, have sufficiently informed me respecting you to prevent my repenting of having resolved to see you. Let us sit down and converse. We are already friends.' 'How!' said I to her; 'do you honour so quickly with the name of friend, my lady, a man whose name and life are completely unknown to you? You are ignorant who I am.' 'True,' replied she; 'I know neither who you are according to the world, nor what you have done whilst living amongst men; but I know already what you are before God. Do not take me for a fool, as the world often calls me; but I cannot resist the inclination to speak to you with an open heart. There is a science, lost at present in your Europe, a science which was born in the East, where it has never perished, and where it yet survives. I possess it. I read in the stars. We are all children of some one of those celestial fires which preside at our birth, and whose fortunate or malignant influence is written in our eyes, on our foreheads, in our features, in the lines of our hand, in the form of our foot, in our gesture, and in our gait. I have only seen you a few minutes, and yet I know you as if I had lived an age with you. Do you wish that I open to you yourself? Do you wish that I predict your destiny?' 'Pray avoid doing so, my lady,' answered I, smiling: 'I do not deny what I am ignorant of; I will not affirm, that in visible and invisible nature in which everything is held, everything enchained, beings of an inferior order, like man, may not be under the influence of superior beings, like stars or angels; but I have no need of their revelation to know myself—corruption, infirmity, and wo! And as to the secrets of my future destiny, I should consider it a profanation on the Divinity, who conceals them from me, if I sought them from a creature. In regard to the future, I believe only in God, free-

will, and virtue.' 'Never mind,' said she to me, 'believe what you please; as to me, I see evidently that you are born under the influence of very happy, potent, and benevolent stars, which have endowed you with analogous qualities, and which conduct you to an end which I could, if you pleased, indicate to you from this moment. It is God who leads you here to enlighten your mind; you are one of those desirable and good-intentioned men, of whom there is a great want as instruments for the wonderful works which are soon to be accomplished amongst men. Do you believe the reign of the Messiah come?' 'I was born a Christian,' said I to her; 'it is for you to answer.' 'A Christian!' retorted she with a slight sign of dissatisfaction; 'I also am a Christian; but he whom you call Christ, has he not said, "I speak to you in parables, but he who shall come after me will speak in the spirit and in truth." Now it is this one whom we are waiting for! This is the Messiah who is not yet come, who is not far off, whom we will see with our eyes, and for the coming of whom all is prepared in the world! What will you answer? And how will you deny or twist the very words of your Gospel which I have just cited to you? What are your motives for believing in Christ?' 'Excuse me, my lady,' I interrupted, 'from entering with you into such a discussion; I do not enter into it with myself. Man has two lights: the one which illumines the understanding, which is subject to discussion and doubt, and which often leads only to error and mistake; the other which actuates the heart, and never deceives, for it is at once evidence and conviction; and for us miserable mortals, truth itself is but a conviction. God alone possesses truth otherwise, and as truth; we possess it only as faith! I believe in Christ, because he has brought to the earth the most holy, fruitful, and divine doctrine which has ever beamed upon human intelligence. A doctrine so heavenly cannot be the fruit of a lie and a cheat. Christ has spoken as reason speaks. His doctrines are known by their morality, as a tree by its fruits. The fruits of Christianity (I speak of its fruits to come, much more than of those which are already gathered and corrupted) are infinite, perfect, and divine; therefore its author is that divine Word which he described himself. Such are the reasons for which I am a Christian, such is the whole of my religious controversy with myself; with others I have none; we can prove to man only what he already believes.'

'But,' resumed she, 'do you find the social, political, and religious world well constituted? And do you not think that all the world feels the want, the necessity, of a Revealer, of a Redeemer, of the Messiah whom we expect, and whom our desires have already pointed out?'

'Oh, as to that,' said I, 'it is another question. No one regrets and laments more than myself the universal suffering of nature, of men, and of society. No one acknowledges more distinctly the enormous social, political, and religious abuses. No one more desires and hopes for an alleviator of those intolerable evils of humanity. No one can be more convinced that this alleviator must be divine! If

you call that expecting a Messiah, I expect him like you—and, farther than you, I sigh for his early appearance; like you, and farther than you, I perceive in the wavering creeds of man, in the tumult of his ideas, in the emptiness of his heart, in the depravity of his social state, in the incessant totterings of his political institutions, all the symptoms of an overthrow, and consequently of a near and impending renovation. I believe that God always shows himself at the precise moment in which everything that is human avails nothing, in which man confesses that he is helpless. The world is now so. I believe, therefore, in a Messiah near to our own epoch; but in this Messiah I do not see the Christ, who has nothing more in wisdom, in virtue, and in truth, to give us; I see him who Christ announced was to come after him—that Holy Spirit ever urging, ever assisting man, always revealing to him, according to time and occasion, what he ought to do and know. It matters little whether this Holy Spirit is incarnate in a man, or in a doctrine, in deed or in idea—it is the same; man, or doctrine, deed, or idea, I believe in it, I place my hopes upon it, and I expect it, and, more than you, I invoke it! You thus see that we can understand each other, and that our stars are not so far asunder as this conversation has led you to think.'

She smiled; her eyes, occasionally obscured by a little discontent during the confession of my Christian system of belief, were lighted up with a tenderness of expression, and a brilliancy almost supernatural. 'Believe what you will,' said she to me; 'you are still one of those men whom I was looking for, whom Providence sends to me, and who have an important part to play in the work which is preparing. You will soon return to Europe; Europe is done; France alone has a grand mission yet to accomplish; you will participate in it; I do not at present know how, but I can tell you this evening, if you desire it, when I have consulted your stars. I do not yet know the names of all; I see more than three; I distinguish four, perhaps five, and, who knows, more yet? One of them is certainly Mercury, who gives clearness and emphasis to the intellect and to the power of expression; you ought to be a poet—that is evident from your eyes and the higher part of your face; lower, you are under the empire of quite distinct, almost opposing stars, in which there is an influence of energy and action. There is the sun also,' continued she with a start, 'in the leaning of your head, and in the manner you throw it on your left shoulder. You may thank God: there are few men who are born under more than one star, few whose star is happy, still fewer whose star, when favourable, is not counterbalanced by the malignant influence of an opposing star. You, on the contrary, have several, and all are in harmony to serve you, and to act in concert for your advantage. What is your name?' I told it to her. 'I had never heard of it!' she exclaimed in the accent of truth.

'See, my lady, what glory is! I have composed some verses in my life which have made my name be re-echoed a million of times in the literary circles of Europe; but this echo is too weak to traverse your sea and mountains, and here I am quite a new man,

a man completely unknown, with a name never pronounced! I am only the more flattered by the kindness you have showered upon me; I owe it only to you and myself.' 'Yes,' said she, 'poet or not, I esteem you, and I place hopes in you; we shall see each other again, be assured! You will return to the West, but you will not be long in returning to the East; it is your country.' 'It is at least,' said I, 'the country of my imagination.' 'Do not laugh,' she resumed, 'it is your actual country—it is the country of your fathers. I am now certain of it; look at your foot!' 'I see there,' said I, 'nothing but the dust of your roads which covers it, and which would make me blush in a saloon of old Europe.' 'That's nothing,' continued she; 'it is not that. Look at your foot. I had not myself taken notice of it before. See; the instep is very high, and between your heel and toes, when your foot is on the ground, there is a sufficient elevation to let water pass without wetting you. It is the Arab's foot; it is the foot of the East; you are a son of these climates, and we draw near the day on which we shall each return to the land of our fathers. We shall see each other again.'

A black slave now entered, and prostrating herself before her, bowing her forehead to the ground, and placing her hands upon her head, spoke to her some words in Arabic. 'Go,' said she to me; 'dinner is served; be quick and return: I am going to concern myself about you, and to see more distinctly through the confusion of my ideas as to your person and your future. As for me, I never eat with any one; I live too abstemiously; bread and some fruits, as I feel hungry, are sufficient; I cannot put a guest upon my diet.'

I was conducted beneath a bower of jessamine and laurel-rose at the gate of the garden. The table was set for M. de Parseval and me; we dined with great despatch; but she did not even wait for our rising from table, but sent Leonardi to tell me she was waiting for me. I hastened to her; I found her smoking a long Eastern pipe; she ordered one to be brought to me. I was already accustomed to see the most elegant and beautiful women smoking in the East; I no longer felt anything shocking in the graceful and careless attitude, nor in the odoriferous smoke escaping in light curls from the lips of a handsome woman, and interrupting the conversation without stifling it. We conversed a long time, and always on the favourite subject, the sole and mysterious theme of this extraordinary woman, the modern enchantress, recalling the famous magicians of antiquity—the Circe of the deserts. It appeared to me that the religious doctrines of Lady Hester were a clever though confused mixture of the different religions in the midst of which she had condemned herself to live: mysterious as the Druzes, whose mystic secret she, of all the world, perhaps alone knew; resigned as the Moslem, and like him a fatalist; with the Jew, expecting the Messiah; and with the Christian, professing the worship of Christ, and the practice of his charity and morality. Add to this, the fantastic colouring and supernatural dreams of an imagination tinctured with Oriental extravagance, and heated by solitude and

meditation, the impressions perhaps of the Arabic astrologers, and you will have an idea of this compound of the sublime and ridiculous, which it is more convenient to stigmatise as madness, than to analyse and comprehend. No; this woman is not mad. Madness, which displays itself in the eyes, so as never to be mistaken, is not expressed in her mild and straight look; madness, which is always betrayed in conversation by the interruptions it gives to the chain of discourse by sudden, disordered, and eccentric bursts, is not perceptible in the elevated, mystic, and obscure, though sustained, connected, and powerful conversation of Lady Hester. If I were called upon to decide, I should rather say it was the voluntary and studied madness of one who knows what she is about, and who has her own reasons for appearing insane. The sway, founded on admiration which her genius has exercised, and still exercises, over the Arab population which surrounds her mountains, proves sufficiently that this affected madness is but a means. To the men of this land of prodigies, to these men of rocks and deserts, whose imagination is more vivid and wreathed in mist than the horizon of their sands or seas, the words of Mohammed or Lady Stanhope are necessary! They require the knowledge of the stars, prophecies, miracles, the second sight of genius! Lady Stanhope has comprehended this from the extent of her truly superior intellect. Then perhaps, like all others gifted with powerful intellectual faculties, she has concluded by deceiving herself, and by becoming the first neophyte of the symbol she had elevated for others. Such is the effect this woman produced upon me. One cannot judge or classify her in a sentence; she is a statue of enormous dimensions, which we can estimate only in proportion as we see it. I would not be surprised if an early day should bring about the realisation of part of the destiny she promises herself. An empire in Arabia, a throne in Jerusalem!—the least political commotion in the region she inhabits might lift her to that height.

'Upon this subject,' said I to her, 'I have only one reproach to make to you, namely, that you have been too timid in the course of events, and have not yet pushed your fortune as far as it might have conducted you.' She answered, 'You speak to me like a man who believes too much in human volition, and not sufficiently in the irresistible control of destiny alone: my power is in it. I await it, but do not invoke it. I am growing old; I have greatly lessened my fortune; I am at present alone, and abandoned to myself, upon this desert rock, a prey to the first audacious ruffian who may force my gates, surrounded by a band of faithless domestics and ungrateful slaves, who rob me every day, and sometimes threaten my life. Yet more, I owe my safety solely to this poniard, with which I have been compelled to arm myself, to guard my breast against the weapon of a black slave whom I have reared. Well, in the midst of all these tribulations I am happy; I respond to everything by the sacred phrase of the Mussulmans, "Allah Kerim!"—("It is the will of God!")—and I await the future, of which I have spoken to

you with confidence: and I wish I could inspire you with the conviction respecting it with which you ought to be impressed.'

After having smoked several pipes, and drunk several cups of coffee, which the black slaves brought every quarter of an hour, she said to me, 'Come, I will lead you into a sanctuary where I allow nothing profane to enter—my garden.' We descended to it by some steps, and, in a positive enchantment, I followed her through one of the most beautiful Turkish gardens which I had yet seen in the East. There were arbours of vine where the light was dulled, but on the verdant arches of which glittered the grapes of the promised land, like myriads of lustres, kiosks (summer-houses) where the sculptured arabesques were entwined in jessamine and the climbing canes of Asia; canals, in which an artificial water came murmuring for a league of distance, and spouted up through marble jets; alleys lined with all the fruit-trees of England, Europe, and these beautiful climates; plots of greensward, sprinkled with shrubs in flower, and marble compartments surrounding the shoots of flowers new to my eyes. Such was her garden. We rested in several of the kiosks with which it was ornamented; and never did the inexhaustible conversation of Lady Hester lose the mystic tone or the elevation of style which it had assumed in the morning. 'Since destiny,' said she to me at the close, 'has sent you here, and so astonishing a sympathy in our stars permits me to confide to you what I conceal from the profane—come, and I will let your eyes behold a prodigy of nature, the destination of which is known only to myself and my scholars; the prophecies of the East had many ages ago announced it, and you will judge yourself if these prophecies are accomplished.' She opened a door of the garden, which introduced us to a small inner court, where I perceived two magnificent Arabian mares, of pure race, and of rare symmetry. 'Approach, and look at this bay mare,' said she: 'see if nature has not accomplished in her all that is written touching the mare which is to carry the Messiah—"She shall be born ready saddled."' I saw, in fact, upon this fine animal a sport of nature sufficiently uncommon to serve as a delusion for vulgar credulity amongst a half-barbarous people; the mare had, from a defect in the shoulders, a cavity so broad and deep, and so much in the form of a Turkish saddle, that it might be said with truth she was born ready saddled; and even to the stirrups, she could be easily mounted without the aid of an artificial saddle. The mare, a splendid animal in other respects, appeared used to the admiration and respect which Lady Stanhope and her slaves testified for her, and to have a presentiment of the dignity of her future mission: no person had ever mounted her, and two Arab grooms attended and watched her, without losing her a moment out of sight. Another white mare, and, in my opinion, infinitely more beautiful, partook, with the Messiah's mare, the respect and attentions of Lady Stanhope. No one had ever mounted her either. Lady Hester did not tell me, but she left me to infer, that although the destiny of the white mare was less sanctified, she had likewise one

of great mystery and importance; and I thought I understood that Lady Stanhope reserved her for herself, on the day when she should make her entry by the side of the Messiah into the reconquered Jerusalem. After having caused the two animals to be promenaded for some time upon a green plot outside the enclosure of the fortress, and admiring their suppleness and grace, we returned; and I renewed to her my request that she would at length allow me to present to her M. de Parseval, my friend and fellow-traveller, who had followed me, in spite of myself, to her house, and who had been vainly waiting since the morning for a favour of which she was so chary. She consented at last, and we all three returned into the little saloon which I have already described, to pass the evening or the night. Coffee and pipes reappeared in Oriental profusion, and the room was soon filled with such a cloud of smoke, that the figure of her ladyship was visible only through an atmosphere similar to that of a magical invocation. She conversed with the same vigour, grace, and abundance, but with infinitely less of the supernatural, upon subjects not so sacred for her, as she had exhibited with me when alone throughout the day.

'I hope,' said she to me suddenly, 'that you are an aristocrat; I do not doubt it from your appearance.' 'You are deceived, my lady,' replied I; 'I am neither an aristocrat nor a democrat; I have lived long enough to see the two sides of the human medal, and to find both equally unsound. I am neither aristocrat nor democrat; but I am a man, and the exclusive partisan of what may ameliorate and perfect every member of the human race, whether he be born at the top or the bottom of the social ladder. I am neither for the people nor for the nobles, but for all humanity; and I do not ascribe any exclusive capacity for improving humanity either to aristocratic or democratic institutions: this capacity is only in a divine morality, the fruit of a perfect religion! Faith is the civilisation of nations!' 'That is true,' replied she; 'but yet I am an aristocrat in spite of myself: and you will acknowledge that if there be vices in aristocracy, there are at least lofty virtues to redeem and compensate them; whilst in democracy I see many vices, and vices of the lowest and most malevolent order, but I seek in vain for the elevated virtues.' 'It is not so, my lady,' said I in return; 'there are on both sides vices and virtues; but in the higher classes these very vices have a brilliant cast; in the lower classes, on the contrary, these vices exhibit themselves in all their naked deformity, and wound the moral sentiment more in the contemplation. The difference is in appearance, and not in fact; but in reality the identical vice is more a vice in the rich, educated, and instructed man, than in the wretch without information and without bread—for with the one the vice is matter of choice, with the other of necessity. Let us despise it, then, everywhere, and yet more in a profligate aristocracy, and let us judge humanity not by classes, but by men: the nobles would have the vices of the people if they themselves were of the people, and the inferiors would have the vices of the superiors if

they were nobles! The balance is even, let us not weigh it down.' 'Very well, let it pass,' she remarked; 'but give me leave to believe that you are an aristocrat like myself. It would cost me much uneasiness to think that you are of the number of those young Frenchmen who rouse the popular froth against all the institutions which God, nature, and society have made, and who would overthrow the edifice to rear for themselves, out of its ruins, a pedestal upon a level with their own grovelling envy.' 'No,' said I to her; 'be tranquil on that head; I am not one of these men; I am only of those who do not despise what is below them in the social grade, whilst respecting what is above them, and whose desire or dream is, to call all men, independently of their standing in the arbitrary hierarchies of society, to the same enlightenment, the same liberty, and the same moral perfection!—and since you are religious, since you believe that God loves all his children equally, and you await a second Messiah to institute a new order of things, you think, doubtless, like them and me.' 'Yes,' replied she, 'but I concern myself no longer with human politics; I have had enough of them; I have seen too much of them for the ten years which I passed in the cabinet of Mr Pitt, my uncle, when all the intrigues of Europe were resounding in my ears. In my youth I have despised humanity, and I do not wish to hear any further mention of it; all that men do for men is fruitless!—the forms by which it is done are indifferent to me.' 'And to me also,' said I. 'The foundation of things is God and virtue!' 'I think exactly with you,' I responded; 'so let us talk no more about it, as we are both of one opinion.'

Passing to subjects less grave, and joking on the species of divination which enabled her to comprehend a man at the first glance, and upon a simple inspection of his star, I put her wisdom to the proof by interrogating her upon two or three travellers of my acquaintance who, fifteen years ago, had come under her observation. I was struck with the perfect justness of her glance over two of these individuals. Amongst others, she analysed, with an amazing clearness of judgment, the character of one of them, which was known intimately to myself, a character difficult to understand at a first view—lofty, but veiled beneath appearances of the most simple and engaging good-nature: and what carried my astonishment to the highest pitch, and made me admire her grasp of memory as altogether surprising, was the fact of this traveller having passed but two hours in her house, and of sixteen years having elapsed between the period of his visit and that of the account which I asked from her of the impressions she entertained regarding him. Solitude concentrates and fortifies all the faculties of the mind. The prophets, the saints, great men, and poets, have perfectly understood this truth, and their dispositions have made them seek the desert or isolation in the midst of mankind.

The name of Bonaparte dropped, as usual, in the course of conversation. 'I thought,' said I to her, 'that your fanaticism for this man would have raised a barrier between us.' 'I have been a

fanatic only from his misfortunes, and from pity for him,' answered she. 'And I also; so we understand each other again,' I replied.

I could not explain to myself how a religious and moral woman should adore force alone without piety, without morality, and without liberty. Bonaparte was a grand reconstructor without doubt; he remodelled the social world, but he did not pay sufficient attention to the elements which compose it; he fabricated his statue with dirt and personal interest, instead of sculpturing it in divine and moral sentiments, in virtue and in liberty.

The night thus wore away in the free discussion, without any affectation on the part of Lady Hester, of all the subjects which hazard calls up, and brings into conversation. I found that no chord was wanting in her high and strong intellect, and that every key that was touched gave out a just, full, and powerful sound, except perhaps the metaphysical chord, which too much stretching and solitude had rendered false, or elevated to a diapason too high for mortal intelligence. We separated, with a sincere regret on my part, and an obliging reluctance testified on hers.

'No farewells,' said she to me; 'we shall often meet again in this journey, and more often yet in other journeys, of which you have not formed any project. Go to repose, and recollect that you leave a friend in the solitudes of Lebanon.' She stretched out her hand to me; I put mine upon my heart, in the manner of the Arabs, and we retired.

VISIT TO THE EMIR BESCHIR.

On the morrow, at four o'clock in the morning, M. de Parseval and I were on horseback descending the steep declivity which leads from her monastery to the deep valley of the torrent Belus; we cleared at a ford the waters exhausted by the summer heat, and we began to climb the high mountains of Lebanon which separate Digioun from Deïr-el-Kammar, or the Convent of the Moon, the palace of the Emir Beschir, sovereign prince of the Druzes, and of all the mountains of Lebanon. Lady Hester had given us her physician as interpreter, and an Arab groom as a guide. We arrived, after two hours' ride, in a more deep, narrow, and picturesque valley than any of those that we had already traversed. On the right and on the left, like two perpendicular ramparts, arose two mountain chains, from three to four hundred feet high, which appeared to have been recently torn from each other by a thunderbolt of the Creator of worlds, or perhaps by the earthquake which shook Lebanon to its foundations, when the Son of Man, returning his soul to God, not far from these same mountains, heaved that last sigh which scattered the spirit of error, oppression, and falsehood, and breathed truth, liberty, and life into an invigorated world. Gigantic blocks detached from the sides of the mountains, and spread like pebbles by the hands of children in the bed of a brook, formed the horrible, sunken, and uneven course of the dry torrent. Some of these blocks were higher and longer than large houses. Some stood straight up

like solid and eternal bodies; others, suspended upon their angles, and sustained by the pressure of other unseen rocks, appeared as if they were yet falling and rolling, thus presenting the image of a ruin in action, of an incessant downward movement, of a stony chaos, of a never-ending avalanche of rocks:—rocks of dismal colour, gray, black, veined with red and white, opaque; the petrified waves of a river of granite. Not a drop of water was in the deep interstices of this torrent-bed, crumbling to dust in the broiling sun of Syria; not an herb, a plant, a blade, either in the torrent or on the indented and harsh sides of the abyss; it was a sea of stones, a cataract of rocks, to which the diversity of form, the variety of position, the strangeness of their impending fall, the play of shade and light on their sides and surfaces, appeared to impart motion and fluidity. If Dante had wished to paint in one of the circles of his hell, the hell of stones, the hell of aridity, of ruin, of the decay of things, of the sinking of worlds, of the rottenness of age, this is the scene which he would have had simply to copy:—it is a flood of the last hours of the world, when fire shall have consumed everything, and the earth, heaving up its entrails, shall be but one block of stone, burnt to ashes beneath the feet of the terrible Judge who shall come to visit it.

We followed this valley of lamentations for two hours, without the scene varying otherwise than by the winding circuits which the torrent made for itself between the mountains, and by the manner, more or less terrific, in which the rocks were grouped in their stony bed. Never will this valley be effaced from my imagination. This land must have been the first, the land of horror-striking poetry, and of human lamentation. The pathetic and sublime accent of the prophecies was felt in its savage, affecting, and awe-inspiring aspect. All the images of Biblical poesy are engraved in capital letters on the furrowed face of Lebanon, and on its gilded summits, on its gushing valleys, and on its valleys mute and dead. The divine spirit, the superhuman inspiration, which breathed into the souls, and upon the harps of the poetic people, to whom God spoke by symbols and images, struck thus forcibly the eyes of the sacred bards from their infancy, and nourished them with a stronger sustenance than us old and withered inheritors of the ancient harp —than us who have beneath our eyes only a graceful, soft, and cultivated nature, a nature civilised and discoloured like ourselves.

At noon we reached the highest mountains we had to clear. We began to descend again by the steepest paths, where our horses' feet trembled on the loose stones which alone separated us from the precipices. After an hour's descent, we perceived, on turning a hill, the fantastic palace of Dptedin, near to Deïr-el-Kanmar. We uttered a cry of surprise and admiration, and with an involuntary movement we stayed our horses to contemplate the novel, picturesque, and truly Oriental scene which opened before us.

A few paces from us, an immense sheet of foaming water rushed from a mill-dam, and fell from a height of fifty or sixty feet upon a

bed of rocks, which broke it into fleeting shreds: the noise of this waterfall, and the freshness which it spread in the air, moistening our burning foreheads, gave us a delicious preparation for the rapture which our senses were eager to enjoy. Above the cascade, which was lost in the bottomless abyss, unfathomable to our eyes, a vast and deep valley opened through a vista planted from the bottom to the top with mulberries, vines, and figs, and in which the earth was everywhere clothed with the freshest and lightest verdure; some beautiful villages were suspended like terraces on the declivities of all the mountains which surrounded the valley of Deïr-el-Kammar. On one side only the horizon stretched, and permitted the Sea of Syria to be seen over the least-elevated summits of Lebanon. '*Ecce mare magnum!*' said David. 'See below the great blue sea with its waves, and its roarings, and its immense reptiles!' David was *there* perhaps when he uttered this poetical exclamation! In fact we perceive the Sea of Egypt, tinctured with a deeper blue than that of the sky, and confounded at a distance with the horizon, in the foggy and purple vapour which veils all the coasts of this part of Asia. At the bottom of this immense valley, the hill of Dptedin, on which the emir's palace is erected, took root and arose like an enormous tower, flanked with rocks covered with ivy, and shoots of waving verdure hanging from their fissures and indentations. This hill rose to a level with the precipice on which we ourselves were suspended; a narrow and groaning abyss separated us from it. On its summit the Moorish palace of the emir stretched majestically over all the table-land of Dptedin, with its square towers and battlements; long galleries rising one above the other, and presenting extended rows of projecting arcades, light as the trunks of the palms which crowned them with their aërial plumes; vast courts ranged by lofty steps from the top of the hill to the outward walls of the fortification. At the extremity of the largest of these courts, on which our eyes plunged from the height on which we were placed, the irregular façade of the women's palace presented itself to us, ornamented with slender and graceful colonnades, which in irregular and unequal forms reached to the roof, and bore, like an umbrella, a light covering of painted wood, serving as a portico to the palace. A marble staircase, decorated with balustrades sculptured in arabesque, led from this portico to the door of the women's palace; this door, inlaid with wood of various colours, with frames of marble, and surmounted with Arabic inscriptions, was surrounded by black slaves, magnificently attired, armed with silver-mounted pistols and with Damascus sabres glittering with gold and chasings; the large courts which faced the palace were likewise filled with a crowd of servants, courtiers, priests, and soldiers, in all the varied and picturesque costumes which distinguish the five populations of Lebanon—the Druzes, Christians, Armenians, Greeks, Maronites, and Metualis. Five or six hundred Arab horses were attached by the feet and head to cords which stretched across the courts, saddled, bridled, and covered with shining cloths of all colours; several groups of camels

were lying, standing, or bent on the knee, to receive or discharge their loads; and on the most elevated terrace of the inner court some young pages were throwing the djerid, rushing with their horses upon each other, crouching down to evade the blow, returning at full speed upon their disarmed adversary, and going through, with an admirable grace and vigour, all the rapid evolutions which this warlike sport requires. After having contemplated for some instants this Oriental scene, so full of novelty for us, we proceeded to the immense and massive gate of the first court of the palace, guarded by Arabs, armed with muskets and long slight blades, similar to the stalks of long reeds. There we sent to the prince the letters which we had for him. A few moments afterwards, he despatched to us his first physician, M. Bertrand, a native of Syria, of a French family, who still preserved the language and recollection of his country. He conducted us to the apartments which the hospitality of the emir offered us, and the slaves led our suite and horses to another quarter of the palace. Our apartments consisted of a pretty court, decorated with Arabic pilasters, and with a spouting fountain in the centre falling into a large marble basin; round this court were three rooms and a divan, that is to say, a chamber larger than the others, formed by an arcade which opened on the inner court, and which had neither door nor shutters to close it. It is a place of transition between the house and the street, serving as a garden to the lazy Mussulmans, its motionless shade supplying for them that of the trees, which they have neither the industry to plant nor energy to go and seek, where nature herself causes them to grow. Our rooms, even in this magnificent palace, would have appeared ruinous to the poorest peasant of our huts; the windows had no glass, an unknown luxury in the East, notwithstanding the rigour of winter in these mountains; no beds, tables, or chairs; nothing but the naked walls, mouldering and riddled with rat and lizard holes; and as a floor, the battered clay, uneven, and mixed with chopped straw. Slaves brought mats of rush, which they stretched upon this floor, and Damascus carpets, with which they covered the mats; they afterwards brought a small table of Bethlehem, made of wood, incrusted with mother-of-pearl. These tables are not half a foot either in diameter or in height; they resemble the trunk of a broken column, and are not capable of holding more than the tray on which the Mohammedans place the five or six dishes which compose their repasts.

Our dinner, which was served on this table, consisted of a pilau, of a dish of sour milk which is mixed with oil, and some pieces of hashed mutton, which they heaped on boiled rice, and garnish with certain gourds like our cucumbers. This is, in fact, the most desirable and savoury food which one can eat in the East; for drink, pure water, which they drink in earthen jugs with long spouts, which are passed from hand to hand, and from which they make the water fall into the opened mouth, without the vase touching the lips. No knives, spoons, or forks; they eat with the hands—but the repeated ablutions render this custom less revolting for the Mussulmans.

Scarcely had we finished dinner, than the emir sent to tell us that he was waiting for us. We traversed an immense court, ornamented with fountains, and a piazza, formed of high slim columns rising from the ground, and supporting the roof of the palace. We were introduced into a very beautiful saloon, the pavement of which was marble, and the ceilings and walls painted with lively colours and elegant arabesques by artists from Constantinople. Waterspouts murmured in the corners of the apartment; and at the end, behind a colonnade, the inter-columniations of which were barred and glazed, an enormous tiger was seen sleeping with its head upon its paws. The half of the room was filled with secretaries in long robes, each bearing a silver ink-stand, pushed like a poniard into their belts; Arabs richly armed and clothed; negroes and mulattoes waiting the orders of their master; and some Egyptian officers, clad in European vests, and having on their heads the Greek bonnet of red cloth, with a long blue tuft hanging on the shoulders. The other part of the saloon was raised about a foot, and a large sofa, or divan,* of scarlet velvet ran round it. The emir was squatted at a corner of this divan. He was a fine-looking old man, with a lively and penetrating eye, a fresh and ruddy complexion, and a flowing gray beard. A white robe, bound by a cashmere shawl as a belt, entirely covered him, and the glittering handle of a long and wide poniard issued from the folds of his robe as high as his breast, and bore a cluster of diamonds of the size of an orange. We saluted him in the manner of the country, first carrying our hand to the forehead, and then to the heart. He returned us our salutation with grace and a smile, and made us a sign to come near and seat ourselves beside him on the divan. An interpreter was on his knees between him and us. I commenced the conversation by expressing to him the pleasure which I experienced in visiting the interesting and beautiful country which he governed with so much firmness and wisdom; and I told him, amongst other things, that the highest eulogy I could pass on his administration was to find myself there; that the security of the roads, the richness of the cultivation, the order and peace reigning in the towns, were undoubted testimonies of the virtue and ability of the ruler. He thanked me, and put to me a multitude of questions on Europe, and especially on the policy of Europe in the contest between the Turks and Egyptians, which showed the interest with which he regarded that affair, as well as a knowledge and acquaintance with things very uncommon for an Eastern prince. Coffee and long pipes were brought, which were several times renewed, and the conversation continued for nearly an hour.

I was delighted with the sagacity, the information, and the noble and dignified manners of this old prince, and I arose, after a long conversation, to accompany him to his baths, which he resolved upon showing us himself. These baths consisted of five or six rooms,

* It must be remembered, in order to avoid confusion, that the word 'divan' in the East is applied both to a large room and to the sofa which runs round every principal apartment in a house.—*Note by Translator.*

paved with marble flags, the arched roofs and walls being stuccoed and painted in water colours, with great taste and elegance, by Damascus artists. Jets of hot, tepid, and cold water sprang from the pavement, and spread their varied temperature through the rooms. The last was a vapour bath, where we could not remain a minute. Several handsome white slaves, with only a shawl of raw silk drawn over their limbs, held themselves in readiness in these rooms to exercise their functions as assistants in the bath. The prince proposed to us to take the bath with him; but we declined the honour, and we left him in the hands of his slaves, preparing to undress him.

We went from there, under the care of one of his equerries, to visit the courts and stables, where his splendid Arabian stallions were kept fastened. It is only in the stables of Damascus, or in those of the Emir Beschir, that an idea can be had of the Arabian horse. This superb and graceful animal loses his beauty, his gentleness, and his picturesque form, when he is transplanted from his native country and familiar habits into our cold climates, and the darkness and solitude of our stables. He must be seen at the door of the tent with the Arabs of the desert, his head between his legs, shaking his long black mane like a moving umbrella, and lashing his sides, polished like brass or silver, with his spreading tail, the end of which is always dyed with henna, a purple colour; he must be seen with his sparkling trappings turned up with gold, and embroidered with pearls; his head covered with a net of red or blue silk woven with gold or silver tissue, and the resounding waving points which fall from his forehead over his nostrils, and which display or conceal by turns, at every undulation of his neck, the large, intelligent, fiery, the soft yet proud orbit of his eye. Above all, he must be seen when in a body of two or three hundred, as we saw him; some stretched on the dust of the court, others shackled with rings of iron, and fastened to long cords which reached across the courts; others loose upon the sand, and clearing at a bound the rows of camels which were opposed to their flight: here were some held in the hand by young black slaves, clad in scarlet vests, and their heads resting in a caressing manner upon the shoulders of the boys; there were some frisking together, free and tetherless as colts in a meadow, rearing against each other, or rubbing their foreheads together, or mutually licking their shining and silvery skins: all looking at us with an unquiet and inquisitive attention, on account of our European costumes, and of our strange tongue, but soon familiarising themselves, and coming gracefully forward to yield their necks to our caresses and the pleasing stroke of our hands. The varied expression and transparency of physiognomy possessed by these horses is not to be believed by those who have not witnessed it. All their thoughts are depicted in their eyes, and in the convulsive movement of their jaws, lips, and nostrils, with as much certainty, force of character, and varied motion, as the impressions of the mind on the countenance of a child. When we drew

near them for the first time, they pouted, and gave signs of repugnance and of curiosity perfectly similar to those which a nervous man would make at the appearance of an unforeseen and disquieting object. Our language especially struck and astonished them; and the motion of their ears, held erect, thrown back, or pointed forwards, testified their surprise and alarm. I admired, above the rest, several priceless mares, reserved for the emir exclusively. I made an offer to the equerry through the interpreter as far as 10,000 piastres for one of the most beautiful; but no temptation will induce an Arab to part with a mare of pure blood, and this time I could purchase nothing.

At the close of day we returned to our rooms, and they brought us a supper similar to the dinner. Several officers of the emir came to pay us a visit on his part. M. Bertrand, his first physician, passed the evening with us. We were able to hold a conversation with him, owing to a little Italian and French which he had preserved from the recollections of his family. He gave us the most interesting details touching the domestic life of the emir of the Druzes. This prince, although seventy-two years of age, having recently lost his first wife, to whom he was indebted for all his fortune, had just married again. We regretted that we could not see his new wife; she was, they said, remarkably beautiful. She was only fifteen years old—a Circassian slave, whom the emir sent to buy at Constantinople, and whom he made a Christian before he espoused her; for the Prince Beschir is himself a Christian, and even a Catholic, or rather he is, as usual in all countries of toleration, of all the official creeds in his country—a Moslem for the Mussulmans, a Druze for the Druzes, a Christian for the Christians. There are both mosques and a church in his palace; but for several years his family religion, the faith of his heart, is Catholicism. His policy is such, and the terror of his name so well established, that his Christian faith inspires neither distrust nor hatred in the Mohammedan Arabs, in the Druzes or Metualis, who live under his sway. He does justice to all, and all equally respect him.

In the evening, after supper, the emir sent us some of his musicians and singers, who improvised Arabic verses in our honour. He has amongst his servants some Arabs solely devoted to this sort of ceremony. They are exactly what the troubadours were in the castles of the middle ages, or the popular bards in Scotland. Standing behind the cushion of the emir, or of his sons, whilst at their repasts, they sing verses in praise of the masters whom they serve, or of the guests whom the emir wishes to honour. We got M. Bertrand to translate some of these poetic toasts; they were, in general, very insignificant, or their ideas were so far-fetched, that it would be impossible to put them into ideas or images appropriate to our European tongues. The following is the only thought possessing a little perspicacity which I find noted in my album:—

'Your vessel has wings, but the courser of the Arab has wings also. His nostrils, when he flies over the mountains, imitate the

noise of the wind in the sails of a ship. The motion caused by his rapid gallop to the hearts of the weak, is like the rolling of the waves; but it rejoices the heart of the Arab. May his back be for you a seat of honour, and may it often conduct you to the divan of the emir!'

Amongst the secretaries of the emir there was at that time one of the greatest poets of Arabia. I was ignorant of the circumstance, and knew it only somewhat later. When he learnt from other Syrian Arabs that I was a poet, he wrote me some verses, always full of that affectation and straining, always spoiled by that play on words, which characterise languages and civilisation weakened by age, but in which were nevertheless perceptible a high order of talent, and ideas far superior to what we figure to ourselves in Europe.

We slept upon the cushions of the divan spread upon mats, to the murmuring noise of the water spouting on all sides in the gardens, the courts, and the saloons of this part of the palace. When it was day, I saw through the grate several Mussulmans at their devotions in the great court of the palace. They stretched a carpet on the ground, to avoid touching the dust; they stood a moment erect, then inclined their whole bodies, and several times touched the carpet with their foreheads, the face being always turned towards the mosque; they afterwards laid themselves flat down on the carpet, and struck the ground with their foreheads; they again rose, and recommenced a number of times the same ceremonies, reassuming the same attitudes, and murmuring prayers. I never discovered anything in the least ridiculous in these attitudes and ceremonies, however odd they may seem to our ignorance. The physiognomy of the Mussulmans is so penetrated with the religious sentiment, which they express by these gestures, that I have always deeply respected their praying—the motive sanctifies all. Wherever the divine idea descends and acts in man, it impresses upon him a dignity more than human. We may say—I do not pray like thee, but I pray with thee to the common master, the master whom thou believest, and whom thou wishest to acknowledge and honour, as I myself wish to acknowledge and honour him under another form. It is not for me to laugh at thee; it is for God to judge us.

We passed the morning in visiting the palaces of the emir's sons, which are at a little distance from his; and also a small Catholic chapel, quite similar to our modern village churches in France or Italy. We went through the gardens of the palace likewise. The emir has erected another country palace about a mile from Dptedin. It is the sole object of his rides, and the road to it is almost the only one where a horse, even an Arabian, can gallop without danger. On all other sides, the paths which lead to Dptedin are so steep and suspended on the edges of precipices, that one cannot pass, even in a walk, without shuddering.

Before quitting Dptedin and Deïr-el-Kammar, I transcribed the faithful and curious notes which I collected on the spot concerning the able and warlike old man whom we had just seen.

NOTES UPON THE EMIR BESCHIR.

Upon the death of the last descendant of the Emir Fakardin, the command of the mountain passed into the hands of the Chab family. This family has only been established on Lebanon for about 110 years. This is what the old Arabic chronicles of the desert relate.

Towards the commencement of the first age of the Hegira, at the era when the armies of Abubeker overran Syria, a man of distinguished bravery, named Abdallah, an inhabitant of the small village of Bet-Chiabi, in the desert of Damascus, covered himself with glory at the siege of that city, and was slain beneath its walls. The Moslem general showered benefits on his family, who then quitted Bet-Chiabi, to establish themselves at Housbaye, on Anti-Lebanon. The primitive stock of the family, whence issued the branch now reigning on Lebanon, is still to be found there.

The Emir Beschir, one of Abdallah's descendants, was left an orphan at a tender age. His father, the Emir Hassem, had been invested with the pelisse of dignity, and had received the signet-ring of command, at the time his uncle, the Emir Milhem, gave up the administration of affairs, in order to finish his days in a peaceable retreat; but the government of Hassem was unskilful and weak, and Milhem, being forced to reassume the command, had to repair the faults of his nephew, and appease the troubles his rashness had excited.

Thus, as Volney has related, the power afterwards passed in succession from Mansour to Joussef, the one the father, the other the son, of Milhem. When Joussef assumed the command for the first time, the Emir Beschir was only seven years old. Joussef attached him to his person, and caused him to be carefully educated. Some years afterwards, having perceived in him a quick and courageous spirit, he made him enter into the affairs of the government.

At this period Djezzar, pacha of Acre, who had succeeded Daher, had for a long time annoyed the Emir Joussef by his attacks and exorbitant exactions. War broke out; but Beschir could not follow his uncle in this expedition: it was not until 1784 that he took part in the second expedition against Djezzar-Pacha. The young Beschir, then twenty-one, ran great danger in the town of Ryde, of which the Druzes had gained possession. Pursued by a body of the pacha's troops, and forced to evacuate the town, he found himself, in his retreat, hemmed in by the enemy. His situation was critical; Beschir forced his horse violently up a wall, and precipitated himself from the top of it under a shower of bullets. Happily he was not injured, but his horse was killed in the fall.

On his return to Lebanon, the Emir Beschir applied himself entirely to business, and attempted to institute order in the administration of the Emir Joussef. His ambition was soon inflamed; he recalled to mind whose son he was, and, although poor, he coveted supreme power. His manners and his courage had gained him the friendship of several powerful families; he laboured to attach others,

whom the bad administration of Joussef disgusted, and succeeded in drawing into his interest a considerable and very influential family, that of Kantar, the chief of which was the most able man then in Lebanon, possessing great wealth, and bearing the title of Scheik-Beschir; that is to say, great and illustrious. Opportunity was now all that Beschir required, and it presented itself.

From 1785, in which year Djezzar-Pacha had restored to Joussef the command of which he had deprived him for more than twelve months, hostilities had completely ceased between these two princes. The Emir Joussef sent every year certain officers to St Jean d'Acre, who brought him the pelisse, accompanied with the usual compliments: he was, however, always apprehensive of a misunderstanding between him and the pacha, which was not long in occurring.

In 1789, a violent rupture broke out between these two chiefs; and the Emir Joussef, in no condition for resistance, resolved to abdicate. Beschir possessed credit; Joussef loved him. He called him to him, and advised him to go to Acre, and ask the investiture from Djezzar. Beschir at first refused, and let his uncle understand that he found himself at that time obliged to remove from his states, because the pacha required it, and because his presence in Lebanon would present an incessant aliment to faction. Joussef, in making the proposal to his relation, was urged by two reasons: first, to prevent the power going out of his own family, and to reassume the command, when Beschir had smoothed the difficulties, either by conciliation or force of arms.

Joussef was urgent; and on the promise which he made of quitting the country as soon as Beschir should have received the command, the young prince departed for Acre. Djezzar received him with kindness, granted him the sway over Lebanon, and gave him 8000 men to secure his power, and to seize upon the Emir Joussef. Beschir, having arrived at the bridge of Gesser-Cadi, wrote secretly to his uncle, informed him of the instructions he had received from the pacha, and urged him to retire. The Emir Joussef fell back on Gibel in Kosrouan, where he collected his partisans. Beschir joined to his followers the soldiers whom he had brought from Acre, and marched against Joussef, whom he fell in with in Kosrouan. He gave him battle, and destroyed many of his troops; however, several months elapsed without any definitive result.

To put an end to the dispute, Joussef sent to Acre a messenger who promised to the pacha a greater tribute than that paid by Beschir if we would restore him to the command. Djezzar consented, called him to Acre, invested him with the pelisse, and gave him, in order to chase Beschir away, the same 8000 soldiers who had fought against him. Beschir retired into the district of Marmeri, whence he laboured to procure the downfall of his rival, by offering yet more than Joussef had promised. The pacha agreed, and Joussef was again compelled to give up the dignity. He returned to Acre, to attempt new intrigues; but Beschir offered to the pacha 4000 purses (of 500 pieces of 40 cents, or 4d. each) if he would order the death

of Joussef, wishing by that means to put an end to the troubles which distracted the mountain.

Djezzar was then at Damascus. His treasurer, a Greek who possessed his confidence, and who was considered in his absence as the pacha of Acre, treated in his name, and informed his master of the bargain which he had concluded. The proposition at first pleased Djezzar, who ratified the engagement, and ordered the Emir Joussef, and his minister Gandour, to be hanged.

Scarcely had Djezzar despatched the order, than he repented of having done so; it occurred to him that the enmity of the two princes was useful to him, and he sent a second order which revoked the first; but whether it arrived too late, or the minister was won, the Emir Joussef was hanged. This execution irritated the pacha: he returned to Acre, investigated the affair, pretended that he had been deceived, caused his treasurer to be drowned, and with him all his family, besides several other persons accused of having been concerned in the business.

Djezzar confiscated the immense treasures of his favourite, and wrote a letter of reproaches to the Emir Beschir. The tone of this despatch convinced the young prince that he was compromised. He attempted to justify himself with the pacha, who dissembled until the time for the re-election of the governor: then Djezzar invited the prince to come to Acre to receive the investiture. He went without distrust, accompanied by his minister, the Scheik Beschir; but they had no sooner arrived than they were thrown into a dungeon, where they endured all sorts of sufferings during eighteen or twenty months of captivity. The object of Djezzar in treating them thus, was to induce them to pay a rich ransom: but the prince had nothing; he had governed too short a time to have amassed great wealth. His minister supplied the deficiency. He secretly sent to the pacha the widow of a Druze prince, named Sest-Abbous, with whom he had had intimate relations: he commissioned her to offer to the pacha the required sum, and to pretend that she herself would pledge her own jewels to complete the ransom. She was an adroit and bold woman, with a considerable share of ability. She found the pacha at Acre, and gained him so completely by the charms of her person and understanding, that Djezzar reduced considerably the sum which he at first demanded. The investiture was granted to the Emir Beschir, who obtained the good graces of the pacha.

During his captivity, the brother of the Emir Joussef, and his cousin the Emir Kaïder of Bubda, had seized upon the government, and taken the necessary measures to prevent the Emir Beschir from returning to his dominions, if the pacha should restore him to liberty. As soon as he was released from prison, the prince, not judging it prudent to reappear at that time amongst his people, sent his minister, the Scheik Beschir, to sound the public feeling, and in the meantime retired to the village of Homs, to wait the effect of his negotiations. He endeavoured likewise to gain the Emir Abbets, a Druze prince of Solinan, who had hitherto preserved neutrality,

and who enjoyed the highest consideration amongst the Druzes and the Christians, especially those of the Marcaeutre district.

The Emir Abbets, concluding the cause of Beschir just, declared himself in his favour, and invited him to come to him. As the communication was difficult, he sent his despatch to him by an Italian, a lay-brother of the convent of Soliman. Beschir suddenly appeared in the midst of his partisans, the number of whom the scheik had augmented by his largesses and tact, fell with impetuosity on the army of his rivals, dispersed it, got possession of the persons of the two princes, and strangled them without ceremony.

Now peaceable possessor of supreme power, the Emir Beschir married the widow of a Turkish prince, who had been, like himself, of the family of Chab, and whom he had caused to be put to death two years before. This union rendered him master of an immense fortune. Before espousing the princess, who possessed great beauty, he made her be baptised. The marriage was attended with much happiness. When sixty-eight years old, the princess was overwhelmed with infirmities, and by a paralysis which took from her the use of her limbs: they, however, presented an example of the most lively affection, and of the most perfect union.

The Emir Joussef at his death had left three children very young. Giorgios-Bey, and his brother Abdallah, educated them with great care, in the hope that they would one day collect the party of Joussef, and overthrow Beschir; but the latter triumphed over all obstacles, and peaceably enjoyed his power until the year 1804.

Events of the highest importance were passing in Egypt. Bonaparte having entered Syria with a division of his army, arrived before Acre, which was to open to him the gates of the East. The French general despatched pressing letters and emissaries to the prince of Lebanon, to induce him to enter into his views, and to assist him in becoming master of the place. The Emir Beschir answered that he was disposed to unite himself to him, but he would not do so until after Acre was taken. A Frenchman one day reproached the emir with not having embraced with enthusiasm the cause of the French army, and with having, by his backwardness, perhaps prevented the regeneration of the East. The prince answered him—'Notwithstanding the strong desire which I had to join General Bonaparte, and in spite of the profound hatred which I had vowed to the pacha, I could not embrace the cause of the French. The fifteen or twenty thousand men whom I might have sent from the mountain could have done nothing towards the success of the siege. If Bonaparte had taken the place without my assistance, he would have carried the mountain without opposition, for the Druzes and the Christians ardently desired his arrival; I should then have lost my command. On the contrary, if I had aided the General Bonaparte, and we had not conquered the place (which would have been the case), the pacha of Acre would have had me hanged, or thrown into a dungeon. Who then would have succoured me?—whose protection should I have implored? Would it have

been that of France, who was so far off, who had England and all Europe on her hands, and who was herself torn by civil war and intestine factions?'

General Bonaparte understood the position of the Prince Beschir, and, as a proof of his friendship, sent him a superb musket, which Beschir has preserved in memory of the great captain.

Before resuming the history of the events which followed the ruin of the Emir Joussef's party, it will be appropriate to relate an adventure, which was perhaps instrumental in rendering the Pacha Djezzar so cruel and ferocious.

During the first years of his command, he went, according to usage, to meet the caravan returning from the pilgrimage of Mecca. (Afterwards the pacha of Damascus was charged with this duty, and he of Acre was held bound only to the furnishing of a proportion of the expenses of the caravan, and of the tribute to the Arabs of the Desert.) The Mamelukes, to whom Djezzar had left the guard of his seraglio in his absence, forced open the gates, and abandoned themselves to all the brutality of lustful passions. The pacha returned, and, far from taking to flight at his approach, the Mamelukes seized upon the treasure, closed the gates of the town, and decided upon repelling force by force. With the weak escort which accompanied him, Djezzar could not vanquish; but the Mamelukes sent him word that if he would let them retire with their arms and horses, they would open the gates of the town to him; if not, that they accepted war, and would sooner die with arms in their hands than surrender. Djezzar was not long in deciding. He knew that he was hated by the Turks as well as by the Christians, on account of his exactions; he was not ignorant, besides, that if the Emir Joussef came to learn his position, he would join with the Mamelukes, and commence a war which might be fatal to him.

He granted to the Mamelukes what they demanded, and they retired with great despatch, whilst the pacha entered the town. Scarcely was Djezzar in his palace, than he sent out his cavalry to pursue the fugitives; but without effect: they arrived safe in Egypt. Djezzar then wreaked his vengeance on the women. He caused them all to be scourged, thrown into a great pit, and covered over with quicklime. He excepted from this atrocious punishment his favourite, whom he caused to be decked out in her jewels and finest garments, enclosed in a sack, and cast into the sea.

This event rendered the character of Djezzar more morose. He was before a miser and a spoiler; he now became fierce and cruel; he talked henceforth only of cutting off noses and ears, or tearing out eyes. At the moment of his death, unable any longer to speak or order executions, he made a sign to those surrounding him, pointing to the pillow of his bed. Fortunately he was not understood. After his death, a long list of persons whom he designed for death, when he recovered his health, was found. His ferocity accompanied him to the tomb.

Let us return to the Prince Beschir. As soon as the sons of the

Emir Joussef were old enough to dispute the possession of power, Giorgios-Bey and Abdallah resolved to put their designs into execution. They took advantage of a moment of disagreement between Djezzar and Beschir, and raised the party of their pupils. The emir, taken unawares, was obliged to retire into the Huran, and to invoke the meditation of the pacha, whose cupidity and avarice he flattered. Djezzar interposed, and dictated a treaty which put an end to the strife between the two parties, but which was extremely favourable to Beschir, to whom he gave the country of the Druzes, whilst the sons of Joussef had to content themselves with the districts of Gibel and Kosrouan.

This treaty was not observed many years. The sons of Joussef tried all possible means to overthrow their enemy. As they were the strongest, they succeeded, and Djezzar, disregarding the representations of Beschir, their usurpation was sanctioned. The emir had then no resource but to throw himself into the arms of the viceroy of Egypt.

The English admiral, Sydney Smith, was at this period with some vessels in the roads of Syria. Beschir intreated him to receive him on board, and transport him to Egypt. After being several months at sea, and touching at Cyprus, Smyrna, Candia, and Malta, he disembarked at Alexandria, where he went to seek the viceroy, followed by some friends who remained faithful to his fortunes. The viceroy gave him a reception of the most flattering discription, treated him with all the respect due to his station, loaded him with presents, and sent him back to Syria in one of the Admiral Sydney Smith's ships, with a letter for Djezzar full of reproaches and menaces, in the midst of which he ordered him to re-establish the Emir Beschir in his government.

The Egyptian viceroy was powerful, and Djezzar-Pacha hastened to obey him; for the tone of the despatch made him feel that he should neglect nothing to give satisfaction to the Prince Beschir. He therefore enjoined the sons of Joussef, who durst not offer any resistance, to conform to the treaty in every particular; and up till the period of his death, the most profound peace reigned between the two parties.

The Emir Beschir, however, did not entirely rely on the single protection of Mohamet Ali; he saw the party of the three princes grow stronger every day, and was apprehensive of falling before some plot, as he knew the ardent thirst for vengeance which inspirited them against him. The skill of their ministers, Giorgios-Bey and Abdallah, likewise increased his fears. He therefore resolved to come to a conclusion with them by a decisive blow, capable of striking terror into his enemies. To accomplish his project, he took advantage of the investiture of Soleyman-Pacha, who succeeded Djezzar. At this time everything appeared tranquil in Lebanon; the three princes governed their provinces in peace, and seemed reconciled to the supremacy which the treaty granted to their enemy, whilst their ministers prepared in secrecy for a new attack.

Beschir was beforehand with them. Informed of the favourable moment by his emissaries, he sent for Giorgios-Bey to Deïr-el-Kammar upon pretext of business; at the same time his brother, the Emir Hassem, attacked Gibel, seized the princes, and hanged Abdallah. The three brothers were conducted to Yong-Michael, where their eyes were put out. Their property was seized for the benefit of Beschir. Upon hearing of these events, Giorgios-Bey threw himself from a window of his prison, and killed himself, which did not prevent the emir from having him hanged as an example to his enemies. Five chiefs of Deïr-el-Kammar, and a brother of the Scheik Beschir, all of the house of Gruimbelad-el-Bescantar, accused of having aided the dethroned princes, were put to death, and their goods confiscated.

Having performed these bloody sacrifices, the Prince Beschir obtained supreme authority over all Lebanon, and he gave the command of Kosrouan, the chief seat of which was Gazyr, to his brother Hassem; but as he died a short time afterwards, the Emir Beschir was accused of having poisoned him, from entertaining suspicions of ambitious designs on his part. This accusation is without foundation, and public opinion has done him justice in discrediting it.

In 1819, the districts of Gibel-Biscarra, Gibes, and Kosrouan, rose in insurrection, on occasion of a contribution which excited general discontent. The rebels, acting under the advice of the Bishop Joussef, resolved to proceed to attack the Emir Beschir in the country of the Druzes, where he was then residing. The prince, without allowing them time to collect their forces, advanced himself to meet them at the head of a small detachment of his army, after giving orders to his lieutenant-general, the Scheik Beschir, to follow him with 3000 men, whom he had assembled on the spur of the moment. The emir entered the country of Gibes, and pitched his tent in a valley of Agousta, between Djani and the territory of Gazyr. During the night, and on the following morning, he was exposed to a brisk firing from several detachments of the enemy posted on the heights. His tent was riddled with balls; but resisting all the intreaties of his son Halil, he refused to change his position. When the day was more advanced, the firing of the enemy became hotter, and Beschir thought the rebels had got an increase of force, and were preparing to block up his passage. Then he rose from the carpet on which he had been extended during the firing, got on horseback, and marched direct upon the enemy, accompanied by his trifling escort. At his approach, the insurgents dispersed without offering any resistance, and he arrived at Gibes, where he took energetic steps to prevent them increasing their numbers.

His lieutenant-general, the Scheik Beschir, who followed him by slow marches, passed the river of Chieu, and took possession of the two first villages of Kosrouan, Yong-Michael, and Yong-Monsbak, which stood on his route. The very day of this occupation, his advanced guard arrested a priest who carried despatches to the Bishop Joussef. The Scheik Beschir, having read these letters,

presented his kangiar to him who had brought them to him, and ordered him to kill the priest, and bury him in the place where he had been taken. A few hours afterwards, another secret messenger met with the same fate.

The following day, the Scheik Beschir resumed his march, overran, without obstacle, Kosrouan, and strangled all those whom the emir had inscribed on a list which he had sent him. He afterwards advanced to Gibel-Biscarra, where he joined the prince, who met him from Gibes. The Emir Beschir remained nine days in this province, during which he succeeded in stifling the revolt, by hanging and strangling all the rebels of distinction in the three districts of Gibes, Kosrouan, and Gibel-Biscarra. The bastonade was performed on various others, and afterwards ruinous ransoms exacted from them.

In the number of these last was a poor old man of seventy-five years of age, condemned to seventy purses, which he was not able to pay. His son wrote to him that he would raise the money by loan if he sanctioned it, but the old man answered that he would pay nothing, adding expressions by no means complimentary to the prince. The letter was intercepted, and the old man handed over for torture. Already oppressed by age, he could not support so many inflictions, and when he was carried to the Scheik Beschir, according to his orders, he died after twenty days of suffering. His son inherited his father's condemnation: the emir seized his goods for his own profit, leaving him only a thousand piastres (£14) of patrimony.

The emir mounted the hill to Eden, passed the Cedars, and descended the other side of the mountain to Balbek, whilst the Scheik remained in occupation of the rebellious provinces. On arriving at Balbek, the chief ordered his lieutenant-general to return by the same route by which he had come, and to levy on his journey a contribution of 400 purses (of 500 pieces each) from the three districts. That the prince of Lebanon could put down an insurrection in three such powerful provinces, with a force of only 3000 men, would appear miraculous, if we did not recollect that the revolt was partial, and that the party of Beschir in the provinces themselves facilitated his triumph.

The pacha of Damascus had in this interval sent an aga to Bkaa for the purpose of taxing, according to custom, the produce of the lands dependent on his pachalik. This officer advanced to the village of Haunie, belonging to the principality of Lebanon, and there raised contributions in cattle and money. The inhabitants not being inclined to submit, apprised Prince Beschir, who wrote to the aga testifying his displeasure; but the latter paid no attention to his remonstrances, and after levying very heavy exactions, he returned to Damascus. The emir, greatly irritated, gave advice to the pacha of Acre, and expressed his resentment in a very forcible strain. Abdallah, either from regard for Beschir, or from personal hatred for the aga, demanded from the pacha of Damascus his

severe punishment. The latter returned an evasive answer, indicating his surprise that the pacha of Acre should interest himself in an affair concerning the Christians. Abdallah sent his letter to Beschir, with instructions to take vengeance on the pacha of Damascus. The Prince of Lebanon assembled in haste 10,000 men, and advanced towards Damascus. The pacha came forth to meet him, and the two armies had several conflicts, the superiority in which was always on the side of Beschir.

During these events, Abdallah gave proclamation to a forged firman, which declared the pacha of Damascus deprived of his pachalik, and uniting it to that of Acre. But the pacha of Damascus, applying to the neighbouring pachas, and to the court of Constantinople, obtained from the Porte a true firman, condemning the pacha of Acre to death, and dethroning the Emir Beschir from his government. This prince was already at the gates of Damascus when the firman arrived. He then perceived the one promulgated by Abdallah was spurious, and he judged it prudent to retire into the province of Deïr-el-Kammar, where, learning that the same fate as Abdallah's was reserved for himself, he fled to the environs of Beirout, and solicited the governor to receive him with his escort. This officer refused, alleging that the presence of the emir in the town would excite sedition. The prince then sent to apprise his brother, the Emir Abbets, whom he had left in command of the mountain, that he would return to his territories, and try the fortune of arms against the pachas sent by the Sublime Porte; but his brother answered him that the mountain was void both of provisions and money, and he advised him therefore very strongly not to attempt so perilous a project. In this sad state of affairs the prince again turned his eyes towards Egypt, and addressed himself to a Frank, begging him to assist him in his departure from Syria. M. Aubin procured his safe embarkation on board of a French ship lying between Beirout and Saïde, which then set sail for Alexandria. After his departure, the Scheik Beschir and the Emir Abbets joined themselves to the coalition of pachas, and intrigued for the command of the mountain. This was the source of the divisions which distracted Lebanon in 1823.

The combined troops began the siege of Acre in July 1822, and continued it until April 1823, when it was raised. Then the young pacha of Acre, who was very avaricious, conceived a means of getting rid of the tribute which he owed to the Porte. With this design he caused the officers who carried the tribute to be assassinated near Latakia, and obtained from the murderers the restoration of the money. He then complained to the Porte of the murder committed on his agents, and of the robbery of a rent belonging to the Grand-Seigneur. The pacha, by this detestable conduct, indulged two expectations—first, of exempting himself from tribute; and secondly, of compromising the pacha of Latakia, to whom he expected the bow-string would be forwarded, whilst his pachalik would be re-united to that of Acre; but Abdallah was deceived in his hopes.

The sultan, apprised of the pacha's perfidy, a second time demanded his head. But what availed against Acre the pachas of Damascus, Aleppo, and Adama, with an army of 12,000 men, ill disciplined, without artillery capable of effecting a breach, possessing only some pieces of ordnance, of such large calibre, that the balls were quite unfit for them, having 3000 or 4000 horsemen without baggage, and an infantry which consumed both day and night in smoking tobacco beneath the tents? Thus Abdallah Pacha, being master of the strongest fortress in the East, prepared without fear for a vigorous defence.

An English corvette lying at anchor in the road offered an officer from its crew to direct the artillery of the besiegers. The pachas accepted the offer, and put the cannons under his order. But at the end of three days, he saw that he would never carry the place with the Turks, who would not approach the walls with the artillery, which was the only means of breaching the fortifications.

Abdallah was perfectly at ease, in spite of the army of the pachas. He had nothing to fear on the land side from troops so ill organized, and by way of showing his contempt for them, he replied to their cannon-balls by musket-shots. He had good soldiers well paid; provisions and munitions of war arrived for him in abundance by sea both from Europe and Asia. He was even suspected of holding an intercourse with the Greeks of the Morea.

The Emir Beschir, who was now under the protection of the viceroy of Egypt, maintained a regular correspondence with Abdallah, who, under the mediation of Mohamet Ali, solicited peace and pardon from the Porte. If the pacha had nothing to fear from the land, he was afraid that the Divan of Constantinople would procure the blockade of the town by sea, and intercept his communications with strangers, which would soon reduce his people to famine, incite his soldiers to mutiny, and compel him to stretch out his own neck to the bow-string of the Sublime Porte. The Divan pardoned him, knowing that Abdallah could deliver the place to the insurgents of the Morea; but it condemned him to a fine of 3000 purses, and the expenses of the war.

The viceroy, having obtained the pardon of Abdallah Pacha, demanded and secured that also of the Emir Beschir, who resumed his command. He took advantage of this crisis to make his influence at the Divan be felt, and to obtain a sway over the Prince of Lebanon, whose political interests are at this moment united with those of Mohamet Ali.

At the end of the year 1823, the Emir Beschir landed at Acre, to regulate with Abdallah the expenses of the siege, and to fix the sum at which his part of the debt should be estimated. On his return to Lebanon, he levied a contribution of a thousand purses, for he was by no means in an easy position after his exile and the expenses of his sojourn in Egypt. His people also were very poor; and feeling indisposed to excite their antipathy against him by so severe an exaction, he resolved to make it be borne by his former lieutenant-

general, the Scheik Beschir, wishing thus to revenge himself for the intrigues which he had had with his brother Abbets, to deprive him of the command of the mountain. The Scheik Beschir refused to pay the sum, and retired to Karan, a province of Lebanon. He afterwards returned to his palace of Moctura, where he negotiated with Prince Abbets for the overthrow of Beschir. He even drew into the conspiracy three young brothers of the prince, who till then had lived tranquilly in their retreats. This conspiracy must have been fatal to the emir without the aid of Abdallah Pacha.

The Scheik Beschir was pursued, and arrested in the plains of Damascus with an escort of 200 persons. He might easily have saved himself; but upon the assurance given him by a Turkish officer, in the name of the pacha of Damascus, that the Prince of Lebanon pardoned him, he yielded himself up, and was conducted to Damascus. There he was stripped of his garments, his hands bound, the one upon his breast, the other behind his back, and cast into a dungeon, where he remained several months. A process was instituted against him at Constantinople, and he was condemned to death. When the bow-string was presented to him, he appeared unmoved, and only asked to speak with the pacha and the emir. He was answered that it was useless, that neither the one nor the other could do anything, as the sentence emanated from Constantinople. Then the Scheik Beschir submitted to his destiny. He was strangled, then beheaded, and his body, cut into pieces, was thrown to the dogs. This execution took place in the beginning of 1824. The three brothers of the prince were afterwards arrested; their tongues and eyes were torn out, and they were sent into exile with their families, each into a village at remote distances. After that, tranquillity reigned in Lebanon; the family of Chab enjoyed power in peace; thanks to the active police which the emir maintained in his government, and to the friendship of Abdallah Pacha, who was not, however, ignorant of the intimate connection which existed between him and Mohamet Ali.

Such is the policy which the Emir Beschir has followed up to this day, and everything announces that he will pursue it with success in the new crisis which the attack of Mohamet Ali upon the Ottoman Empire has produced. The emir took no part in the war until Ibrahim Pacha, having taken Acre, and sent Abdallah Pacha a prisoner to his father in Egypt, entered Syria. It was then necessary to declare himself; and according to the practice of Orientals, he perceived the hand of God in victory, and ranged himself on the side of success. However, he has done so as if with regret, and alleging to the Porte the pretext of constraint. It is probable that if Ibrahim Pacha sustained any reverse, the Emir Beschir would turn to the side of the Turks, and aid them in crushing the Arabs. Ibrahim, who is doubtful of this two-edged policy, compromises the prince as much as he can. He has forced him to give him one of his sons, and some of his best horsemen, to accompany him on the side of Homs; and his other sons, having come down from the

mountain, hold military government, in the name of the Egyptians, over the principal towns of Syria.

The head of the Emir Beschir depends on the success of Ibrahim at Homs. If he should be conquered, the re-action of the Turks against the Christians of Lebanon, and against the prince himself, will be implacable. On the other side, if Ibrahim continues master of Syria, he will not be long in viewing with umbrage a power independent of his own, and he will endeavour to overcome it by political intrigue, or destroy it for ever by eradicating the family of Chab. If the Emir Beschir were younger, and more active, he might resist both attempts, and establish for a long time—perhaps for ever—his dominion, and that of his descendants, over the most inaccessible, the best-peopled, and the richest part of Syria. The mountaineers whom he commands are brave, intelligent, and well disciplined; the roads leading to the centre of Lebanon are impracticable; the Maronites, who are becoming very numerous on Lebanon, would be devoted to the emir by the common sentiment of Christianity, and by hatred and terror for Turkish dominion. The only obstacle to the creation of a new power in these countries is the difference of religion between the Maronites, Druzes, and Metualis, who people, with almost equal numbers, the territories subject to the authority of the emir. The strongest tie of nationality is community of religious creeds, or at least it has hitherto been found so. Civilisation in its advance reduces religious feeling to an individualism, and other common interests form a nationality; these interests, being less grave than the cause of religion, national feelings become feeble; for what so strong as an incentive to man, as religious belief, his creed, his inward faith! It is the voice of intelligence, it is the thought in which he includes all others—manners, laws, country, everything is comprised in religion. It is this which, in my opinion, will render it so difficult to institute a single great nation in the East; it is this which makes the Turkish Empire totter. You perceive no signs of an existence in common, or symptoms of a possible nationality, except in those parts of the empire where tribes of the same faith are congregated; it is visible amongst the Asiatic Greek race, amongst the Armenians, the Bulgarians, the Servians; everywhere besides you see men, but not nations.

October 3.—This day I descended the lower grades of Lebanon, which inclined from Deïr-el-Kammar towards the Mediterranean, and I have come to sleep in a solitary khan in the mountains. At five o'clock in the evening we mounted our horses in the court of the emir's palace. Upon leaving the gate of the palace, we began to descend by a road cut in the rock, which wound round the peak of Dptedin. On our right and left the plots of soil sustained by the artificial terraces were planted with mulberry-trees, and carefully cultivated. The shade of trees and of vines everywhere covers the ground; and numerous rivulets, turned by the Arab husbandman, come from the mountain-heights divided into canals, and irrigate the roots of the trees and the gardens. The

gigantic shadow of the palace and terraces of Dptedin reaches over the whole of this scene, and follows you to the foot of the peak, where you recommence to ascend another mountain, which bears upon its summit the town of Deïr-el-Kammar. In a quarter of an hour we arrived there. Deïr-el-Kammar is the capital of the Emir Beschir and the Druzes; it contains a population of ten or twelve thousand souls. But, except an ancient edifice, adorned with Moorish sculpture and high balconies, exactly resembling the ruins of one of our castles of the middle ages, Deïr-el-Kammar possesses no feature of a town, still less of a capital; it is very similar to a little town of Savoy or Auvergne, or to a large village in a distant province of France. The sun was just rising when we went through it; troops of mares and camels issued from the courts of the houses, and spread themselves over the unpaved quarters and streets of the town. On a wide open square, some black tents of a vagabond race (zingari) were erected; men, women, and children, half-naked, or enveloped in the immense blankets of white wool which is their only garment, were huddled round a fire, combing their hair, or searching after the vermin which were feeding on them. Some Arabs, in the service of the emir, passed on horseback in their magnificent costumes, with superb arms stuck in their belts, and holding a lance twelve or fifteen feet long in their hands. Some were bringing to the emir news from Ibrahim's army; others were descending towards the coast to deliver the orders of the prince to the detachments commanded by his sons lying encamped on the plain. Nothing is more imposing and rich than the costume and equipments of these Druze warriors. Their immense turban, composed of shawls of brilliant colours, wound in graceful folds, casts over their swarthy visage and black eyes a shade which adds to the commanding and savage energy of their physiognomies. Long moustachios cover their lips, and fall over both sides of the mouth. A species of short tunic of a red colour is invariably worn by all the Druzes and mountaineers; this tunic is wove, according to the importance and wealth of the wearer, of cotton and gold, or only of cotton and silk, into elegant designs, in which the variety of colours contrasts with the gold or silver tissue sparkling on his breast and back. Immense trousers, in numberless plaits, cover the limbs; the feet are covered with short boots of red morocco, and with slippers of yellow morocco above the boots; furred jackets with hanging sleeves are thrown over the shoulders. A belt of silk or morocco leather, similar to that of the Albanians, encircles the waist in numerous folds, and serves the horseman to carry his arms. The handles of two or three kangiars, or yatagans—poniards and short sabres in use amongst the Orientals—are always seen sticking out of the belt, and shining on the breast; generally the stocks of two or three pistols, incrusted with gold or silver, complete this portable arsenal. All the Arabs have, besides, a lance, the shaft of which is thin, supple, and hard, like a long reed. This lance, which is their principal weapon, is decorated with waving tufts and strings of silk; they generally hold

it in their right hand, the iron towards the sky, and the handle almost touching the ground; but when they urge their horses to the gallop, they brandish it horizontally above their heads, and in their military sports they throw it to an enormous distance, and pick it up, bending their bodies to the earth. Before throwing the lance, they give it an oscillating movement for some time, which adds considerably to the force of the cast, and enables them the more surely to hit the mark they design. We met a great number of these cavaliers in the course of the day. The Emir Beschir had himself given us some of them to serve as guides, and as a mark of honour. They all saluted us with extreme politeness, and drew up their horses to permit us to pass along the road.

About two miles from Deir-el-Kammar there is one of the most beautiful views of Lebanon that can be imagined. On one side its deep gorges, into which we were about to descend, open all at once beneath your feet. On the other, the castle of Dptedin rises like a pyramid on the summit of its hill, clothed in verdure, and furrowed by foaming torrents; and before you are the mountains gradually sinking to the sea, some all black, others struck with the rays of light, and rolling like a cataract of hills, until they are lost in the green ridges of the olive woods in the plains of Sidon, or in the sandy beaches, red as brick, which border the coasts of Beirout. Here and there the variegated colouring of the mountain sides, and the waving lines of the immense horizon described by their descent, are intercepted and cut off by the groups of ciders, firs, or pines, with broad tops; and numerous villages glitter at their bases, or on their summits. The sea bounds this landscape: one follows with the eye, as upon an enormous chart or a raised plan, the hollows, the projections, and the undulations of the coasts, the capes, the promontories, and the gulfs of its shore, from Mount Carmel to Cape Batroun, a stretch of fifty leagues. The air is so pure, that one imagines points can be reached in a few hours' descent, which require three or four days' march to arrive at. At this distance, the sea is so confounded at the first glance with the firmament, which closes on it at the horizon, that one cannot distinguish the two elements, and the land appears to float, as it were, in a boundless and double ocean. It is only after fixing with more attention the eyes upon the sea, and observing the little white sails shining on its blue expanse, that we can tell exactly what we see. A light mist, more or less gilded, floats at the edge of the horizon, and divides the water and the sky. At intervals, fleecy clouds, roused from the sides of the mountains by the morning breezes, were detached like the white feathers which a bird scatters in the wind, and were borne over the sea, where they evaporated in the rays of the sun, just commencing to scorch.

We quitted with regret this magnificent scene, and we began our descent by a path more perilous than any I have ever seen in the Alps. The declivity was perpendicular, the road was not two feet broad, bottomless precipices yawned on one side, walls of rock rose

on the other. The path was formed of loose stones, or of pieces of rock, so polished by water and the iron shoes of horses and the tread of camels, that these animals are obliged to seek with care a place to plant their feet: as they always fix them in the same spots, they have at last dug cavities in the stone, into which their hoofs sink some inches deep, and it is entirely owing to these holes that any points of resistance are afforded to the horses' shoes, so as to enable the animal to keep himself from sliding forwards. From time to time we found also steps cut in the rock two feet high, or round blocks of granite which it was impossible to clear, so that it is necessary to wind into the interstices, scarcely so wide as the limbs of the animals we bestrode. Such are almost all the roads in this part of Lebanon. At times the sides of the mountains swerved or grew into a plain, and we marched more at our ease on beds of yellow sand, of a sort of freestone, or of vegetable earth. One cannot conceive how such a country is filled with so many beautiful horses, and how they get accustomed to it. No Arab, however inaccessible his village or his dwelling, ever leaves home but on horseback, and we saw them descending or mounting, in perfect carelessness, with the pipe in their mouths, such declivities as our mountain goats would find it difficult to scale.

After an hour and a-half's continual descent, we came in sight of the bottom of the gorge which we had to traverse and follow. A river murmured in its depths, still veiled from us by the mist of its waters, and by the branches of walnut, carob, plane, and Persian poplar trees, growing on the lowest banks of the ravine. Limpid fountains issued to our right from the grottos of rock, hung with a thousand unknown creeping plants, or gushed from beds of green sward, sprinkled with the flowers of autumn. In a short time we spied a house amongst the trees on the edge of the stream, and we passed at a ford this river or torrent. There we stopped to rest our horses, and to enjoy for a moment one of the most extraordinary scenes which we had met in our journey.

The gorge to which we had descended was quite overflowed by the waters of the torrent, which foamed round the masses of rock fallen into its bed. Here and there islets of vegetable soil gave root to gigantic poplars, which rose to a prodigious height, and cast their long tapering shadows on the banks of the mountain where we were seated. The torrent on our left tumbled headlong between two walls of granite, which it seemed to have cleaved to form a gulf for itself; these walls rose to a height of four or five hundred feet, and nearly joining at their summits, appeared an immense arcade, which in time would crumble on itself. The tops of Italian pines hung like clusters of wall-flowers over the ruins of ancient walls, and stood out in sombre green upon the vivid blue of the sky. On our right, the gorge winded for a quarter of a mile between the retreating and more sloping banks; the waters of the river stretched in freedom, washing a multitude of small isles or verdant promontories: all these isles and tongues of land were

decked in the richest and most graceful vegetation. It was the first time I had met the poplar since on the banks of the Rhone and the Saone. It cast its wan and restless shade over the whole of this watery valley; but as it is not lopped or planted by the hand of man, it grows in groups, and extends its unrestrained branches with much more majesty, diversity of form and grace, than in our countries. Between these groups of trees and multitudes of rushes and high reeds, growing also on the islands, we saw the broken arches of an old bridge, built by the ancient emirs of Lebanon, and fallen in the lapse of ages. Beyond the ruined arches of the bridge the gorge widened into an immense landscape of valleys, plains, and elevated spots, studded with villages inhabited by the Druzes, and all was surrounded, like an amphitheatre, by a circular chain of high mountains. The elevations were almost all covered with green, and plantations of pine. The villages, suspended above each other, seemed to the eye as if they touched; but when we reached some of them, we found that the distance between them was considerable, both from the difficulty of the paths, and the necessity of descending and remounting the deep ravines which separated them. Some of these villages are so situated, that it is quite easy to hear the voice of a man speaking in another village, yet it requires an hour to go from one to another. What increased the effect of this beautiful landscape, were two large monasteries, planted like fortresses on the top of two hills behind the river, which seemed like huge blocks of granite blackened by age. The one is inhabited by Maronites, who devote themselves to the instruction of young Arabs destined to the priesthood. The other is deserted; it formerly belonged to a congregation of Lazarites of Lebanon; and it now serves as an asylum and refuge to two young Jesuits sent there by their order, at the request of the Maronite bishop, to furnish rules and models to the Arab instructors. They live there in complete solitude, in an exemplary poverty and sanctity (I knew them afterwards). One of them learns Arabic, and uselessly labours for the conversion of the Druzes in the neighbouring villages: he is a man of great intelligence and information. The other is occupied with medicine, and traverses the country distributing medicines gratuitously. Both are much loved and respected by the Druzes, and even by the Metualis. But they can expect no result from their residence in Syria. The Maronite clergy are greatly attached to the Roman church; yet this clergy have their own traditions and their independent discipline, which they will not allow to be borne down by the manœuvres of the Jesuits. They possess the real spiritual authority in the whole of Lebanon; they would very quickly have rivals in the active and indefatigable corporations of Europe, and this rivalship they very naturally look upon with alarm.

After having rested half an hour in this enchanting spot, we got again on horseback, and commenced climbing the steep ascent which was before us. The road became more and more difficult as we scaled the last chain of Lebanon, separating us from the

coasts of Syria. But in proportion as we mounted, the aspect of the immense hollow, which we left on our right, became more imposing from its vastness.

The river which we had quitted meandered in the midst of a plain slightly undulated with hills, and sometimes expanded into pools of water as blue and glittering as the lakes of Switzerland. The black hills, crowned at their summits with clusters of pines, interrupted its course at every moment, and divided it, to appearance, into a thousand luminous streaks. Step by step the hills leaving the plain rose cumulating and supporting each other, all redolent with flowering heaths, and bearing here and there at intervals trees with widely-spreading tops, which threw a gloom on detached spots. Woods of cedars and pines stretched from the more lofty elevations, dying away in solitary groups and glades as they came around the numerous Druze villages, the terraces, balconies, and latticed windows of which we saw rising from out the greenness of the pines. The inhabitants, clad in their beautiful scarlet mantles, and their foreheads bound by red turbans in wide folds, stood on their terraces to see us pass, and added, by the brilliancy of their costume, and the gracefulness of their attitudes, to the imposing, novel, and picturesque effect of the prospect. At the entry, and at the termination of each of these villages, handsome Turkish fountains were playing. The women and young girls, who came to get water in their long and narrow jugs, were grouped around the basins, and lifted up a corner of their veils to get a look at us. The population appeared to us superb: men, women, and children, all had the aspect of vigour and of health. The women are very handsome; their features in general bear a haughty and elevated expression, without a shade of ferocity.

We were saluted on all sides with an agreeable politeness, and the hospitality of the dwellings was offered us by all. We declined their kindness, however, and continued ascending for about three hours precipitous paths, winding in the pine woods. We reached at length the concluding crest, white and naked, of the mountains, and the vast horizon of the Syrian coast stretched before us at a single glance. It presented a prospect widely different from that which we had had under our eyes for some days: it was like the view of Naples seen from the top of Vesuvius or from the heights of Castellamare. The immense expanse of ocean was at our feet, without limits, or only with some clouds heaped at the extremity of its waters. Beneath these clouds we might have believed we perceived land—the land of Cyprus, which is thirty leagues at sea; Mount Carmel on the left; and on the right, until all sight was lost, the interminable chain of the shores of Beirout, Tripolis, Syria, Latakia, and Alexandretta: and in fine, confusedly, and under the gilded mists of evening, the glittering peaks of the mountains of Taurus; but this must have been an illusion, for the distance is enormous. Immediately from under our feet the mountain began to sink; first down the rocks, and the dry heaths of the summit, on which we stood; then the

descent becoming less rapid, it stretched out from hill to hill, first over gray rocky eminences, afterwards over the dark-green tops of pines, carobs, and hollyoaks; then in more gentle declivities over the lighter and youthful green of planes and sycamores; finally appeared the brown hills, in the velvet foliage of the olive woods. All at last fell away, and was lost in the narrow plain which separates Lebanon from the sea. There, upon slips of land, we saw ancient Moorish towers, guarding the shore, and in the bottom of the gulfs, towns or large villages, with their walls glittering in the sun, and their little coves hollowed in the sands, whilst their barks were pulled dry on shore, or, with sails set, were leaving or entering the havens. Saïde, and Beirout especially, surrounded by rich plains of olives, of citrons, and of mulberries, with the minarets and domes of their mosques, their castles and battlements, stood out from this expanse of tints and outlines, and drew the observation to the two promontories jutting into the waves. Beyond the plain of Beirout, the great Lebanon, broken by the course of the river, began again to rise, first yellow, and gilded like the columns of Pæstum, then gray, sombre, and gloomy; afterwards green and sable in the region of the forests; and lastly, presenting its peaks of snow, which seemed confounded in the transparency of the heavens, and where the white rays of day slept in an eternal serenity upon a couch of perpetual snow. Naples or Sorrente, Rome or Albano, has no such landscape.

After having pursued our descent for nearly two hours, we found a khan, isolated under magnificent palm-trees, on the borders of a fountain. It is proper to describe, once for all, what they call a khan in Syria, and generally in all the countries of the East. It is a cabin built of stone, with its walls badly joined, without cement, and giving free ingress to both wind and rain. The stones are generally blackened with the smoke of the hearth, which is perpetually stealing through the numerous crevices. The walls are scarcely seven or eight feet high; they are covered with pieces of rough wood, with the bark and branches of trees; the whole is surmounted with dried fagots, which serve for a roof. The interior is not paved, and according to the season, it is a bed either of dust or of mud. One or two stakes serve as support to the leafy roof, and the traveller hangs there his mantle or his arms. In a corner is a small hearth raised on unhewn stones; upon this hearth a perpetual fire burns, and there are one or two brass coffee-pots always full of thick and mealy coffee, the habitual refreshment and solitary want of the Turks and Arabs. There are ordinarily two rooms such as I have described. One or two Arabs are authorised, upon payment of a rent to the pacha, to perform the honours of hospitality, and to sell coffee and cakes of barley-flour to the caravans. When the traveller arrives at the door of one of these khans, he descends from his camel or his horse, and detaches the straw mat or Damascus carpet, which has to serve as his bed; it is stretched in a corner of the smoky chamber. He then seats himself, asks for coffee, lights his

pipe or his hookah, and he waits until his slaves have collected a little dry wood to prepare his repast. His meal consists generally of two or three cakes, half-baked on a heated flint, and of some pieces of hashed mutton, which is stewed in a brass kettle, with rice. Most frequently there is neither mutton nor rice to be bought in the khan, and he contents himself with the cakes, and excellent fresh water, which is never wanting in the vicinity of the khans. The domestics, slaves, and moukres (conductors of camels), with the horses, remain in the open air round the khan. There is usually some well-known centenarian tree in the neighbourhood, which serves as a distant beacon to the caravan; it is oftenest an immense fig sycamore, a tree which I have never seen in Europe. It is as high as the largest oaks, and attains a greater age than they; its trunk is sometimes thirty or forty feet in circumference, often much more; its branches, which commence to shoot out fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, extend horizontally, at first with an immense sweep, but they rise in less enlarged cones, and at a distance give an idea of the form of our beeches. The shade of these trees, which Providence seems to have thrown here and there like a welcoming cloud over the burning sand of the desert, stretches to a great distance from the trunk; and it is not uncommon to see sixty camels or horses, and as many Arabs, encamped beneath the shelter of one of these trees during the heat of the day. But here, as everywhere, we discover with regret the carelessness of the Orientals, and of their government. These trees, which should be preserved with care, as hotels provided by nature for the necessities of caravans, are abandoned to the stupid indifference of those whom they shelter; the Arabs light their fires at the foot of the sycamore, and the greatest number of these beautiful trees have their trunks all blackened and hollowed by the flame from these fires. Our small caravan established itself beneath one of these majestic sycamores, and we passed the night enveloped in our mantles, and stretched on a straw-mat, in a corner of the khan.

October 4.—This morning we left the khan; and after some hours' ride over the rapid sweeps of Lebanon, we arrived at the beautiful villages midway to the coast. There all the asperity of the mountain disappears, and we marched for two hours in the midst of rising ground, more pleasing and better cultivated than can be imagined. It resembled Tuscany. Walls of support everywhere sustain the terraces of soil, where the trees are entwined with vines, casting a shade over the crops of all kinds, without preventing them from flourishing. Villages, where everything announces order, peace, industry, and wealth, are thickly scattered on the hills; the houses, or rather the castles, of the scheiks command them, as our Gothic castles formerly frowned over our small towns. Immense convents of Maronite monks occupy the tops of the eminences, like fortresses. The monks are seen issuing out, proceeding with the plough to the fields, or collecting the leaves of the mulberries. The Arabs, without distinction of sex, are peaceably at work in the

enclosures, and look at us as we pass, with a smile at our European costumes. The scheik and his principal servants are generally seated on a carpet at the door of his castle, or beneath a great sycamore in the middle of the road; he smokes his pipe, and gives us a salute by pressing his hand to his heart, and saying to us, '*Sala el kaer*'—'May the day be fortunate for you, travellers!'

At length we reached the plain, which we traverse under an arch of verdure formed by long reeds, palms, figs, vines, and mulberries. From time to time a solitary house of an Arab, or Græco-Syrian cultivator, appears in this forest of foliage; the children play with the broad-tailed Syrian sheep upon the thresholds of the doors; beautiful young girls, with their faces uncovered, bear water-pitchers on their heads; and the father and mother work, at the foot of the mulberries, on those beautiful silk stuffs of a thousand colours, the threads of which they attach from tree to tree, and weave, as they walk beneath the shade. Scotland, Saxony, Savoy, Switzerland, do not present the traveller with more scenes of quiet life, peace, and happiness, than are to be seen at the foot of Mount Lebanon, where we expect to find nothing but barbarians.

October 5.—I have found my wife and child in good health, and occupied in embellishing and adorning our winter abode. I have passed some days with them, before departing for Palestine and Egypt. Ibrahim Pacha has gained a decisive victory at Homs; he advances towards Caramania, and will pass the Taurus, driving the Turks before him. There is no longer any disquietude as to the tranquillity and safety of this country. I will travel with my mind at rest touching all that I hold most dear in life. Our new Beirout friends, Messieurs Bianco, Jorelle, Farren, Laurella, Abost, are to provide in my absence for all the casualties which may occur. I am about to organise definitively my caravan, and shall depart as soon as the first rains have lowered the temperature of thirty degrees, which still prevails on the Syrian coast.

JOURNEY FROM BEIROUT, THROUGH SYRIA AND PALESTINE, TO JERUSALEM.*

October 8: *three o'clock in the afternoon.*—We mounted on horseback, with eighteen horses in our train forming the caravan. We slept at a khan three hours' march from Beirout, on the same route as that

* [Palestine, or the Holy Land, forms only a portion of Syria. It consists of a stripe of land, lying betwixt the 31st and 36th degrees of north latitude, and having the Mediterranean Sea on the west and the river Jordan on the east. The land of Edom and Egypt are on the south. The length of the country is from two to three hundred miles, and its breadth about fifty. It will be observed that M. de Lamartine begins his journey at Beirout, in the northern quarter of the country, and proceeds southwards along the coast to Jerusalem, but making, when half way, an inland excursion to Nazareth and Lake of Galilee.]

already described on our visit to Lady Stanhope. On the following day, departed at three in the morning; at five, crossed the river Tamour, the ancient Tamyris; rose-laurels in flower on the banks. Followed the strand, on which the foam of the waves washed over the feet of our horses, as far as Saïde, the ancient Sidon, still a fine shadow of the destroyed town, of which even the very name is lost —no relic of its past grandeur. A circular jetty, formed of enormous rocks, surrounds a dock, choked with sand, and some fishermen, with their children wading in the water, push into the sea a boat without masts or sails, the sole maritime feature of this second queen of ocean. At Saïde, we dismount at the French khan, an immense palace for our ancient commerce in Syria, where our consuls united the natives of all countries under the standard of France. There is no longer any commerce, no longer any Frenchmen; there only remains at Saïde, in the vast deserted khan, an old and respectable agent of France, M. Giraudin, who has lived there for fifty years in the midst of his truly Oriental family, and who received us as a travelling countryman is always received, in a land where ancient hospitality is preserved in full integrity. We dined, and slept for some hours with this excellent family; hospitality is sweet thus accorded, unexpectedly and lavishly bestowed; water for washing offered by the sons of the house; the mother, and the wives of the sons, attending on their feet to the arrangements of the repast. At four o'clock, mounted on our horses, escorted by the sons and friends of the family of Giraudin; the exercise of the djerid performed by one of them seated on a superb Arab horse; two hours from Saïde, adieus and acknowledgments. Marched two hours more, and slept beneath our tents at a delightful fountain on the sea-coast named *El Kantara.* A gigantic tree overshadowed the whole caravan; a delicious garden descended to the very waves of the sea; an immense caravan of camels spread around us in the same field. Night under the tent; neighing of the horses, cries of the camels, smoke of the evening fires, transparent glimmer of the lamp through the streaked cloth of the tent. Thoughts of the tranquil life, of the fireside of home, of distant friends, come across the brow, whilst reposing uneasily, and in burning heat, upon the saddle, which serves for a pillow. In the morning, whilst the moukres and slaves bridle the horses, two or three Arabs draw up the stakes of the tent; they knock away the pole which supports it; it falls, and the wide expanding sails which covered a whole family of travellers slide and fall to the ground into a small heap of canvas, which a camel-driver puts under his arm, and hangs to the saddle of his mule. There simply remains upon the vacant spot where we were just now established, as if in a permanent abode, an abandoned fire, which is yet smoking, and quickly expires in the heat of the sun—a veritable, striking, and living image of life, frequently employed in the Bible, and which always has a powerful effect upon me whenever it is presented to my observation.

Departed from Kantara before daylight. Scaled some dry and

rocky eminences advancing into the sea as promontories. From the top of the last and highest of these hills we see Tyre, which appears at the termination of its long and sterile bank. Between the sea and the concluding heights of Lebanon, which here fall with a rapid descent, there stretches a plain about eight leagues long and one or two broad: the plain is naked, yellow, and covered with prickly shrubs, on which the camels of the caravan browse as they pass. A peninsula juts into the sea, separated from the continent by a causeway, covered with a glittering sand, brought by the winds of Egypt. Tyre, at present called Sour by the Arabs, is placed on the sharpest extremity of this promontory, and appears to rise from the waves themselves: at a distance you would call it a handsome, new, white, and lively town, looking on the sea; but it is only a beautiful shadow, which vanishes on drawing near. A few hundred crumbling and almost deserted houses, in which the Arabs collect at evening the large flocks of sheep and black goats, with long hanging ears, which defile before you in the plain—such is the Tyre of to-day! She has no longer a harbour in the seas, or a road on the land: the prophecies are long ago accomplished upon her.

We journeyed in silence, occupied in contemplating this wreck and dust of empire which we trampled on. We followed a path in the middle of the lands of Tyre, between the town and the gray naked hills which Lebanon throws to the edge of the plain. We came opposite the town, and reached a hillock of sand which seems at present to form its sole bulwark, whilst it is overwhelming it. I thought on the prophecies, and I tasked my memory for some of the eloquent menaces which the Divine Spirit spoke by Ezekiel. I found them not in words, but I found them in the deplorable reality which I had before my eyes. Some verses of my own, thrown off at hazard on leaving France for the East, alone occurred to my recollection.

> I have not heard the nations' cries ascend,
> And call responses from the cedars old,
> Nor seen high Lebanon's God-sent eagles bend
> Their flight on Tyre, emblems of wrath foretold.

I had before me the black Lebanon; but my imagination has deceived me, thought I to myself: I see neither the eagles nor the vultures, which ought, in order to fulfil the prophecies, to descend incessantly from the mountains to devour this corpse of a town reproved by God, and the enemy of his people. At the moment I was making this reflection, some large, strange, and motionless object appeared to our left on the top of a perpendicular rock which advanced into the plain, even to the route for caravans. It was like five statues of black stone, placed on the rock, as on a pedestal; but from some almost insensible movements in these colossal figures, we believed, as we approached, that they were five Bedouin Arabs, clad in their black goat-skins, who stood on this height to see us pass. At length, when we were only fifty steps from the rock, we saw one of these five objects expand his wide wings, and flap them against his

sides with a noise like that of a sail set to the wind. We distinguished them as five eagles, of the largest kind I had ever seen on the Alps, or chained in the menageries of our cities. They did not fly away, or bestir themselves as we drew near! Planted like kings of the desert on the edge of the rock, they looked down upon Tyre as their appanage, whither they were about to return. They seemed to possess it of right divine; instruments of a command which they enforced, of a prophetic vengeance which they were commissioned to accomplish towards man, and in spite of man. I could not tire myself with the contemplation of this prophecy in action, this miraculous verification of the Divine threats, of which chance rendered us the witnesses. Never had anything more supernatural struck thus vividly my sight and my spirit; and it required an effort of my reason not to behold, behind the five gigantic eagles, the lofty and terrible figure of the poet of vengeance, Ezekiel, rising above them, and pointing out to them with his eye and finger the city which God gave them to devour, whilst the storm of Divine anger shook his snowy streaming beard, and the fire of celestial wrath shot from his eyes. We stood when forty paces off; the eagles just turned their heads, and cast a disdainful look upon us; but at last two of our troop left the caravan, and rushed in a gallop, musket in hand, to the very foot of the rock: still they flew not. Some shots with ball caused them heavily to rise, but they returned, and hovered for a long time over our heads, without being reached by our balls, as if they had said to us, 'You can do nothing: we are the eagles of the Almighty!' I was then assured that poetic imagination had suggested to me the eagles of Tyre as less real, less beautiful, and less sublime, than they were in fact, and that there is in the *mens divinior* of poets, even of the most obscure, some portion of that divining and prophetic instinct which speaks the truth without knowing it.

We arrived at noon, after a march of seven hours, in the midst of the Tyrian plain, at a place called the Well of Solomon. All travellers have described them; they are three reservoirs of clear and running water, which springs, as by enchantment, from a flat, parched, and sandy soil two miles from Tyre. Each of these reservoirs is artificially elevated about twenty feet above the level of the plain, and is filled to the very brim, the water perpetually running over the sides, and by the current it forms giving motion to the wheels of mills. By aqueducts, half ancient half modern, the water is conveyed to Tyre, giving a fine effect to the landscape. It is said that Solomon caused these three wells to be constructed, as a recompense to Tyre and its king, Hiram, for the services which he had received from its marine and artists in the building of the temple. Hiram had conveyed the marbles and cedars of Lebanon.

These immense wells are each from sixty to eighty feet in circumference; their depth is unknown, and in one of them no bottom is found. No one has ever discovered by what mysterious channel the water of the mountains is drawn there. There is every reason to

believe, on examining them, that they are vast artesian wells, invented long before their re-invention by the moderns.

Departed at five o'clock from the Wells of Solomon; marched two hours in the plain of Tyre, and arrived at night at the foot of a high perpendicular mountain on the sea, which forms the Cape of Raz-el-Abiad. The moon was rising above the dark peak of Lebanon to our left, but not high enough to illumine its sides; she fell upon some prodigious blocks of white rock, on which her light glared like a flame on marble, leaving us in the shade: these rocks, far advanced into the sea, broke the sparkling foam, and showered it over us; the dull, periodical sound of the heavy wave against the cape was heard alone, and it shook at every stroke the narrow ridge on which we were toiling, suspended upon the edge of the precipice. At a distance the sea shone like an enormous sheet of silver, and here and there some lowering cape jutted into its bosom, or a deep cavern struck into the indented sides of the mountain: the plain of Tyre stretched behind us; it was yet distinguishable by its fringes of yellow glittering sand, which marked its outlines between sea and land. Tyre was seen throwing its shadow over the extremity of the promontory, and by a chance, doubtless unusual, a light was glimmering on its ruins, which at a distance might be taken for a beacon: but it was the beacon of solitude and desolation, guiding no vessel in her course, and appearing and drawing our eyes only to a glance of pity over its ruins. This route along the precipice, with all the varied, solemn, and sublime accompaniments of the night, the moon, and the yawning abysses, continued for about an hour—one of the hours the most strongly imprinted on my memory that God has permitted me to contemplate on earth! A sublime portal for to-morrow's entry into the land of miracles!—into that land of testimony, yet all-impressed with the traces of the old and new dispensations from God to man!

On descending from the heights of this cape, we had the same view which had struck us on scaling them; precipices equally lofty, sonorous, whitened with foam, and diversified with vast ledges of living rock, yawned beneath our feet and before our eyes; the sea broke with the same ringing echo which accompanied us the whole length of the stormy coast of Syria, as the ancient Hebrew poets call it; the moon, farther advanced in the firmament, lighted up more vividly this scene, at once tumultuous and solitary. The vast plain of Ptolemais stretched before us. It was nine o'clock, in an October evening; our horses, exhausted by a journey of thirteen hours, slowly dragged their feet over the sharp and shining rocks, which form the only roads in Syria, irregular stepping-stones on which we should not dare to risk any animal in Europe: we ourselves, overcome with weariness, and overawed with the grandeur of the spectacle and the imperishable recollections of the day, walked in silence on foot, holding our horses by the bridle, and casting our eyes sometimes upon that sea which we had to cross to behold again our own rivers and our own mountains, and sometimes on the black and lofty peak of Mount Carmel, which began to be delineated on the remotest skirts

of the horison. We arrived at a species of khan, that is to say, at a little house, half destroyed, where a poor Arab cultivates some figs and gourds in the clefts of the rocks, beside a fountain: the building was occupied by camel-drivers from Naplous, carrying corn into Syria for the army of Ibrahim. The fountain was tainted by the autumn heats. We nevertheless pitched our tents upon a soil covered with round loose stones; we made fast our horses to the stake, and we drank with moderation a few mouthfuls of the fresh water which remained in our jars from the Wells of Solomon. Between the plain of Tyre and the foot of the mountains water begins to get scarce; the fountains are from five to six hours' distance from each other; and often when you arrive, you only find in the bed of the spring a dry and heated trough, which bears the footmarks of the camels and goats which have last drunk at it.

On the 11th, we struck our tents by the light of a thousand stars which were reflected in the waves stretched at our feet. We descended for yet an hour the last declivities which form the Cape of Raz-el-Abiad, and we entered the plain of Acre, the ancient Ptolemais.

The recent siege of Acre by Ibrahim Pacha had reduced the town to a heap of ruins, under which ten or twelve thousand slain were buried, with myriads of camels. Ibrahim, being victorious, was eager to place his important conquest beyond the reach of fortune, and immediately began to rebuild the walls and houses of Acre. Every day, hundreds of dead bodies, half consumed, were dug out of the ruins; the putrid exhalations, the heaps of corpses, had corrupted the air of the whole plain. We passed as far as possible from the walls, and proceeded until mid-day, halting at the Arab village of the Waters of Acre, in an orchard of pomegranates, figs, and mulberries, close to the mills of the pacha. At five o'clock we resumed, to reach an encampment, in an olive wood, on the top of the first hills of Galilee.

On the 12th, we commenced our march with the first dawn of day; we cleared a hill planted with olives and holyoaks, scattered in groups, or, under the browsing teeth of goats and camels, decreased to briers. When we were on the other side of the hill, the Holy Land, the land of Canaan, appeared in all its extent before us. It was a grand, agreeable, and imposing prospect. It was not that naked, rocky, and sterile land, that hive of mean and scraggy mountains, which is pictured to us as the promised land on the credit of prejudiced writers, or of travellers hurried in their descriptions, who, of the immense and varied domains of the twelve tribes, have only perceived the rocky path which leads from Jaffa to Jerusalem. Deceived by them, I expected only what they described—namely, a confined country, void of plains, trees, and water; a land encumbered with white or gray hillocks, where the Arab robber conceals himself in the shade of ravines to despoil passengers. Such is perhaps the route from Jerusalem to Jaffa. But here was Judea, such as we behold it, the first day, from the heights which skirt the plain

of Ptolemais; such as we afterwards found it on the other side of the hills of Zabulon, beside Nazareth, and at the foot of the Mounts Hermon and Carmel: such as we traversed throughout its extent, and in all its variety, from the eminences which command Tyre and Sidon, as far as Lake Tiberias, and from Mount Tabor to the hills of Samaria and Naplous, and from there to the very walls of Sion. First before us was the plain of Zabulon; we were standing between two gently-rising undulations, scarcely fit to be designated as hills; the hollow between them diving before us formed the road we had to follow. This road was marked by the traces of camels who have trod its dust for four thousand years, and by the broad deep holes which their heavy feet, always falling on the same spot, have worn in the chalky and brittle rock, which continues invariably the same from the Tyrian cape to the first sands of the Lybian desert. To our right and to our left the round sides of the two hills were shaded every twenty steps by thickets of varied shrubs, which never lose their leaves; at a less distance, trees with knotty trunks, and strong interwoven branches, spread their motionless and sombre foliage. The greater part were holm-oaks of a particular species, the stem of which is thinner and straighter than the European oaks, and their velvety circular leaves are not notched like those of the common oak. The carob, the turpentine-tree, and, more rarely, the palm and sycamore, contributed to the clothing of these hills. I am not acquainted with the name of the other trees: some had the foliage of pines and cedars; others, and they were the most beautiful, resembled immense willows in the colour of their bark, the beauty of their foliage, and the delicate yellow tints of their leaves; but they far surpassed them in extent, growth, and elevation. The most numerous caravans can collect around their colossal trunks, and encamp with their camels and baggage beneath their shade. In the wide and frequent spaces which these different trees left naked on the sides of the hills, ridges of whitish, or oftener of bluish-gray rock, stood out from the soil, like the vigorous muscles of a strong-built human frame, which grow more prominent in advanced age, and seem as if they would pierce the skin which covers them; but between these ridges or blocks of rock, a black, light, and deep soil vegetated without intermission, and would have produced wheat, barley, and maize with the slightest husbandry, instead of forests of thorny brambles, wild pomegranates, Jericho roses, and prodigious thistles, the stems of which rose as high as the head of a camel. When you see one of these hills such as I have described, you have seen them all so far as form is concerned, and the imagination can picture their effect when they are met in descriptions of the scenery of the Holy Land. We journeyed then between two of these hills, and we began again a gentle descent, leaving the sea and the plain of Ptolemais behind us, when we perceived the first plain in the land of Canaan—it was the plain of Zabulon, the garden of the tribe of that name.

Before us, on both sides, the two hills which we had just traversed

separated in graceful and similar curves, like two exhausted waves, which gently sink and divide in unison before the prow of a vessel. The space which intervened between them, and which gradually enlarged, seemed like a creek, which the plain hollowed in the mountains; this creek, or gulf of level and fertile land, soon expanded into a larger valley; and where the two hills, which still skirted it, absolutely died away, the valley stretched, and was lost in an almost oval plain, the two sharp extremities of which sank under the shadow of two other rows of hills. This plain might be, at an eye's view, a league and a-half broad, and three or four leagues long. From the height on which we were placed, at the opening of the hills of Acre, our eyes fell naturally upon it, involuntarily followed its waving sinuosities, and penetrated the narrowest hollows which it scooped in the roots of the mountains which bounded it. On the left, the lofty, gilded, and indented tops of Lebanon cast their pyramidal forms on the dark blue of the morning sky; on the right, the hill on which we stood rose insensibly as it left us, and joining itself, as it were, to other hills, formed divers elevated groups, of which some were arid and fruitless, and others were covered with olives and figs, bearing on their summits a Turkish village, the white minaret of which contrasted strongly with the dark colonnade of cypresses, which almost everywhere envelops the Moslem mosque. In front of us, the horison which bounded the plain of Zabulon, stretching three or four leagues before us, formed a perspective of hills, mountains, and valleys—of sky, light, shade, and vapours—arranged in such a harmonious colouring and outline, cast in such happy composition, linked in such graceful proportions, and varied with effects so different, that I could not draw my eyes away; and finding nothing in my recollections of the Alps, of Italy, or of Greece, to which I could compare this magical blending, I exclaimed, 'It is a Poussin, or a Claude Lorrain!' Nothing, in fact, could equal the majestic sweetness of this prospect of Canaan but the pencil of the two painters to whom the divine genius of nature has revealed her beauties. We shall only find this concourse of the grand and the soft, the energetic and the graceful, the picturesque and the rich, in the imaginary landscapes of these two great men, or in the inimitable country which we had before us, and which the hand of the great and Supreme Master had himself designed and coloured for the habitation of a pastoral and innocent people. At the foot of the mountains, about half a league in the plain, an eminence, entirely detached from the surrounding hills, rose from the ground like a natural pedestal, intended by nature to bear a fortified town. Its sides rose almost perpendicularly from the level of the plain to the very summit of this mountain-altar; they resembled exactly the ramparts of a fortification, traced and erected by the hands of men. The summit itself, instead of being uneven and round, like the tops of all the other hills and mountains, was levelled and flat, as if on purpose to bear something with which it should be crowned, when the people came for whose abode it was destined.

In all the charming plains of the land of Canaan, I have since again seen these same eminences in the form of quadrangular or oblong altars, evidently intended to protect the primitive dwellings of a timid and weak nation; and their destination is so well portrayed in their isolated and strange form, that their extent alone prevents our deceiving ourselves, and believing that they have been raised by the people as the sites of towns. But could so small a nation have ever elevated so many citadels of land, so enormous, that the armies of Xerxes could not have heaped up one of them? To whatever belief credit may be attached, we must be blind not to see a special and providential, or, if you will, a natural destination in these fortresses, reared at the openings and the terminations of almost all the plains of Galilee and Judea. Behind this eminence, on which the imagination may reconstruct, without difficulty, an ancient town, with its walls, bastions, and towers, the hills began to mount gradually from the plain, bearing in black and gray spots on their sides clusters of olives and holm-oaks. Between these hills and the more lofty and frowning mountains of which they formed the bases, and which towered majestically above them, doubtless some torrent foamed, or the waters of some deep lake evaporated in the first heats of the morning sun, for a white and bluish vapour hung over the vacant space, and gently hid, as if to make it vanish, the higher range of mountains behind this transparent curtain, through which the rays of the sun streamed. Farther, and higher still, a third chain of mountains, enveloped in a perfect gloom, rose in circular and unequal peaks, and gave to the whole of this delightful landscape that aspect of majesty, energy, and sublimity, which should be always found in everything that is beautiful, either as an element or a contrast. From point to point this third chain was broken, and permitted to the horison and the vision an extension over a vast space of pale silvery sky, sprinkled with clouds lightly touched with vermilion: and behind this magnificent amphitheatre, two or three ridges of the distant Lebanon came out like advanced promontories upon the arch of heaven; and the first to catch the luminous darts of the early rays of the sun above them appeared so transparent, that we believed we could see the light of the firmament they hid from us trembling through them. Add to this spectacle the serene expanse of the heavens, and the pureness of the light, and the force of the shades which characterise an Asiatic atmosphere; scatter in the plain a ruined khan, long rows of reddish cows, of white camels, of black goats, going with slow steps to seek the scarce but limpid and refreshing water; figure to yourself a few Arab horsemen, mounted on their light coursers, and scouring along the plain, glittering in their silvered arms and scarlet clothing, and groups of women, from the neighbouring villages, clad in their long sky-blue tunics, a broad white sash, with the ends trailing on the ground, and a blue turban, ornamented with little fillets of Venetian sequins—add here and there on the hill-sides Turkish and Arab hamlets, with walls of the colour of rock, and houses without

roofs, confounded with the rocks of the hill itself; clouds of azure smoke rising from interval to interval between the olive and cypress-trees which surround these villages; stones scooped like troughs (the tombs of the patriarchs), heads of granite columns, and sculptured capitals, scattered around the fountains beneath your horse's feet—conceive all this, and you will have the most exact and faithful idea of the delicious plain of Zabulon, of that of Nazareth, and of that of Sephora, and of Tabor. Such a land, repeopled with a young and Jewish nation, cultivated and watered by intelligent industry, fructified by a tropical sun, producing spontaneously all the plants necessary or agreeable to man, from the sugar-cane and the banana to the vine and the grain of temperate climates, to the cedar and pine of the Alps—such a land, say I, would still be that of promise at the present day, if Providence should restore to it a race of people, and a condition of repose and liberty.

From the plain of Zabulon we passed over gently-rising hills, more sandy than the first, to the village of Sephora, the Sephora of the Scriptures, the ancient Diocesana of the Romans, the largest town in Palestine, after Jerusalem, in the time of Herod Agrippa. A great number of blocks of stone, cut for tombs, marked for us the route to the top of the eminence on which Sephora was placed; at the concluding height was an isolated column of granite, yet standing, and pointing out the site of a temple; beautifully-sculptured capitals lay on the ground at the foot of the column, and immense pieces of carved stone, raised for some great Roman monuments, were thick around, and served as boundaries to the fields of the Arabs, as far as a mile from Sephora, where we stopped to halt during the middle of the day. A fountain of excellent and inexhaustible water flows there for the inhabitants of two or three valleys; it is surrounded by orchards of fig and pomegranate-trees, and we seated ourselves beneath their shade, and waited more than an hour before we could water our caravan, so great was the concourse of cows and camels which the pastoral Arabs brought there from all parts of the valley; countless strings of black goats, and of cows, stirred up the plain and the hills which rise towards Nazareth. I lay down, wrapped up in my mantle, under the shade of a fig-tree, a short distance from the fountain, and contemplated for a long time this scene of ancient days. Our horses were standing thickly about us, their feet shackled, their Turkish saddles on their backs, their heads lowered, and seeking the shade of their own drooping manes; our arms, sabres, muskets, pistols, were suspended above our heads, on the branches of the pomegranates and figs. Some Bedouin Arabs, covered with a single piece of stuff with black and white stripes, were seated in a circle not far from us, and eyeing us with the aspect of plunderers. The women of Sephora, clothed exactly like the wives of Abraham and Isaac, with a blue tunic, bound at the middle of the body, and the swelling folds of another white tunic falling gracefully over the blue one, bore upon their blue-turbaned heads empty pitchers, lying on their sides, or carried them full and

straight up, supporting them with their hands like the cariatides of the Acropolis. Some girls, in the same costume, were washing at the fountain, and laughing as they scrutinised us. Others clad in richer garments, and their heads covered with fillets of piastres or golden sequins, were dancing under a large pomegranate-tree at some distance from the fountain and from us; their gentle and slow dance was nothing but a monotonous round, accompanied from time to time by some artless but not ungraceful steps. Woman has been created graceful; manners and costumes cannot alter in her that charm of beauty and of love which everywhere hangs upon and displays her. These Arab women were not veiled, like all those whom we had hitherto seen in the East, and their features, though slightly tattooed, had a delicacy and regularity which distinguished them from the Turkish race. They continued dancing and singing all the time of our halt, and did not appear offended at the curiosity we evinced towards their movements, songs, and costumes. We were told that they were collected there, expecting the marriage-presents which a young Arab was gone to buy at Nazareth for one of the daughters of Sephora, his bride. In fact, we met the presents on the road the same day; they consisted of a sieve to sift the flour, and separate it from the bran, a piece of cotton cloth, and a piece of richer stuff, to make a robe for the bride.

This day commenced in me new and entirely different impressions from those with which my journey had hitherto inspired me. I had journeyed with my eyes, thought, and understanding: I had never journeyed with the soul and the heart as on reaching the land of prodigies, the land of Jehovah, and of Christ!—the land, all the designations of which had been thousands of times lisped by my childish lips, all the ideas of which had first given colour to my young and tender imagination; the land from which had flowed to me, at a later date, the lessons and consolations of a religion the second soul to our own. I felt within me as if something till now cold and dead was warmed and reanimated; I felt what we all feel on recognising, amongst a thousand unknown strange faces, the countenance of a beloved mother, sister, or wife!—what we feel on leaving the street to enter a temple—a feeling of meditation, of mildness, of internal joy, of tenderness, and of consolation, which we have nowhere else. The temple was, for me, this country of the Bible and the Gospel, into which I had just put my steps. I prayed to God in silence, in the secrecy of thought; I gave thanks to Him for having granted that I should live long enough to cast my eyes upon the sanctuary of the Holy Land; and from this day, during all the rest of my journey in Judea, Galilee, and Palestine, the material poetic impressions which I received from the appearances and the names of places, were mingled with a more lively sentiment of veneration and love, and also of remembrance. My journey frequently became a prayer; and the two enthusiastic emotions the most natural to my mind, that for nature, and that for its Author, were roused within me almost every morning as fresh and vivid as if so many scorching and wither-

ing years had not dried and exhausted them in my bosom. I felt that I was again a man, when appearing before the shadow of the God of my youth! On visiting the places consecrated by one of those mysterious events which have changed the face of the earth, we experience something similar to what is felt by the traveller who ascends the course of a vast river, like the Nile or the Ganges, to discover and contemplate it at its hidden and unknown source; it seemed to me also, as I scaled the last hills which separated me from Nazareth, that I was going to ponder, at its mysterious source, on that great and fruitful religion which, two thousand years ago, worked its bed in the universe, and has refreshed so many mortal generations with its pure and life-bestowing waters! There was the source, in the hollow of that rock which I ground beneath my feet; that hill, the last steps of which I was clearing, had borne on its sides the Saviour, the Life, the Light, and the Hope of the world; it was there, at some steps from me, that the human model had taken birth amongst men, to draw them, by his word and example, from the ocean of error and corruption in which the human race was immersed. If I considered the matter as a philosopher, it was the starting-point of the greatest event which has ever agitated the moral and political world—an event, the influence of which alone imparts any remnant of movement and of vitality to the intellectual world. It was there that the most exalted, the most just, the most wise, and the most virtuous of all men, had arisen from obscurity, misery, and ignorance; there was his cradle, there the theatre of his actions and affecting sermons! From there he had issued forth yet young, with some obscure and ignorant men, upon whom he had engrafted the confidence of his genius, and the courage of his mission, to proceed with foreknowledge to denounce an order of ideas and things not strong enough to resist him, but strong enough to procure his death! From there, said I, he went forth with confidence to vanquish death, and the universal empire of posterity! From there had flowed Christianity, an obscure spring, a drop of water invisible in the hollow of the rock of Nazareth, with which two passengers could not have slaked their thirst, which a ray of the sun could have drained, and which at present, like the great ocean of spirits, has filled up all the abysses of human wisdom, and bathed, with its inexhaustible waters, the past, the present, and the future! If, therefore, I had been incredulous as to the divinity of this occurrence, still would my mind have been powerfully overawed on drawing nigh to its first stage, and I should have laid bare my head, and bowed my face, before the concealed and disposing Power which had made such things spring from so weak and imperceptible a commencement.

But considering the mystery of Christianity with the faith of a Christian, it was there, beneath that point of the blue heavens, at the bottom of that narrow and dark vale, and where that little hill threw its shadow, whose antique rocks seemed yet all broken up from the start of joy they suffered when giving birth to and sustain-

ing the infant Jesus, or from the rent of grief that tore them when the dead Jesus was borne to the tomb—there was the fatal and sacred spot on the globe which God had chosen from all eternity for the descent on earth of his truth, his justice, and his love incarnate, in a God in Man. There it was that the divine breath had fallen at its own hour on a poor hut, the abode of humble industry, simplicity, and misfortune—that it had animated in the breast of an innocent and spotless virgin what was gentle, tender, and compassionate as herself, patient, suffering, and afflicted as a mortal, powerful, supernatural, wise, and prevailing as a God. It was there that God, in the garb of human nature, had endured our ignorance and weakness, our labours and miseries, during the obscure years of His unknown life, and that He had in some degree tasted existence, and inured Himself to the world, before enlightening it by His word, healing it by His prodigies, and regenerating it by His death; it was there the sky had opened, and had darted to the earth His spirit made flesh, His conquering Word, to consume till the end of time iniquity and error, to try our virtues and our vices as in the fire of the crucible, and to kindle before the only and holy God the incense which shall never be exhausted—the incense of the renewed altar, the frankincense of universal charity and truth.

Whilst I made these reflections, with my eyes cast down, and my brain loaded with a thousand other thoughts yet more overpowering, I perceived at my feet, at the end of the valley, fashioned like a basin or lake of land, the white houses of Nazareth, gracefully grouped on the sides and at the bottom of the hollow. The Greek church, the high minaret of the Turkish mosque, and the extensive broad walls of the convent of the Latin fathers, were first perceived. Streets, formed by smaller buildings of an elegant and Oriental style, extended round these larger edifices, and were animated with the bustle and movements of life. All around the valley or basin of Nazareth, groups of high prickly nopals, of fig-trees shorn of their autumnal leaves, and of pomegranates in gentle foliage, and of a delicate saffron green, were scattered here and there, giving freshness and grace to the landscape, like flowers of the field encircling a village altar. God alone knows what was then passing in my heart; but by a spontaneous, and, so to express it, an involuntary movement, I cast myself at my horse's feet, on my knees, in the dust, upon one of the blue crumbling rocks of the precipitous path we were descending. I remained in that posture some minutes absorbed in a silent contemplation, in which all the ideas of my sceptic and Christian life rushed so confusedly into my head, that it was impossible for me to discriminate them. These words only escaped my lips, 'And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.' I uttered them with the sublime, deep, and grateful sentiment which they embody; and this spot inspires them so naturally, that I was struck, on arriving in the evening at the sanctuary of the Latin church, to find them printed in letters of gold on the marble table of the subterranean altar in the house of Mary and Joseph.

Then bowing my head reverentially to the ground which had produced the Christ, I kissed it in silence, and moistened with tears of repentance, love, and hope, that soil which has seen so many shed, and which has dried up so many, praying it might inspire me with some small portion of truth and charity.

We arrived at the convent of the Latin fathers of Nazareth as the last faint light of evening was yet lingering on the high yellow walls of the church and the monastery.* A broad iron gate opened for us, and our horses entered, their iron hoofs sliding and clattering on the glossy and sonorous flag-stones of the outer court of the convent. The gate was closed behind us, and we descended from our horses before the very door of the church where formerly stood the humble habitation of that mother who lent her breasts to the Immortal Visitor, who gave her milk to a God. The superior and the guardian father were both absent. Some Neapolitan and Spanish brothers, who were occupied in winnowing the wheat of the monastery under the gateway, received us rather coldly, and conducted us to an immense corridor, out of which the cells of the monks and the chambers destined for strangers opened. We there waited for a long time the arrival of the incumbent of Nazareth, who loaded us with politeness, and caused a room and a bed to be prepared for each of us. Oppressed by the journey, and the feelings of the day, we cast ourselves on our beds, adjourning until the morrow our inspection of the consecrated places, being unwilling to injure the entirety of our impressions by a glance cast in haste upon the holy spots, in the precincts of which we already reposed. I arose several times during the night to lift up my soul and my voice to God, who had chosen in this place Him who was to bear His word to the universe.

In the morning an Italian father came to conduct us to the church and the underground sanctuary, which was anciently the house of the Holy Virgin and Saint Joseph. The church is a broad and lofty nave, with three elevations. The highest is occupied by the choir of the fathers of the Holy Land, which communicates with the convent by a door from behind; the lower is occupied by the faithful, and communicates with the choir and the great altar by a handsome staircase, with a double flight of steps, and gilded rails. From this part of the church, and beneath the great altar, a few steps conduct to a small chapel and a marble altar, lighted with lamps of silver, and erected at the very spot where tradition asserts the annunciation to have taken place. This altar is raised under the half-natural and half-artificial arch of a rock, against which the holy house doubtless leaned. Behind this first arch two darker subterranean recesses served, as it is said, as a kitchen and cellar for the holy family.* These traditions, more or less accurate, more or

* [How the site of the house of Joseph and Mary should now be below the level of the ground, is not explained by any authority which we have examined. Mr Robinson mentions that the vault contains two granite columns; one, which is partially destroyed, being intended to record the spot where Mary was sitting when the

less altered by the pious necessities of popular credulity, or by the desire, natural to all those monks who possess so precious a relic, to augment its interest by multiplying its details, have perhaps added some well-meant inventions to the powerful recollections of the place; but there is no doubt that the convent, and especially the church, were primitively constructed on the very site occupied by the house of the Divine Inheritor of heaven and earth. When His name was spread abroad like the light of a rising sun, a short while after His death, whilst His mother and disciples still lived, it is quite certain that they must have transmitted from one to another the attachment and sorrow with which the absence of the Divine Master had inspired them, and have often themselves gone and conducted the new Christians to those places in which they had seen Him live, speak, act, and die, whom they then adored. No mere human piety could preserve the tradition of a place dear to its remembrance, as faithfully as has done the piety of the faithful and the martyrs. We can trust for the exactitude of the principal positions of the redemption to the fervour of a young faith, and to the vigilance of an immortal creed. We fell on our knees upon these stones, beneath this arch, the witnesses of the most incomprehensible mystery of the divine charity for man, and we prayed. The enthusiasm of prayer is likewise a mystery between man and God—like modesty, it casts a veil over the thoughts, and hides from men what is meant only for heaven.

We also visited the spacious and commodious convent, an edifice similar to all the convents of France or of Italy, and where the Latin fathers exercise as freely, and with as much security and publicity, the ceremonies of their religion, as they could do in a street of Rome, the capital of Christianity. The Mohammedans have been on this point very much calumniated. Religious tolerance, I will say more, religious respect, are profoundly impressed on their manners. They are so religious themselves, and regard with so jealous an eye freedom in their own religious exercises, that the creed of other men is the last thing upon which they permit themselves to make any attack. They have sometimes a sort of horror for a religion the symbol of which is offensive to their own; but they entertain contempt and hatred only for the man who prays to the Almighty in no language; him they cannot comprehend, so much is the palpable conception of God ever present to their minds, and in constant occupation of their souls.

Fifteen or twenty Spanish and Italian fathers live in this convent, occupied in singing the praises of the Child-God, and the glories of His mother, in the temple where they lived poor and unknown.

angel Gabriel saluted her as the mother of the Messiah; the other, where the angel stood when he delivered the annunciation. The house of Joseph and Mary, which stood on this spot, is represented to have been carried miraculously by angels in 1291 to Dalmatia, and thence in 1294 to near Recanati in Italy, and finally, in 1295, to Loretto, in the same country, where it is preserved with extraordinary care, and is an object of veneration to pilgrims. It is usually called the *Santa Casa*, or Holy House, of Loretto. Imitations of it have been made at different places.]

One of them, whom they call the Incumbent of Nazareth, is specially charged with the wants of the Christian community in the town, which contains seven or eight hundred Catholics, two thousand schismatic Greeks, some Maronites, and only a thousand Mohammedans. The fathers conducted us in the course of the day to the Maronite churches, to the ancient synagogue where the young Jesus went to instruct himself in the law which he was one day to purify, and into the workshop in which Saint Joseph exercised his humble trade of a carpenter. We remarked with surprise and pleasure the proofs of deference and regard which the inhabitants of Nazareth, even the Turks, everywhere evinced for the fathers of the Holy Land. A bishop in the streets of a Catholic town could not be more honoured, or more affectionately respected, than the religious persons here. Persecution is much less visited on the priest in the manners of the East than in those of Europe; and if he desires martyrdom, it is not here that he should come and seek it.

October 14.—We started at four o'clock in the morning for Mount Tabor, the assigned scene of the transfiguration, but with great improbability, as at that epoch the summit of Tabor was crowned by a Roman citadel. The isolated position, and the height of this beautiful mountain, which rises like a verdant knoll from the plain of Esdraelon, caused it to be selected, in the time of Saint Jerome, as the scene of that sacred event. A chapel has been erected on the top, to which the pilgrims resort to hear the holy sacrifice; no priests reside there, but they are supplied from Nazareth. When arrived at the foot of Tabor—a superb cone of perfect regularity, clothed on all sides with vegetation and hollyoaks—the guide misled us. I sat down alone under an oak, close to the spot at which Raphael, in his picture, places the disciples dazzled with the glare from above, and I waited until the monk celebrated mass. It was announced to us from the height by the firing of a pistol, so that we might kneel down upon the natural steps of that gigantic altar before Him who made it, and who stretched the shining arch of heaven over it.

At noon, we departed for Jordan and the Sea of Galilee—traversed, in an hour, the low and umbrageous hills which bear the roots of Tabor—entered upon a vast plain eight leagues long, and at least as many broad. A khan in ruins was in the midst, of the architecture of the middle ages. Passed some villages of poor Arabs who cultivate the plain: each village has a well at some distance, and fig-trees and pomegranates planted not far from it. This is the only trace of comfort. The houses cannot be distinguished until you are close to them. They are huts six or eight feet high, a sort of mud cubes, with chopped straw forming a roof in the shape of a terrace. These terraces serve as courts: there is placed all their furniture—a rug and a mat. The women and children are almost always on them: the women are not veiled; their lips are dyed blue, the circle of their eyelashes is stained the same colour, and a slight tattooing is painted around their lips and on their cheeks. They are clad in a single blue chemise, tied with a white band around the loins. They

all have an appearance of misery and distress. The men are covered with a mantle without a seam, of a thick stuff woven in black and white streaks in a shapeless guise, and the legs, arms, and neck are bare. After journeying for a course of six hours through this yellow and rocky, though fertile plain, we perceive the land all at once sink before us, and we discover the immense valley of the Jordan, and the first azure glimmerings of the beautiful lake of Genesareth, or of the Sea of Galilee, as the ancients and Evangelists call it. It soon opens entirely to our eyes, surrounded on all sides, except on the south, by an amphitheatre of lofty, gray, and black mountains. At its southern extremity this amphitheatre contracts, and leaves an opening through which flows the river of the prophets, and the river of the Gospel—the Jordan!

The Jordan winds, as it issues from the lake, gliding into the low and marshy plain of Esdraelon, about fifty paces from the lake; it passes under the ruined arches of a bridge of Roman architecture, foaming a little, and making its first murmur heard. We directed our steps towards it by a rapid and rocky descent. We were eager to salute its waters, hallowed in the recollections of two religions. In a few minutes we are on its banks; we jump from our horses, and bathe our heads, feet, and hands in its stream, fresh, tepid, and blue, as the waters of the Rhone where it leaves the lake of Geneva. The Jordan at this point, which must be nearly the middle of its course, would not be worthy of the name of a river in a country of larger extent; but it, however, far exceeds the Eurotas and Cephisus, and all those rivers whose fabulous or historical names are early echoed in our memory, and are conceived in a likeness of magnitude, rapidity, and abundance, which the view of reality destroys. The Jordan even here is more than a torrent, although at the end of a rainless autumn it gently flows in a bed about a hundred feet broad, as a stream of water two or three feet deep, so clear, limpid, and transparent, that the pebbles in its bed can be told; and of that ravishing colour which returns the full depth of tint of an Asiatic sky—more blue even than the sky, like a picture more beautiful than the reality, like a mirror which embellishes what it reflects. Twenty or thirty paces from its waters, the strand, which it leaves at present dry, is scattered with loose stones, rushes, and tufts of laurel-roses yet in flower. This strand is five or six feet below the level of the plain, and marks the dimensions of the river in the ordinary seasons of fulness. These dimensions, in my opinion, must be a depth of eight or ten feet, and a breadth of a hundred or a hundred and twenty. It is narrower both above and below in the plain, but there it is more confined and deep, the spot at which we contemplated it being one of the four fords which the river has in its course. I drank, in the hollow of my hand, of the water of Jordan, of the water which so many divine poets had drunk before me, of that water which flowed over the innocent head of the voluntary Victim! I found it perfectly fresh, of an agreeable taste, and of great clearness. The custom which we contract in Eastern journeys of

drinking nothing but water, and of drinking it repeatedly, renders the palate an excellent judge of the qualities of a new stream. The water of the Jordan failed in only one quality—coolness. It was warm, and though my lips and hands were inflamed by a march of eleven hours without shade, under a scorching sun, my lips and forehead experienced a sensation of heat on touching the water of this river.

Like all the travellers who come through so many fatigues, routes, and dangers, to visit in its abandonment this once royal stream, I filled several bottles with its waters to carry to friends less fortunate than myself, and I crammed the barrels of my pistols with the pebbles which I gathered on its shores. Might I not thus bear with me the holy and prophetic inspiration with which of old it invested the bards of its sacred precincts, and especially a small portion of that sanctity, and of that purity of spirit and heart, it contracted doubtless when laving the purest and holiest of the children of men! I then mounted on horseback, and went round some of those ruined piles which bore the bridge or aqueduct of which I spoke above. I saw nothing but the inferior masonry of all the Roman constructions of that period—neither marble, sculpture, nor inscription; no arch was yet subsisting, but ten pillars were standing, and we distinguished the foundations of four or five others, with a space of about ten feet for each arch; which agrees pretty well with the breadth of 120 feet, which, at an eye's view, I believed the Jordan would have.

But what I say here of the dimensions of the Jordan is only intended to satisfy the curiosity of persons who are anxious to have just and exact measures of the very creations of their thoughts, and not to lend arms to the enemies or champions of the Christian faith —arms despicable on both sides. What matters it whether the Jordan be a torrent or a river?—whether Judea be a heap of barren rocks or a delicious garden?—whether this mountain be but a hill, and this kingdom but a province? The men who rage and fight upon such questions, are as insane as those who think they upset a creed of two thousand years when they laboriously strive to give the lie to the Bible, and an objection to the prophecies! Would one not believe, on seeing these grand combats on a word ill understood or wrongly interpreted by both sides, that religions are geometrical problems, which are proved by figures or destroyed by an argument, and that generations of believers or infidels are quite ready to await the end of the discussion, and immediately to pass over to the side of the best logician, and of the most erudite and ingenious antiquary? Profitless disputes, which neither pervert nor convert! Religions are not proved, are not demonstrated, are not established, are not overthrown, by logic! They are, of all the mysteries of nature and the human mind, the most mysterious and the most inexplicable; they are of instinct, and not of reason! Like the winds which blow from the east, and from the west, of which no one knows the cause, or the point of departure, they blow God alone knows whence, God alone knows wherefore, God alone knows for how many ages, and

over what countries of the globe! They are, because they are; they are not taken up, or laid down at will, on the word of such or such a tongue; they are parcel of the heart, even more than of the understanding of men. Who is the man who will say, I am a Christian because there is such a decisive answer in such a book, or such an insurmountable objection in such another? Every sensible man who is asked to give an account of his faith, will answer, 'I am a Christian because the fibres of my heart are Christian, because my mother has made me suck a Christian breast, because the sympathies of my soul and my mind are for that doctrine, because I live on the air of my own time, and do not attempt to foresee what will feed posterity.'

We saw two villages suspended upon the steep banks of Lake Genesareth, the one at a quarter of an hour's march in front of us on the other side of the Jordan, the other at some hundreds of fathoms on our left, and on the same side of the river. We did not know by what race of Arabs these villages were peopled, and we had been warned to be on our guard, and be prepared for surprises on the part of the Arabs of Jordan, who seldom permit their river and plains to be traversed with impunity. We were well mounted, well armed, and the rapid unexpected conquest of Syria by Mohamet-Ali had struck all the Arabs with such a sensation of fear and astonishment, that the moment was well chosen to attempt bold excursions on their territory. They were ignorant who we were, why we marched with so much confidence amongst them; and they might naturally suppose we were closely followed by forces superior to those they could bring against us. Fear for the morrow, apprehensions of a prompt vengeance, were thus the safeguards of our journey. In this belief, I went and audaciously fixed my camp in the very midst of the Arab village of which I spoke last. I do not know its name; it is built, if one can so speak of houses mere shapeless blocks of stone and mud, on the extremity of the elevated shore which commands the Sea of Galilee. Whilst our Arabs fixed the tents, I descended alone the precipitous ridge which led to the lake; its waters bubbled upon the sides, and bordered them with a fringe of light foam, which vanished and reappeared at each return of its short and quick waves, like the rolling of a quiet and deep sea dying away on the sands of some narrow gulf. I had scarcely time to bathe in its waters, the theatre of so many actions in the grand moral and modern poem, the Gospel, and to collect for my European friends some handfuls of its shells. Already the sun had sunk behind the high, black, volcanic peaks of the heights of Tiberias, and some Arabs, who had seen me descend alone, and who were loitering on the shore, might be tempted by the occasion. With my musket in my hand, I advanced straight up to them; they looked at me, and saluted me, putting their hands on their hearts; and I returned to the tents. We stretched ourselves on our mats, overcome with lassitude, but our hands on our arms, to be ready at the first alarm. Nothing broke the silence and slumber of that beautiful night, in

which we were lulled by the soft and pleasing noise of the waves of the sea of Jesus Christ against its banks, by the wind which blew in harmonious gusts upon the tightened cords of our tents, and by the pious sentiments and sacred recollections which each of those sounds induced within us. In the morning, when we left our tents at sunrise, to go and bathe again in the lake, we only saw the female Arabs combing their long black hair on the terraces of their huts, a few shepherds, occupied in milking for us the cows and she-goats, and the naked children of the village, who were playing familiarly with our horses and dogs. The cock crowed, the infant cried, the mother rocked or suckled, as in a peaceable hamlet of France or Switzerland. We congratulated ourselves on having adventured an expedition into a part of Galilee so feared and so little known, and we did not doubt that the same pacific reception would await us still farther on, if we should wish to advance into Arabia. We possessed every capability for traversing in security Samaria, and the country of Naplous, the ancient Sychem, through M. Cottafago, who is all-powerful in that district, and who offered to procure our announcement by his numerous Arab friends, and our convoy by his brother. Personal apprehensions compelled me to forego this route, and to retake that of Nazareth and Mount Carmel, where I hoped to find expresses and letters from Beirout.

However, we got on horseback, to skirt as far as the termination of the Sea of Tiberias the sacred limits of the beautiful Lake of Genesareth. The caravan moved in silence from the village in which we had slept, and marched upon the western shore of the lake, at some paces from its waters, on a strand of sand and shells, sprinkled here and there with tufts of laurel-roses, and plants with a slender indented leaf, which bore a flower similar to the lilac. On our left, a chain of perpendicular hills, black, naked, hollowed with deep ravines, and speckled from space to space with immense loose and volcanic stones, stretched the whole length of the shore which we were proceeding to coast, and advancing as a dark and barren promontory almost to the middle of the lake, hid from us the town of Tiberias, and the bottom of the lake, in the direction of Lebanon. None amongst us raised his voice; all our thoughts were inward, concentrated, and profound, so intensely spoke the sacred remembrances in the breast of each of us. As to myself, never did any place on earth address itself so powerfully and deliciously to my heart. I have always rejoiced to pass over the actual scene of spots inhabited by men whom I have known, admired, loved, or revered, amongst the living as well as the dead. The land that an illustrious man has frequented and preferred during his sojourn on earth, has always appeared to me the surest and the most significant relic of himself—a sort of material manifestation of his genius, a tacit revelation of a portion of his soul, a living and palpable commentary on his life, actions, and thoughts. When young, I have passed many solitary and contemplative hours, seated beneath the olive-trees which shade the garden of Horace, in sight of the glittering cascades of the

Tiber; I have often seated myself in the evening, listening to the noise of the beautiful sea of Naples, below the spreading branches of the vine-trees, near the spot where Virgil wished his ashes to repose, because it was the loveliest and sweetest spot on which his eyes had ever rested. How often, at a later period, have I consumed mornings and evenings, stretched at the foot of the beautiful chestnut-trees, in the little vale of Charmettes, where the memory of Jean Jacques Rousseau drew me and retained me by the sympathy of his feelings, his reveries, his misfortunes, and his genius! The same of several other authors or great men, whose names or writings have powerfully affected me. I have wished to study and know them in the places which had given them birth, or inspired them; and almost invariably an intelligent eye will discover a secret and profound analogy between the great man and his country, between the landscape and the author, between nature and the genius who was nursed and inspired by it. But it was not a great man or a great poet whose favourite abode here below I was visiting—it was the Man of men, the Divine Man—nature, genius, and virtue made flesh; the Incarnate Divinity—whose steps upon the very shores he pressed the most, upon the very waves which supported him, upon the hills where he seated himself, upon the stones on which he reposed his head—I had come to adore! He had, with his mortal eyes, looked upon this sea, these waves, hills, and rocks; or rather this sea, these hills and rocks, had beheld him. He had trod a hundred times this road on which I was reverentially stepping; his feet had raised the very dust which sprang from under mine. During the three years of his divine mission, he went and came numberless times from Nazareth to Tiberias, and from Jerusalem to Tiberias; he moved in the barks of the fishers on the Sea of Galilee; he calmed its tempests; he stood upon the waves whilst stretching out his hand to the apostle of little faith like myself—the celestial hand of which I had greater need than he, in the more terrible tempests of opinions and thoughts!

The grand and mysterious scene of the Gospel passed almost entirely upon this lake, and the borders of this lake, and upon the mountains which surround and look upon it. There is Emmaüs, where he chose, at hazard, his disciples amongst the lowliest of men, to testify that the power of his doctrine is in the doctrine itself, and not in its insufficient organs. There is Tiberias, where he appeared to St Peter, and founded in three words the eternal hierarchy of his church. There is Capernaum; there is the mountain where he delivered the sublime Sermon of the Mount; there is the one where he pronounced the new rewards according to God; there, that on which he exclaimed '*Misereor super turbam*'*—('I have compassion on the multitude')—and multiplied the loaves and fishes, as his word brings forth and multiplies life. Behold the gulf of the miraculous drawing of fishes; in fine, behold the whole Gospel, with its affecting parables,

* 'I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me three days, and have nothing to eat.'—*Mark*, ch. vii. verse 2.

and its tender and delightful images, which appeared to us such as they appeared to the auditors of the Divine Master, when he showed them with his finger the lamb, the sheepfold, the good shepherd, the lily of the valley! In a word, behold the country which Christ preferred on this earth, that which he selected to witness the first scenes of his mysterious drama; where, during his obscure life of thirty years, he had his parents and his friends according to the flesh; where that nature, of which he possessed the key, seemed to him the fullest of charm; and those mountains where he saw, as we did, the sun rise and set, which was to measure his mortal days with such rapidity. There it was he came to be at rest, to meditate, to pray, and to exercise his love for man and God!

SYRIA.—GALILEE.

October 13, 1832.—The Sea of Galilee, about a league broad at the southern extremity where we had come upon it, expands at first insensibly up to the height of Emmaüs, the termination of the promontory which hid from us the town of Tiberias, and thence the mountains which confine it all at once recede into large gulfs on both sides, and form it into a vast basin almost round, in which its waters stretch over a bed of about twelve or fifteen leagues in circumference.* This basin is not quite regular in its form, the mountains do not everywhere descend to the sea; sometimes they retire to some distance from the shore, and leave between them and the waves a small flat plain, fertile and verdant as the plains of Genesareth; sometimes they part asunder, and open to admit the blue waters into the gulfs, scooped at their feet, and darkened with their shadows. The hand of the most skilful painter could not depict outlines more graceful, more indistinct, and more varied, than those that the creating Hand has given to these waters and mountains; it seems to have prepared the evangelical scene for the work of grace, of peace, of reconciliation, and of love, which was destined at one time to be there accomplished! To the east, the mountains, from the tops of Gilboa, which we have a glimpse of on the south, as far as the summits of Lebanon, which show themselves on the north, form a close but undulating and bending chain, the sombre peaks of which seem ready from time to time to fall away, and are broken here and there to let a glimpse of sky be caught. These mountains

* [The Sea of Galilee, Lake of Genesareth, or Lake of Tiberias, is a sheet of water of about fifteen or sixteen miles in length, and six to eight in breadth. It is fed at the north end by the river Jordan; a river with the same name issues from its southern extremity, and continues in a tolerably even course to the Dead Sea. The country around, which is bare and rocky, abounds in spots mentioned in Scripture. Among others is Capernaum, which is at the northern end of the lake; but—'of Capernaum no traces remain, not even, so far as I could ascertain by repeated inquiries, the memory of its name.'—*Lord Lindsay's Letters on the Holy Land.*]

are not surmounted at their heights with those sharp fangs, those rocks filed by the tempests, which offer their gloomy points to the lightning and the winds, and always impart to the aspect of elevated chains something of the old, the terrible, and the ruined, which saddens the heart whilst exciting the imagination. They fall gently away into knolls, more or less broad, more or less steep, some covered with scattered oaks, others with green thorns; some again lined with bare but fertile soil, on which the traces of a varied culture are yet perceptible, and others on which the morning or evening rays are alone seen to glisten, enriching them with a bright yellow, or with a blue and violet tint, more lustrous than the pencil could portray. Their sides, although they give no passage to any real valley, do not compose an always even rampart; they are hollowed at intervals into deep and wide ravines, as if the mountains had cracked beneath their own weight; and the natural accidents of light and shade make of these ravines luminous, or more often obscure spots, which attract the eye, and interrupt the uniformity of the outlines and the tints. Lower, they sink down, and throw out here and there into the lake, hills, or small round mountains, presenting a soft and agreeable transition between their peaks and the waters in which they are reflected. Scarcely at any point towards the east does the rock pierce the vegetable bed with which it is richly covered; and this Arcadia of Judea thus always joins to the majesty and imposing effect of a mountainous country, the image of the diversified fertility and abundance of the earth. If the dews of Hermon still fell on its bosom! At the end of the lake, towards the north, this chain of mountains sinks as it recedes: we distinguish from a distance a plain, which dies away in the waters, and at the termination of this plain a white mass of foam, which seems to rush from a height into the sea. It is the Jordan, which is precipitated from there into the lake, which it passes through without mingling with its waters, and issues from it at the place I have described, tranquil, silent, and pure.

The whole of this northern extremity of the Sea of Galilee is bordered with a slope of fields which appear under cultivation; we perceived the brown stubble of the last harvest, and large fields of rushes, which the Arabs cultivate wherever they find a spring to water the roots. On the western side, I have described the chains of volcanic hills, which we followed from the dawn of day. They continue, without intermission, as far as Tiberias. Avalanches of black stones, cast up from the mouths, still half-opened, of a hundred extinguished volcanic cones, are constantly falling down the harsh ridges of this sombre and dismal chain. Our route was only varied by the uncouth form and strange colours of the high masses of hardened lava which were scattered thick around us, and by the remains of walls, and gates of destroyed towns, and of columns extended on the earth, which our horses jumped over at every step. The shores of the Sea of Galilee on this side of Judea are but a single town, if the expression may be used. The multiplied ruins

before us, the number of the towns, and the magnificence of construction which their mutilated fragments bespeak, recall to my memory the route which runs along the foot of Mount Vesuvius from Castellamare to Portici. As there, the banks of Lake Genesareth appear to bear towns, instead of harvests and woods. After two hours' march, we arrived at the extremity of a promontory which juts into the lake, and the town of Tiberias appeared all at once before us, the living and dazzling apparition of a town of two thousand years. It covers the side of a black and naked hill, which sinks rapidly towards the lake. It is surrounded with a high square wall, flanked with fifteen or twenty embattled towers. The points of two white minarets are alone visible above the walls and towers, and all the rest of the town seems hid from the Arabs under the shadow of these lofty defences, and to present to the eye nothing but the flat unbending arch of its gray roofs, bearing a resemblance to the carved shell of a tortoise.

We halted at the Turkish mineral bath of Emmaüs, an isolated cupola, surrounded by superb remains of Roman or Hebrew baths. We established ourselves in the very saloon of the bath—a basin filled with running water, at a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit. We took a bath, and slept an hour. Again mounted our horses. A tempest was on the lake, which I desired extremely to witness. The water was green as the leaves of the rushes which surround it—the foam livid and dazzling—the waves of goodly height, and following close. A terrible noise from the billows falling on the volcanic pebbles which they disturb, but no vessels in peril or in sight. There is not one on the lake. Entered Tiberias in the midst of a storm and flood of rain from the south. Took refuge in the Latin church. Caused a lighted fire to be brought into the middle of the deserted church, the first temple of Christianity.

The interior of Tiberias does not fulfil the expectation created by the distant view. It is a confused and dirty assemblage of some hundreds of houses similar to the mud and straw cabins of the Arabs. We were saluted in Italian and German by several Polish or German Jews, who, towards the end of their days, when they have nothing more to expect than the uncertain hour of dissolution, come to pass their last moments at Tiberias, on the banks of their sea, in the very heart of their country, so as to die beneath their sun, and be buried in their land like Abraham and Jacob. To sleep in the bed of one's fathers—it is evidence of the inextinguishable love of country—it is the sympathy and affinity between man and the dust of which he is formed, from which he has sprung. This is undeniable. It is well, it is happy for him to bear to its place that little dust which has been lent him for a few days. Let me also sleep, oh my God, in the land and near the ashes of my fathers!

Nine hours' marching without repose brought us back to Nazareth by way of Cana, the scene of Christ's first miracle; a pretty Turkish village, gracefully inclining down the two sides of a hollow of fertile land, enclosed by hills covered with nopals, oaks, and olives—around

it pomegranates, palm, and fig-trees—women and flocks standing about the troughs of the fountain. The house of the apostle Saint Bartholomew is in the village. At its side, the house in which the miracle of the water changed into wine took place: it is in ruins, and without a roof. The religious brethren still show the jars which contained the wine of the prodigy—monkish romances, which everywhere disfigure the simple and fruitful groundwork of religious traditions.

After having rested and slaked our thirst at the fountain of Cana, we resumed our route towards Nazareth by the light of the moon. We passed over some well-cultivated plains, and afterwards a series of wooded hills, which rise as they draw near to Nazareth. After three hours and a-half's march, we arrived at the gate of the Latin convent, and were once more lodged at Nazareth. On awaking in the morning, I was astonished at hearing a voice which saluted me in Italian; it was that of an old French vice-consul at St Jean d'Acre, M. Cottafago, a well-known and very important personage in all Syria, where his title of European agent, his friendship with Abdallah, pacha of Acre, his commerce and wealth, have rendered him celebrated and powerful. He is yet Austrian consul at Acre. His costume was in accordance with his double character of Arab and European. He was dressed in a red pelisse, edged with ermine, and wore an immense three-cornered hat, the distinctive symbol of the French agents in the East. This hat dates from the time of the Egyptian war; it is a remnant religiously preserved of some general of brigade of Bonaparte. It is only placed on the head on official occasions, in audiences of the pacha, or when a European journies through the country. It is imagined that in it he will again behold his household gods. M. Cottafago was an old man, of understature, with the intellectual, firm, and piercing physiognomy of the Arabs; his eyes, full of fire, softened by benevolence and politeness, lighted up his countenance with a ray of superior intelligence. At the first glance we can conceive the ascendancy which such a man must have over the Arabs and Turks, who are in general deficient in that principle of activity which sparkles in the looks, and is portrayed in the movements and gestures, of M. Cottafago. He held in his hand a packet of letters for me, which he had just received from the coast of Syria by a courier of Ibrahim Pacha, and a file of French newspapers which he had sent for himself. He had conceived, with reason, that a French traveller would experience both pleasure and surprise thus to find in the middle of the desert, and a thousand miles from his country, news fresh from Europe. I read the letters, which gave me some uneasiness touching the health of Julia. M. Cottafago left me, after inviting me to breakfast in a pavilion which he had built at Nazareth, and where he passed alone the broiling days of summer; and I opened the journals. My name was the first which struck me. It was in a number of the *Journal des Debats*, in which were cited some verses that I had addressed, on leaving France, to Walter Scott. I fell upon these, the mournful

and anxious tone of which suited the scene so perfectly, to which hazard had conducted me—the scene of the greatest revolutions of the human mind—the scene where the Spirit of God had so powerfully stirred up mankind, and on which the renovating creed of Christianity had taken its cast on earth, whilst a creed, also the offspring of Christianity, was exciting the other shore of those seas whence my accents were echoed back.*

Spectator, wearied out with life's great play,
Thou leav'st us in a rough and troublous way;
Prophet or bard the nations have no more,
To charm and head their march as heretofore;
Kings find the trembling throne a seat unsure,
Chiefs rule a day, kingdoms a month endure;
Human opinion's strong, impetuous roll—
The fiery equinox that whelms the soul—
Permitteth none, not even in hope, to stand
Firm on the lofty summit of command:
But sets the strong, by turns, upon the crown,
Strikes them with giddiness, and hurls them down.
In vain the world invokes a help and stay—
The potent time compels us 'neath its sway;
A child may curb the sea when it is bland,
But weak are all men when the time is grand.
Lo! tribunes, chiefs, kings, citizens each one—
God lays the hand on all, and chooseth none!
And the resistless, fiery meteor, Power,
Falls on our heads to judge us, and devour.
'Tis done—the word has o'er the deep been hurled,
And Chaos broods above a second world;
And for poor mankind, of the sceptre reft,
No more in one, but all, is safety left.
In the vast heavings of a new-formed main,
The oscillations sky and ship sustain—
By the huge waves that o'er us break and gape—
We feel that man now rounds a dangerous cape,
And passes through, with gloom and thunder by,
The stormy tropic of a new humanity.

I read these verses again, as if they had been another's, so completely had they been effaced from my memory. I was struck afresh with that sentiment which had at another moment inspired them—with that sentiment of the universal tottering of things, of the general vertigo and infatuation of the human mind, which rushes with too much rapidity to take account of even its own progress, but which has the instinct of a new unknown consummation, to which God conducts it through the rough and precipitous ways of social catastrophes. I admired that marvellous power of locomotion given to human thought by the press and by journalism, by which a train of reflection which had crossed my brow six months before, in a wood of Saint Point, came to me again as a daughter seeking her father,

* [This sentence may perhaps appear somewhat obscure, but it is clear the pious author means by the last creed, which he calls an idea, the Jewish faith, the revelation of the same Deity.]

and struck upon the ancient echoes of the rocks of Nazareth, in the sounds of a new but already universal language.*

October 20.—Breakfasted in the pavilion of M. Cottafago with one of his brothers and some Arabs. Went over again the environs of Nazareth; visited the stone in the mountains where Jesus went, according to tradition, to take his repasts with his first disciples. M. Cottafago gave me letters for Acre and the Mutzelim of Jerusalem.

On the 21st, at six in the morning, we leave Nazareth. All the Spanish and Italian fathers of the convent, collected in the court, press round our horses; and whilst some put up vows and prayers for our safe journey, others offer us fresh provisions, excellent bread baked during the night, olives, and Spanish chocolate. I gave 500 piastres to the superior to repay his hospitality. This is no impediment to some of the young priests whispering, in low tones, their requests in my ear, and receiving in secret a few handfuls of piastres to buy tobacco, and other trifling monastic comforts, which beguile their solitude. Travellers have given a romantic and false representation of these convents of the Holy Land. Nothing is less poetic or less religious, when inspected narrowly. Their conception is beautiful and grand. Men tear themselves from the delights of western civilisation to put their existence in jeopardy, or to lead a life of privations and martyrdom amongst the persecutors of their faith, on the very spots where the mysteries of their religion have consecrated the earth. They fast, they watch, they pray, in the midst of the blasphemies of the Turks and Arabs, in order that a little Christian incense shall still burn on each piece of ground where Christianity was born. They are the guardians of the sacred cradle and sepulchre; the angel of judgment shall find them alone at these places, like the holy women who watched and wept near the empty tomb. All this is beautiful and sublime in thought; but in actual fact these ideas must vanish. There is no persecution, no martyrdom; all around these retreats there is a Christian population, ready for the service and orders of the monks of the convents. The Turks annoy them in no respect whatever; on the contrary, they protect them. They are the most tolerant people on the earth, and understand better than others religion and prayer, in whatever language, and under whatever form they are expressed. Atheism alone they detest, as they esteem it, with reason, a degradation of the human intellect, an insult to humanity much more than to the undoubted Being, God. These convents, besides, are under the respected and inviolable protection of the Christian powers represented by their consuls. On a complaint of the superior, the consul writes to the pacha, and justice is done on the very instant. The monks whom I have seen in the Holy Land, far from presenting to me the image

* [M. de Lamartine of course means here the French language, which is very aptly described as a universal language in Europe: but a tongue for which M. de Lamartine has probably very little respect—namely, the English—has much greater claims to the appellation in the other three quarters of the globe, Asia, Africa, and America.]

of the long martyrdom with which they had been credited, appeared to me the most happy, respected, and feared of the inhabitants of these countries. They inhabit a sort of strong castles, similar to those of our own middle ages. Their residences are inviolable, surrounded with walls, and closed with gates of iron. These gates are only opened for the Catholic population of the neighbourhood, which comes to assist at the offices, to receive a little pious instruction, and to pay, in respect and devotedness to the monks, the dues of the altar. I never went out accompanied by one of the fathers into the streets of a Syrian town, but the children and women came and bowed themselves under the hand of the priest, and kissed his hand and the bottom of his robe. The Turks even, very far from insulting them, seem to partake the respect which they everywhere command as they move along.

Now who are these monks? In general, Spanish and Italian peasants, who have entered young into the convents of their country, and growing tired of the monastic life, are anxious to diversify it by the aspect of new countries, and seek to be sent to the Holy Land. Their residence in the house of their order established in the East does not in general continue for more than two or three years. A vessel comes to take them back, and brings others in their place. Those who learn Arabic, and devote themselves to the service of the Catholic population of the towns, stay longer, and often pass there the whole of their lives. They follow the occupations and life of our country parsons, but they are encircled with more veneration and attachment. Others remain shut up within the precincts of the convent, or pass from one house to another, in order to complete their pilgrimage, sometimes to Nazareth, or to Bethlehem, a short time at Rome, some time at Jaffa, or at the convent of St John in the desert. They have no other employment than the offices of the church, and the promenade in the gardens or on the terraces of the convent. No books, no studies, no useful function. They are devoured by listlessness; cabals are formed in the interior of the convent; the Spaniards decry the Italians, and the Italians the Spaniards. We were not much edified at the relations the monks of Nazareth gave of each other. We did not find a single individual amongst them who could sustain the slightest rational conversation, even on subjects which their vocation should have rendered familiar to them. No knowledge of sacred antiquity, of the fathers, or of the history of the places they resided in. The whole is reduced to a certain number of popular and ridiculous traditions, which they transmit amongst themselves without examination, and which they deliver to travellers as they have received them from the ignorance and credulity of the Christian Arabs of the country. They all sigh for the moment of their deliverance, and return to Italy or Spain without any advantage to themselves or to religion. On other points, the granaries of the convent are well filled; the cellars are stocked with the best wines this earth can produce. They do it all themselves. Every two years a ship arrives from Spain, bearing to

the superior father the revenue that the Catholic powers, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, send them. This sum, increased by the pious alms of the Christians of Egypt, Greece, Constantinople, and Syria, furnishes them, it is said, with an income of 300,000 or 400,000 francs [from £12,500 to £16,200 sterling per annum]. This is divided amongst the different convents, according to the number of the monks and the wants of each community. The edifices are well supported, and everything indicates comfort, and even relative luxury, in the houses which I have visited. I have never witnessed any scandal in the monks' abodes in the Holy Land. Ignorance, idleness, and listlessness, are the three plagues which they should and could eradicate.

These men appeared to me simple, and sincerely, though fanatically credulous. Some even at Nazareth seemed to me veritable saints, animated with the most ardent faith and most active charity; humble, mild, patient, voluntary servants of their brothers and of strangers. I bear their countenances of peace and simplicity in my memory, and their hospitality in my heart. I know also their names; but what imports it to them that their names traverse the earth, provided that Heaven knows them; and their virtues remain buried in the shade of the cloister, beneath which it is their pleasure to conceal them.

Same date.—On leaving Nazareth, we pass along the side of a mountain covered with fig-trees and nopals. On the left, a green and shady valley opens, and a pretty country-house, recalling our European villas, is placed alone on one of the slopes of this valley. It belongs to an Arab merchant of Acre. Europeans run no danger in the environs of Nazareth—a population almost wholly Christian is at their service. In two hours we reach a series of small vales, gracefully winding between hills that are clothed with beautiful woods of holm-oaks. These woods divide the plain of Caypha from the land of Nazareth and the desert of Mount Tabor. Mount Carmel, an elevated chain of mountains, which commences at the course of the Jordan, and ends perpendicularly above the sea, begins to show itself on our left. Its dark green ridge contrasts with the sky of deep blue, in which heated vapours are floating, like the light smoke which issues from the mouth of an oven. Its sides are dressed in a vigorous and hardy vegetation. There is everywhere thick brushwood, surmounted here and there by the projecting heads of oaks. Gray rocks, cut by nature into strange and colossal forms, at intervals pierce this verdant layer, and throw back the dazzling rays of the sun. Such is the aspect we have on our left far as the eye can reach; at our feet, the valleys which we follow sink in gentle slopes, and begin to open on the beautiful plain of Caypha. We scale the last detached hills which separate us from it, and we lose sight of it only to immediately regain it. These detached hills between Palestine and the coast of Syria have at once the most agreeable and the most solemn positions that we have contemplated. Here and there, in the forests of oaks abandoned to nature, are extensive

glades, covered with a sward as velvety as our western meadows; in the rear, the peak of Tabor rises into the fiery sky, like a majestic altar crowned with green garlands; beyond, the blue tops of the mountains of Jelboe and the hills of Samaria oscillate in the indistinct horison. Mount Carmel throws its large and heavy shadow on one side of the scene, and the eye following it, falls on the sea which terminates the whole, as the sky in the finest landscapes. How many sites have I not selected in my mind to erect a house, an agricultural fortress, and to found there a colony, with some friends from Europe, and a few hundreds of those youths disinherited from all future prospects in our too-thickly-peopled countries! The beauty of the places, the serenity of the sky, the prodigious fertility of the soil, the variety of the tropical products for which the earth can be tasked, the facility of procuring labour at a low price, the proximity of two immense, fruitful, watered, and unappropriated plains, the nearness of the sea for the exportation of produce, the security which might be easily obtained against the Arabs of Jordan by raising slight fortifications at the passes of these hills—all has made me select this part of Syria for the agricultural and civilising enterprise on which I have since resolved.

Same date, evening.—We have been surprised by a storm in the middle of the day. I have seldom seen anything so terrible. The clouds rose like towers perpendicularly above Mount Carmel; they speedily enveloped the long peak of that chain of mountains; and the mountain itself, lately so serene and brilliant, was by degrees immersed in dark rolling billows, split at intervals by streaks of fire. In a few moments the whole horison dropped and contracted upon us. The thunder gave no claps; it was one continued, awful, and deafening roll, like the roar of the waves on a beach during a violent tempest. The lightning gushed like actual torrents of fire from the sky on the black sides of Carmel; the oaks on the mountain, and those on the hills beside us, bent like reeds. The wind, which rushed from the gorges and caverns, would have overthrown us, if we had not quitted our horses, and found some degree of shelter behind a rock in the dry bed of a torrent. The dried leaves, lifted up by the storm, flew over our heads like clouds, and the branches of trees fell thickly around us. I remembered the Bible, and the prodigies of Elias, the exterminating prophet, on his mountain; his grotto was not far distant.

The tempest was over in half an hour. We drank the water of its rains, collected in the felt coverings of our horses. We reposed a few moments nearly half way from Nazareth to Caypha, and we then resumed our route, skirting the foot of Mount Carmel, which we had on our left, with a vast plain and a river on our right. Carmel, which we thus followed for nearly four hours, presented to us everywhere the same severe and solemn aspect. It is a gigantic, and almost perpendicular wall, entirely covered with brushwood and odoriferous herbs. On no part is the rock bare; some blocks, detached from the mountain, have rolled into the plain. They are

as citadels, given by nature to serve for foundation and shelter to the villages of the Arab husbandmen. We fell in with only one of these villages two hours or thereabouts before perceiving the town of Caypha. The houses are low, without windows, and covered with a terracing, which protects them from rain. On the top the Arabs erect a second flat of green, supported by trunks of trees, where they dwell during the summer. These terraces were filled with men and women, who looked at us passing, and yelled out imprecations on us. The appearance of this people is ferocious; not one of them, however, durst descend from his height to insult us at closer quarters.

At seven o'clock we drew near to Caypha, the white domes, minarets, and walls of which present, as do all the towns of the East, a brilliant and gay appearance at a certain distance. Caypha is seated at the foot of Carmel, on a bank of white sand on the shores of the sea. This town forms the extremity of an arc, the other extremity of which is St Jean d'Acre. A gulf two leagues wide separates them. This gulf has one of the most delightful shores that the eye of a mariner can fall upon. Acre, with its fortifications breached by the cannon of Ibrahim Pacha, and of Napoleon, with its handsome but battered mosque, and its dome pierced to the day, with the sails which enter and leave its port, draws the eye to a scene which is one of the most important and distinguished in the annals of war. At the bottom of the gulf, a vast cultivated plain stretches, Mount Carmel throwing its huge shadow over it. Then Caypha, like a twin-sister of Acre, lies on the other side of the gulf, advancing into the sea, with its slender mole, at which some Arab brigs are moored; above Caypha is a forest of large olive-trees, and yet higher, a road cut in the rock leading to the summit of the peak. Two vast edifices crown the mountain; the one a pleasure-house of Abdallah, pacha of Acre; the other the convent of the monks of Carmel, recently erected by the alms of Christianity, and surmounted by a large tri-coloured flag, announcing to us the asylum and protection of Frenchmen: a little lower than the convent are immense caverns, hollowed in the granite of the mountain, which are the famous grottos of the prophets. Such is the landscape which struck us on entering the dusty and narrow streets of Caypha. The inhabitants looked in astonishment and alarm on our long caravan defiling. We knew no one, nor had we a restingplace or hospitality to claim. Chance threw in our way a young Piedmontese, who performed the functions of vice-consul at Caypha since the taking and destruction of Acre. M. Bianco, Sardinian consul in Syria, had written to him on our behalf, and had requested him to receive us if we should pass through Caypha. He saluted us, informed himself of our names, and conducted us to the gate of the small ruined house in which he lived with his mother and two young sisters. We left our horses and Arabs to encamp on the seashore near the town, and we entered the abode of M. Malagamba—such was the name of this young and amiable vice-consul, the only

European who remains upon the desolate field of battle since the complete ruin of Acre by the Egyptians.

A small court and wooden staircase lead to a little terrace, covered with palm-leaves; behind this terrace, two bare rooms, surrounded only by a divan, the sole indispensable furniture of rich and poor in all the East; a few flower-pots on the terrace; an aviary of pretty gray doves, tended by the sisters of M. Malagamba; shelves round the walls, on which are arranged, in order, cups, pipes, liquor-glasses, silver perfume pans, and wooden crucifixes, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, made at Bethlehem—such is the entire furniture of this poor habitation, in which a forsaken family represents, for an allowance of 1000 piastres [about £12, 10s. sterling], one of our European powers.

Madame Malagamba, the mother, received us with the ceremonies usual in the country. She presented us with perfumes and scented water, and we were scarcely seated on the divan, wiping the perspiration from our brows, than her daughters, two heavenly apparitions, issued from the adjoining room, and presented to us orange water and sweetmeats on plates of Chinese porcelain. The empire of beauty over our souls is such, that although parched with thirst, and exhausted by a twelve-hours' march, we should have sat gazing in mute contemplation at the two young girls, without carrying the glasses to our lips, if their mother had not by her intreaties urged us to accept what her daughters offered us. The whole East was there, such as I had dreamed it in my young days, when the thought was filled with enchanted ideas of its features and its poets! One of the young girls was but a child; she was simply the graceful accompaniment of her sister, as an image reflected by another. After having attended to all the calls of the most simple, but nevertheless the most poetic hospitality, the young girls came and seated themselves by the side of their mother on the divan opposite to us. This is the picture which I wish I could portray in words, to preserve it in my notes as I see it in my mind; but we have a capacity for feeling beauty in all its shades, in all its delicacies, in all its mysteries, and we have but one vague and abstract word to tell what beauty is. In this consists the triumph of painting: it presents at one touch, it preserves for ages that ravishing impression of a female visage, of which the poet can only say, '*She is beautiful;*' and we must believe him on his word—but his word does not paint.

The young girl, then, was seated on the carpet, her legs folded under her, her elbow resting on her mother's knees, her face a little thrown back, now lifting her blue eyes to express to her mother her artless wonder at our appearance and words, now casting them on us in a graceful scrutiny, then sinking them involuntarily, and concealing them beneath her long, silken, and jet-black eyelashes, whilst a virgin blush suffused her cheek, or an ill-suppressed gentle smile played on her lips. Our singular costume was new to her, and the strangeness of our manners caused in her an always-recurring astonishment; her mother in vain made signs to her not to

testify her surprise, for fear of giving us offence; the simplicity and ingenuousness of her impressions depicted them, in spite of her, on an artless face of sixteen, and her mind was displayed in each expression of her features with such a grace and such clearness, that her thoughts could be detected beneath her pure skin before she was herself conscious of them. The play of the sun's rays, glancing through foliage upon limpid water, is less varying and less transparent than her countenance. We could not draw our eyes from it, and were sufficiently recruited by the contemplation of that face, which none of us will ever forget.

Mademoiselle Malagamba has that sort of beauty that can be found only in the East: the shape moulded as it is in the Greek statues; the soul revealed in the glance, as it is in the races of the south; and the artlessness in expression, as it exists only amongst primitive tribes. When these three conditions of beauty meet in one female face, and harmoniously blend on features in the first blossom of youth; when the pensive and straying thought brightens, with a soft but lustrous moisture, eyes through which the workings of the heart are read, for innocence has nothing to veil; when the delicacy of the form, the virgin symmetry of the outlines, the elegance and flexibility of the shape, reveal to the eye that voluptuous sensibility of being born to love, and so mingle soul and sense, that we know not, as we gaze, whether we feel or but admire—then is beauty perfect, and we experience at its aspect that complete satisfaction of the senses and the heart, that harmony of gratifications which is not what we call love, but which is the love of the intellect, of the artist, of genius for a perfect work. We say to ourselves—here it is good; and we cannot tear ourselves from that place on which we had just before seated ourselves with indifference, so much is the beautiful the light of the understanding and the invincible allurement of the heart!

Her Oriental costume added yet more to the charms of her person; her long flaxen hair, slightly yellowed, was plaited on her head in a multitude of tresses, which fell down on both sides over her naked shoulders; a confused collection of pearls, of golden sequins, of white and scarlet flowers, was scattered on her locks, as if a handful had been taken from a casket, and thrown at hazard on her head, leaving the shower of jewels and flowers to settle as it might. All was suitable; nothing can disfigure a girl of fifteen. Her bosom was uncovered, according to the custom of the Arabian females; a tunic of muslin, embroidered with silver flowers, was tied with a shawl round her waist; her arms were passed through hanging sleeves open to the elbow, from a vest of green cloth, the skirts of which hung loosely over the person; wide pantaloons with a thousand folds completed this costume; whilst her ankles were encircled with two bracelets of carved silver. One of these anklets was ornamented with small silver bells, from which every movement of her feet drew a noise. No poet has ever described so ravishing a vision. The Haidee of Lord Byron in Don Juan has something of

Mademoiselle Malagamba, but she is far removed from that perfection of grace, innocence, soft bashfulness, voluptuous languor, and dazzling serenity, which are mingled in her yet infantine features. I engrave it on my memory to paint it hereafter, as the type of pure beauty and love, in the poem where I shall consecrate my impressions.

It would have been a beautiful subject for a picture, if we had had a painter in our party, this travelling scene! Our Turkish costumes, rich and picturesque; our arms of all sorts scattered on the floor around us; our hounds couched at our feet; those three female forms sitting cross-legged on an Aleppo carpet in front of us; their attitudes full of simplicity, novelty, and carelessness; the expression of their countenances whilst I related to them my travels, or we drew a comparison between our European usages and the species of hospitality which they tendered us; the pans of perfume burning in a corner, scenting the air of evening; the antique form of the vases in which they handed us sherbet and aromatic drinks—all this in the midst of a dilapidated chamber, open towards the sea, and into which the branches of a palm-tree growing in the court thrust themselves through the wide openings without panes. I regret that I do not convey this scene to my friends as I bear it in my own mind.

Madame Malagamba, the mother, is a Greek, born in the Isle of Cyprus; she there married, when fourteen years old, M. Malagamba, a rich Frank merchant, who was at the same time consul at Larnaca. Losses and revolutions carried off M. Malagamba's fortune; he came to Acre in search of a petty post of consular agent, and there died, leaving his wife and four children in the most absolute privation. His son, a young man, remarkable for his honesty and intelligence, was employed by some consuls, and at length obtained the situation of consular agent for Sardinia at Caypha. It is with the slender emoluments of this precarious employment that he maintains his mother and his sisters. The eldest sister of Mademoiselle Malagamba, equally beautiful as she whom we have so much admired, it was stated to us, had inspired such a passion in one of the young monks of the convent of Caypha, who had enjoyed opportunities of seeing her from the terrace of the convent, that he had flown to an English ship, had embraced the Protestant faith, to enable him to demand her in marriage, and had attempted, under different disguises, all means to carry her off. It was believed that at this period he was still concealed in some town on the coast of Syria, in order to put his project in execution; but the Turkish authorities guarded the safety of the family; and if the monks, who exercise over the brethren the most arbitrary and unrelenting sway, should discover the fugitive, he would expatiate in perpetual captivity the insane love this fatal beauty has lighted in his heart. We did not see this sister.

The night was falling, and it became necessary at last to tear ourselves from the enchantment of this reception, and to proceed in

search of an asylum at the convent of Mount Carmel. M. Malagamba had gone to notify to the fathers the numerous guests who were approaching. We arose, and were compelled, in obedience to the usages of the country, to permit Madame and Mademoiselle Malagamba to put their lips to our hands; and we again got on our horses.

Mount Carmel begins to rise at a few minutes' march from Caypha. We ascended it by a pretty fair road, cut in the rock, on the very edge of the hill: every step that we made discovered to us a new horison upon the sea, upon the hills of Palestine, and upon the shores of Idumœa. Half-way up we met one of the fathers of Carmel, who during forty years has inhabited a little house which serves as a sort of hospital for the poor in the town of Caypha, and who mounts and descends the mountain twice in the day, in order to pray with his brothers. The mild expression of serenity of mind and gaiety of heart which shone in his features struck us. These marks of peaceable and invariable happiness are never perceived but in men of rude and simple life, and of kind-hearted dispositions. The ladder of happiness is one of descent: it is more abundant in the humble situations of life than in elevated stations. God gives to some in internal felicity what he grants to others in splendour, renown, and fortune. I have on repeated occasions seen proof of this. Enter a saloon, seek out the man whose countenance expresses the most of inward content, and ask his name: it is one unknown and neglected by the world. Providence reveals itself everywhere.

At the gate of the beautiful monastery—which rises at present, all newly built, and of dazzling whiteness, upon the most pointed summit of the peak of Carmel—two fathers awaited our coming. They were the sole inhabitants of this vast and magnificent retreat of cœnobites. We were welcomed by them as countrymen and friends. They placed at our disposal three cells, each provided with a bed—a rare piece of furniture in the East—a chair, and a table. Our Arabs took up their quarters with the horses in the large inner courts of the monastery. We were served with a supper of fresh fish, and vegetables grown amongst the rocks of the mountain. We passed a delightful evening after so many fatigues, seated on the wide balconies which command the sea and the caverns of the prophets. A calm moonshine glittered on the waves, the murmur and freshening scent of which reached us at our elevation. We determined on passing the following day in this asylum, to rest our horses, and refit our stock of provisions. We were about to enter a new country, where we should find neither town nor village, and very seldom springs of sweet water. We had the prospect of five days in the desert.

October 22.—A day of rest, passed at the monastery of Mount Carmel, or in going over the scenes of the mountain and the grottos of Elias and the prophets. The principal of these grottos, evidently cut out of the hardest rock by the hand of man, is a

chamber of prodigious height; the only view from it is over the boundless sea, and the only noise that is heard comes from the breakers continually dashing against the ledges of the promontory. Tradition recounts that this was the school in which Elias taught the knowledge of the mysteries and of sacred poesy. The place was admirably chosen; and the voice of the aged prophet, the instructor of an innumerable generation of prophets, must have had a majestic echo in the hollow bosom of the mountain, which he illustrated by so many prodigies, and to which he has left his name! The history of Elias is one of the most marvellous relations of sacred antiquity; he is the giant of the sacred bards. Recalling his life, and his terrible vengeance, it seems as if this man had the thunder of the Lord for a soul, and that the element on which he was borne to heaven was the one in which he was brought forth. It forms a fine lyric or epic feature in the poem of the ancient mysteries of Judaic civilisation. On the whole, the era of the prophets, considering it historically, is one of the least intelligible in the existence of this fugitive race. We discern, however, especially in the epoch of Elias, the intent of that singular organisation of the body of prophets. It was evidently a saintly and lettered class, always in opposition to the kings; sacred tribunes of the people, exciting or calming them by songs, parables, or denunciations; raising factions in Israel, as eloquence and the press inflame them amongst us; combating with each other, sometimes with the sword of the tongue, at others with stonings and weapons; exterminating each other from the face of the earth, as we see Elias destroying them by hundreds; then yielding in their turn, and giving place to other leaders of the people. Never has poetry, properly so called, played so grand a part in the political drama, or in the destinies of civilisation. Reason or passion, as they were false or true prophets, spoke by their mouths only in the energetic and harmonious language of images. They were not orators, as at Athens or Rome; an orator is too much a mortal!—theirs were hymns and lamentations: the poet is divine! What an ardent, impassioned, and wild imagination does it not suppose in a people under such dominion of the poetic word!—and must we not be astonished that, independently of the high religious import these effusions bear, they should be so perfect, so inimitable a monument of genius and elegance? The rewards of poets then were society itself: their inspiration submitted the people to them; they drew them, at their pleasure, to crime or heroism; they made kings tremble, or cast cinders on their heads; or, awakening patriotism in the hearts of their countrymen, they made them triumph over their enemies, or recalled to them, in exile and slavery, the hills of Sion, and the freedom of the children of God. I am surprised that amongst all the great dramas that modern poetry has drawn from the history of the Jews, it has never yet conceived the marvellous action of the prophets. It is a beautiful song of œcumenical history.

Same date.—I am returned from a solitary walk over the odo-

riferous slopes of Carmel. I was seated under an arbutus, a little above the perpendicular path which reaches to the top of the mountain, and finishes at the convent, contemplating the sea, which separates me from so many things and beings that I have known and loved, but which does not part me from their memory. I recalled my past life; I remembered similar hours spent on so many different shores, and with such dissimilar reflections; I asked myself if it were indeed I who was there, at the isolated peak of Mount Carmel, a few leagues from Arabia and the desert, and wherefore I was there, and whither I went, whither returned, and what hand conducted me; and what it was that I sought, knowingly or unknowingly, in these perpetual wanderings through the world. I could scarcely make of myself a single being, in such opposite and unforeseen phases of my short existence; but the connected, lucid, and immediate impressions of all the individuals whom I have loved and lost, all centered in the same breast with a profound sorrow, and proved too well that the unity which I discovered not in my life, was sufficiently sensible in my heart!—and I felt my eyes grow moist in pondering on the past, where I already saw five or six tombs in which my happiness was so many times engulfed! Then following my instinct, when my feelings become too powerful, and are ready to turn my brain, I raised them in a pious flight towards God, towards that Infinite Being who receives, absorbs, and restores all. I prayed to him, I submitted myself to his will, always beneficent. I said to him, 'All is good, since you have willed it: look on me still; continue to lead me by your ways, and not by mine; conduct me whither you will, and as you will, provided I feel myself conducted by you; provided you reveal yourself from time to time to my darkness by one of those brightenings of the soul which show us, like the lightning, a momentary horison in the midst of our profound night; provided I feel myself sustained by that immortal hope which you have left on earth, like the voice of those who are no more; provided I find them again in you, and they know me again, and we love each other in that ineffable union we shall form—you, they, and we! This is sufficient for me still to advance, to march even to the end, in this road which seems so endless; but grant that the path be not too rough for feet already wounded!'

I arose more buoyant, and set myself to collect some handfuls of the sweetly-smelling herbs with which Carmel is all perfumed. The fathers in the convent make from them a sort of tea, more strongly scented than the mint and sage of our gardens. I was disturbed in my reflections and herborising by the steps of two asses, whose iron shoes echoed upon the smooth rock of the pathway. Two females, enveloped from head to foot in long white cloaks, were seated on the asses; a young man held the bridle of the foremost of these animals, and two Arabs marched behind, bearing on their heads large baskets of reeds, covered over with napkins of embroidered muslin. It was M. Malagamba, his mother, and his sister, who were ascending

to the monastery to offer me provisions for the journey, which they had prepared during the night. One of the baskets was filled with little loaves, yellow as gold, and of an exquisite flavour—a precious gift in a country where bread is unknown. The other was filled with fruits of all kinds, with some bottles of excellent wine of Cyprus and Lebanon, and with innumerable sweetmeats, the delight of the Orientals. I received with gratitude the present of these amiable women. I sent the Arabs forward with the baskets to the monastery, and we seated ourselves to converse for a moment on the misfortunes of Madame Malagamba. The place was charming; it was under two or three great olive-trees, which overshadow one of the basins which the spring of the prophet Elias has worn, as it falls from rock to rock, into a small ravine of the mountain. The Arabs had stretched the carpets of the asses on the bank which surrounds the spring, and the two ladies, who had cast back their long veils over their shoulders, and were seated on the rustic divan on the edge of the water, in their richest and most brilliant costume, formed a group worthy the eye of a painter. I was myself seated opposite to them, on a ledge of the rock from which the spring was tumbling. Many tears flowed from the eyes of Madame Malagamba as she related to me the period of her prosperity, her fall into misfortune, her present distresses, her flight from Acre, and her maternal anxieties for the prospects of her son and her charming daughters.

Mademoiselle Malagamba listened to this recital with the tranquil indifference of earliest youth. She amused herself by collecting a nosegay from the flowers on which she was seated; only when the voice of her mother faltered as she spoke, and tears rolled from her eyes, she threw her arm around the neck of her mother, and wiped away her tears with the muslin kerchief, embroidered with silver, which she held in her hand; then, when a smile returned to the visage of her mother, she resumed her infantine distraction, and began anew the assortment of her nosegay. I promised these unfortunate females to remember them, and their unexpected hospitality, on my return to Europe, and to solicit from my friends at Turin some advancement for the young consular agent at Caypha. Hope, although very distant and uncertain, returned to the heart of Madame Malagamba, and the conversation took another turn. We spoke of the manners of the country, and of the monotonous life led by the Arab women, whose habits the European females resident in Arabia are obliged also to follow. But Mademoiselle Malagamba and her mother had never experienced any other sort of life, and were surprised at the contrary account I gave them of affairs in Europe. To live for a single man, and with a single thought, in the privacy of their apartment; to pass the day on a sofa plaiting their hair, or arranging in graceful order the numerous jewels with which they decorate themselves; to breathe the fresh air of the mountain or the sea, from the top of a terrace, or through the lattices of a grated window; to make a few turns beneath the orange and pome-

granate-trees of a small garden, and to sit in a reverie on the edge of a basin, which the spouting water stirs with its murmur; to tend the household, and make with their own hands the bread-paste, the sherbet, and the sweetmeats; once a week to pass the day at the public bath, in company with all the young girls of the town, and sing a few stanzas from the Arabian poets, accompanying themselves on the guitar—such is the entire existence of females in the East. Society does not exist for them; therefore they have none of the factitious passions of self-love which society produces; they are wholly devoted to love when they are young and beautiful, and afterwards to domestic cares and to their children. Are such customs as valuable as others?

Whilst we were thus talking on chance topics, my dragoman, a young man, born in Arabia, and well versed in Arabic literature, had been searching for me round the convent, and discovered me seated near the fountain. He brought to me another young Arab, who had learnt my arrival at Caypha, and had come from St Jean d'Acre to make acquaintance with a poet from the west. This young man, born in Lebanon, and educated at Aleppo, was already celebrated for his poetic talent. I had myself often heard of him, and I had got several of his compositions translated for me. He brought me some pieces, the translation of which I shall afterwards give. He seated himself beside us near the fountain, and we conversed a long time, with the assistance of my dragoman. However, the day was dropping, and it behoved us to separate. 'As we are both poets,' said I to him, 'and as hazard has brought us together from two such opposite points of the world on so delightful a spot, in so sweet an hour, and in presence of so ravishing a beauty, we ought to celebrate by some verses, each in his own tongue, our meeting, and the impressions which the moment inspires.' He smiled, and drew from his girdle the inkstand and pen of reed, which an Arab writer no more quits than the trooper his sword. We both retired a few paces to meditate on our verses. He had finished long before me. I need not say that all language suffers when put into another tongue; but here is the translation of his poetry:—

'In the gardens of Caypha there is a flower which the rays of the sun seek through the arbours of palm-leaves.

This flower has eyes more soft than the gazelle, eyes which resemble a drop of water from the sea in a shell.

This flower has so delicious a fragrance, that the chief who flies before the lance of another tribe, on his mare more rapid than the fall of waters, feels it in his flight, and stops to inhale it.

The gust of the simoom destroys all other perfumes on the clothes of the traveller, but it cannot remove from the heart the odour of this wonderful flower.

We find it on the banks of a stream, which flows without a murmur at its feet.

Young maiden, tell me the name of thy father, and I will tell thee the name of this flower.'

The following are my verses, which I caused to be translated into Arabic by my dragoman :—

Clear-mirrored fount! when on thy verdant ledge
The pensive Lilla comes her form to lay,
And casts her bending image o'er thy edge,
Like star of midnight in a tideless bay,

A gentle shiver curls thy sleeping waves,
No more thy bed of sand or reeds is seen,
But joyful light thy liquid bosom paves,
And heaven is sought but in thy glassy sheen.

Thou'rt but a shade of lovely things the while,
Of eyes than thine own border-flowers more blue,
Of teeth of pearl, that 'tween two rose-lips smile,
And globes, by pure sighs moved, of snowy hue;

Hair twined with flowers, and bending with their weight,
And corals, heightening every native charm—
Bright pearls, which one might think to seize on straight,
Like sands of gold, by plunging in the arm.

Source of this shade, my hands are o'er thee placed,
Lest all should be dispelled by some chance blast,
And, envious of the bank, my lips would taste
The happy waves through which thy shape has past.

But Lilla, laughing, seeks her mother's side,
And then the fount is but a small dark pool:
In vain I taste it—bitter is its tide,
Tarnished by vase-stirred sand, of insects full.

What *thou* dost for these waters, sweet young flower,
My soul has ever felt from beauty's might:
While basking in its smile, joy rules the hour,
But when its glance is veiled, then cometh night!

It was rather unfortunate that the young girl for whom we made verses in Arabic and French understood neither language, and had acquired but an indifferent portion of Italian.

October 23.—At sunrise we quitted, fresh and active, the convent of Mount Carmel, and its two excellent monks, and we proceeded by the precipitous paths which lead from the peak to the sea. There we entered the desert, which stretches between the Syrian Sea, the coasts of which are in general flat, sandy, and indented with small bays, and the mountains which continue the ridge of Carmel. These mountains sink by insensible degrees as they approach Galilee; they are black and bare; the rocks stand out from the covering of soil and shrubs which still remains; their appearance is sad and sombre; they have only their glittering reflection, and the ideal majesty of the past. The chain, which continues about ten leagues, is broken at intervals, and some short valley is opened to the eye; at the bottom or on the sides of one of these valleys we perceive distinctly the ruins of a fortified castle, and a large Arab village, stretching under the walls of the castle; the smoke from the houses rises, and is wafted along the sides of Carmel, and rows of camels, black goats, and red

cows, wind down from the village to the plain which we are traversing. Some Arabs on horseback, armed with lances, and simply clad in their white woollen cloak, with their legs and arms bare, march at the head and on the sides of these pastoral troops, which are led to the only spring which we have met for four hours. The wells were formerly discovered, and dug by the inhabitants of the towns situated on the sea-shore: the present race of Arabs have abandoned these towns ages ago; the fountain alone remains, and they make this journey of an hour or two every day, to fetch water, and let the cattle drink. We marched all the day over the remains of walls and mosaics, which break through the sand; the route is strewed with ruins, which attest the splendour and immense population of these shores in remote times.

We had seen since the morning, in the horizon before us, on the edge of the sea, a prodigious column, on which the rays of the sun were glittering, and which seemed to grow larger, and spring from the waves, in proportion as we approached. On drawing near, we find that this column is a confused mass of magnificent ruins, belonging to different eras: we distinguish, first of all, an immense wall, perfectly similar, from its form and the chiselling of its stones, to a portion of the Coliseum at Rome. This wall, of a prodigious height, comes out alone, in a slanting direction, upon a heap of other ruins of Greek and Roman construction, and we soon discover behind it the elegant and open remains of a Moorish monument, a church, or a mosque, or perhaps both in turn; then a series of other remains of divers ancient buildings yet standing, and in good preservation. The sandy road which our guides pursued led us pretty near this curious relic of the past, the existence, name, and date of which we were completely unacquainted with. About half a mile from this group of monuments the sea-coast rises, and the sand turns to rock; this rock has been cut by the hand of man on all sides for about a mile in circumference. It might be called a primitive town, scooped out of the rock, before mankind had learnt the art of raising stones from the ground, and erecting dwellings on its surface; it is, in fact, one of those subterranean towns of which the earliest histories speak, or at least one of those vast *necropolises*, the cities of the dead, which in every direction undermined the earth or the rocks, in the vicinity of the immense cities of the living: but the form of the rocks, and of the numberless caverns cut in their sides, indicates rather, in my opinion, the abodes of a living people. These caverns are of great extent, with elevated entrances; several broad steps lead to these entrances; openings are pierced also in the rock, to give light to the habitations, and these entrances and openings, doors and windows, open upon streets deeply cut in the bowels of the hill. We tracked several of these deep and wide streets, in which the ruts mark the traces of chariot wheels. A multitude of eagles and vultures, and innumerable flocks of starlings, started at our approach from the shade of these hollowed rocks. Climbing-plants, wall-flowers, clusters of the myrtle and the fig, have taken root in the soil of

these stone streets, and carpet the long avenues. In some places the ancient inhabitants had entirely levelled the hill, and dug canals, to bring water from the sea, and open the prospect upon a part of the gulf which is formed behind the town. It is a landscape of an entirely novel character, at once solemn and harsh, as we look upon the rock—smiling and bright, when we gaze upon the aërial streaks on the blue ocean, and upon the multitude of plants springing spontaneously from the crevices of the granite.

We winded for some time through these wonderful labyrinths, and arrived at last at the foot of the great wall and the Moorish monuments, which we had before us: there we stopped an instant to deliberate. These ruins have an evil reputation; bands of Arab robbers frequently conceal themselves there to pillage and massacre caravans. We had been warned at Caypha to avoid them, or to pass them in battle array, and permitting none of our men to stray from the body of the caravan. Curiosity had prevailed; we had been unable to resist the desire of visiting monuments of which ancient and modern history knows nothing. We were ignorant whether they were deserted or inhabited. When arrived near the outer wall which still encircles them, we perceived a breach by which we might penetrate. At the same moment a group of Arabs on horseback appeared, lance in hand, upon the sand which was yet between us and the opening, and came down upon us. We were taken by surprise, but were, however, ready; we had in our hands our double-barrelled guns primed and cocked, and pistols in our belts. We advanced upon the Arabs; they stopped short. I separated from the caravan, giving orders for them to remain under arms, and I advanced with my two companions and my dragoman. We opened a parley with them, and the scheik, with his principal officers, escorted us themselves as far as the breach, and gave orders to the Arabs inside to respect us, and to permit us to examine the monuments. I nevertheless judged it prudent to take only a part of our troop into the interior; the rest remained encamped at a gunshot from the hill, ready to come to our aid if we should fall into an ambuscade. This precaution was not useless, for we found within the walls a population of two or three hundred Arabs or Bedouins, including women and children. There was only one passage to get out of the ruins, and we might have been easily taken and butchered, if the barbarians had not been held in awe by the force which stayed outside, and which they supposed more considerable than it was in reality. We had taken care not to deploy our whole body, and some moukres were kept back on purpose, stationed on a detached hillock where they might be seen.

As soon as we had got through the breach, we found ourselves in a labyrinth of paths turning round the crumbling ruins of the great wall, and the other ancient edifices that we successively discovered. These paths or streets had no regular formation, but the steps of the Arabs, the camels, and the goats had beaten them at hazard amongst the rubbish. The families of the tribe had built nothing themselves;

they had simply taken advantage of all the cavities which the displacing of monstrous blocks had caused here and there, to shelter themselves within, some under the tops of columns or capitals, arrested in their fall by other ruins, and others under an awning of black goat-skin stretched from one pillar to another, and thus forming a roof. The scheik himself, his wives and children, who occupied doubtless the palace of the village, had their abode at the entrance of the town, amidst the ruins of a Roman temple upon a very high elevation, standing above the path by which we entered. Their dwelling was formed by an immense block of sculptured stone, which hung almost perpendicularly, supported at one of its angles by other blocks, rolled pell-mell together, and stopping each other, as it were, in their fall. This confused mass of stones seemed in reality as if giving way, and about to crush the women and children of the scheik, who showed their heads above us, thrust out of this artificial cavern. The females were not veiled; they had no other garment than a chemise of blue cotton, which left the neck and legs uncovered: this chemise is bound round the body by a belt of leather. They appeared to us handsome, notwithstanding the rings which pierced their nostrils, and the fantastic tatooings with which their cheeks and throats were furrowed. The children were naked, sitting on or bestriding the blocks of chiselled stone which formed the terrace of this frightful dwelling; and some black goats, with long pendant ears, had climbed to the side of the children, up the wall of the grottos, and gazed at us passing, or bounded over our heads, clearing, from block to block, the deep path in which we were walking. We saw some camels lying here and there in the cool hollows formed in the interstices of the ruins, and showing their pensive and tranquil heads over the trunks of the shivered columns and capitals. At every step the scene was novel, and drew our attention more powerfully. A painter would have found a thousand subjects of an unrecognised picturesque in the ever-varying and striking manner in which the dwellings of the tribe were mingled and confounded with the remains of theatres, baths, churches, and mosques, which strew this spot of earth. The less of human labour in working an asylum amidst this chaos of a desolate town, the more the habitations spring from the strange accidents of the monuments in their fall, so much is the poetry and imposing effect of the scene enhanced. Women were milking their she-goats on the steps of an amphitheatre; flocks of sheep were jumping one by one from the deep window of an emir's palace, or of a Gothic church, of the time of the crusades. Some Arabs, seated cross-legged, were smoking their pipes under the carved arch of a Roman fabric, and the camels had their straps attached to the Moorish piazzas of a harem gateway.

We descended from our horses, to visit in detail the principal remains. The Arabs opposed great obstacles when we testified an inclination to enter the circuit of a temple at the end of the town, upon a rock near the edge of the sea. We had a new dispute at each

court, at each wall that we had to get over to reach it; we were obliged to employ even threats to force them to yield up the passage. The women and children retired, pouring on us a flood of imprecations; the scheik drew back a moment, and the other Arabs testified by their features and gestures the strongest marks of discontent: but the air of indecision and ill-disguised timidity which we detected in their manners encouraged us to insist; and we entered, partly by leave, and partly by force, into the interior of this last and most astounding of the monuments. I cannot tell what it is; there is something of every order in its construction, form, and ornaments: I am inclined to believe that it is an ancient temple converted by the crusaders into a church at the time when they had possession of Cæsarea in Syria and its neighbouring coasts, and that the Arabs have at a later period turned it into a mosque. Time, which sports with the productions and thoughts of men, now changes it to dust, and the knee of the camel bends upon those flags on which the knees of three or four generations in religion have bent in their turns before different gods. The foundations of the edifice are evidently of Grecian architecture, in the era of its decline; at the spring of the arches it takes the Moorish fashion; windows originally Corinthian have been changed with much art and taste into Moorish windows in ogive, divided by light columns joined to each other; what remains of the arches is bordered with arabesques of exquisite fineness and delicacy. The edifice has eight sides, and each of its projecting angles caused by this octagon form contained most probably an altar, if we should judge from the niches which decorate the walls where such altars must have been erected. The centre part of the monument was also occupied by a principal altar: it is easily perceived, from the elevation of the ground in this portion of the temple. This elevation would be caused by the steps which ran round the altar. The walls of this church are half fallen down, leaving to the eye vistas upon the sea, and the reefs which skirt it. Climbing-plants hang in leafy and flowery tufts from the tops of the broken arches, and birds with scarlet necks, and flocks of small blue swallows, were chirping in these aërial arbours, or fluttering along the cornices. Nature takes up her hymn where man has ended his.

On leaving this unknown temple, we passed on foot through the different alleys of the village, tumbling at each step over curious relics, and discovering unlooked-for scenes amidst this medley of savage manners and the beautiful testimonials of extinct civilisation. We saw a great number of Arab women and girls occupied, in the small enclosures of their huts, on the different employments of a pastoral life. Some were weaving stuffs of goat hair; others were engaged in grinding barley or baking rice. They are in general very pretty, tall, strong, the complexion burnt by the sun, but with all the appearance of vigour and health. Their black hair was covered with strings of silver piastres; they had ear-rings and necklaces enriched with the same ornament. They uttered yells of

surprise as they saw us pass, and followed us beyond their houses. None of the Arabs offered us the least present; we did not deem it expedient to offer any ourselves; and we departed through the outer wall with precaution. Not an individual of the tribe followed us, and we went to pitch our tents about a mile from the great wall, at the bottom of a small gulf, likewise encircled by ancient walls, it having formerly formed the harbour of this unknown town. The heat being extreme, we bathed in the sea, behind an old mole, which the waves have not yet completely swamped, whilst our saïs prepared our tents, gave the horses a feed of barley, and lighted a fire against an arch, which had doubtless served as a gate to the port.

The Arabs call this place by a name which signifies *cut rock*. The crusaders style it in their chronicles *Castel Peregrino* (Castle of Pilgrims); but I have not been able to discover the designation of the intermediate town, Greek, Jewish, or Roman, to which the great ruins, which were so attractive to us, belonged. On the following day we continued to skirt the shores of the sea as far as Cæsarea, where we arrived towards the middle of the day; in the morning, we had crossed a river which the Arabs called Zirka, which is the river of crocodiles, according to Pliny.

Cæsarea, the ancient splendid capital of Herod, has not a single inhabitant; its walls, reared by Saint Louis during his crusade, are nevertheless unbroken, and would still be available as excellent fortifications to a modern town.* We passed the deep ditch which surrounds them, by a stone bridge, nearly in the middle of the enclosure, and we penetrated into the maze of stones, of uncovered vaults, of ruined edifices, of marble and porphyry fragments, with which the site of the ancient town is thickly strewed. We roused three jackals from their lair in the rubbish amongst which our horses' feet rang in echoes; we sought for the fountain which had been mentioned to us, and found it with difficulty at the eastern extremity of the ruins. There we encamped. Towards evening, a young Arab herd arrived with a numerous flock of cows, sheep, and goats; he consumed nearly two hours constantly pumping water from the fountain for these animals, who waited in patience for their turn, and retired in order, after having satisfied their thirst, as if they had been led by shepherds. The boy, perfectly naked, was mounted on an ass; he was the last to leave the ruins, and he told us that he thus came every day, about two leagues, to water the flocks of his tribe, which was established in the mountain. This was the only incident that met us at Cæsarea, in that city where Herod, according to Josephus, had accumulated all the wonders of Grecian and Roman art, and where he had cut an artificial harbour, which served for shelter to all the marine of Syria. Cæsarea is the town in which Saint Paul was held a prisoner, and made, in his defence, and in that of youthful Christianity, that beautiful speech which is preserved in

* [Cæsarea stands on the coast of the Mediterranean, about twenty-five miles south from Acre.]

the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Cornelius the centurion and Philip the evangelist were from Cæsarea, and it was likewise from the port of Cæsarea that the apostles embarked, on their voyage to Greece and Italy, to sow the Gospel.

We passed the evening in going through the ruins of the town, and in collecting fragments of sculpture, which we were afterwards obliged to leave on the spot, from deficiency of means for transport. A beautiful night was passed under shelter of the aqueduct of Cæsarea.

The route continued over a sandy desert, covered in some places with shrubs, and even with thickets of holly-oaks, which served for pasture to the Arabs. M. de Parseval fell asleep on his horse, and the caravan got in advance of him. When we perceived that he had fallen behind, two musket-shots were heard in the distance; we set off in a gallop to go to his assistance, firing off pistols to scare the Arabs: he had fortunately not been attacked, having only fired his two shots at the gazelles which were scouring the plain. We arrived in the evening, without having found a single drop of water, near the Arab village of El-Mukhalid. An immense sycamore, thrown like a natural tent over the side of a naked and pulverous hill, enticed us to its shade. Our Arabs went to the village to inquire the direction of the fountain, which was pointed out to them. We all ran there, drank, bathed our heads and arms, and returned to our camp, where the cook had lighted a fire at the foot of the tree. Its trunk is already calcined by the successive fires of the thousands of caravans which have in their turns enjoyed its shade. All our tents and all our horses were collected beneath its prodigious branches. The scheik of El-Mukhalid came to present me melons; he seated himself under my tent, and asked me for news of Ibrahim Pacha, and for remedies for his wives and for himself. I gave him some drops of eau-de-Cologne, and invited him to sup with us. He accepted: we had the greatest difficulty in the world to get quit of him.

The night is suffocating. I cannot remain in the tent; I arise and go to seat myself near the fountain, under an olive-tree. The moon lightens all the chain of the mountains of Galilee, which gracefully waves at the horison, about two leagues from the place in which I am encamped. It is the most beautiful outline of a horison that has ever attracted my observation. The first shoots of Persian lilac, which droop in clusters in spring-time, have not a more pure violet hue than these mountains at the hour in which I contemplate them. As the moon scales the heavens, and draws nearer, their tints darken, and grow more purple; they appear, in motion, like heavy waves seen in a beautiful sunset at sea. All these mountains have, furthermore, a name and a place in the first history which our infant eyes have perused on the lap of our mothers. I know that Judea is there, with its ruins and its prodigies; that Jerusalem is seated behind one of those hills; that I am separated from it by only a few hours' march; that I thus draw nigh to one of the most desired

objects of my long journey. I enjoy this reflection, as man always enjoys it, every time he is about to consummate any design, however insignificant, to which some passion has excited him. I remain an hour or more imprinting these outlines, these tints, this transparent and rosy sky, this solitude, this silence, on my recollection. The dampness of night falls and wets my mantle; I return to the tent, and sleep.

It was scarcely an hour that I had slept when I was awakened by a slight noise; I raised myself on my elbow, and looked around me. One of the corners of the tent was raised, to let the night breeze have entrance: the moon fully lighted the interior. I saw an enormous jackal advancing cautiously, and looking towards me with his fiery eyes. I seized my musket; the movement alarmed him, and he scampered off in a gallop. I again fell asleep. Awakened a second time, I saw the jackal at my feet, poking his snout into the folds of my mantle, and on the point of seizing my beautiful greyhound, which slept on the same mat with me—a charming animal, which has not quitted me a day for eight years, and which I would defend as a part of my life at the peril of existence. I had fortunately covered it up with a skirt of the mantle, and it slept so profoundly, that it had heard nothing, felt nothing, and suspected not the danger it was running: one second later, the jackal had borne it away, and slaughtered it in its burrow. I uttered a scream, and my companions awoke. I was already out of the tent, and had fired off my musket; but the jackal was fled, and in the morning no trace of blood bore witness to my vengeance.

We depart with the first rays which tinge the hills of Judea; we follow the undulating ridge out of sight of the sea. The heat fatigues us greatly, and the most profound silence reigns during the march. At eleven o'clock we arrive, overcome with thirst and weariness, on the steep banks of a river, which slowly rolls its gloomy waters in a deep hollow, lined with tall reeds; the waters are not perceptible until they are reached. Troops of wild buffaloes are lying among the reeds and in the river, and show their heads above the stream. They pass the scorching hours of the day thus motionless: they gaze at us without stirring. We pass the river at a ford, and attain a forsaken khan. This river is at present named by the Arabs *Nahr-el-Arsouf*. The ancient Apollonia should be placed near here, unless its position be determined by another river, which we passed an hour afterwards, and which is now called *Nahr-el-Petras*.

We lay down on our mats in the cool and dark vaults which alone remain of the old khan. Scarcely were we seated round a dish of cold rice, which the cook had brought us for breakfast, than an enormous serpent, eight feet long, and thick as the arm, glided out of a hole in the old wall which overshadowed us, and came rolling amongst our legs. We hastened to fly towards the entrance of the vault; but it was there before us, and slowly disappeared, making its tail vibrate like the string of a bow amongst the reeds growing on the banks of the river. Its skin was of the most beautiful deep blue.

We felt repugnance in resuming our place of rest, but the heat was so excessive that we were obliged to submit; and we slept on our saddles, careless as to any similar visits that might interrupt our repose. At four o'clock in the afternoon we remount our horses. I perceive upon a height at a little distance from the river an Arab horseman, with a gun in his hand, and accompanied by a young slave on foot. The Arab appeared to be hunting; he stopped his horse every moment, and looked at us defiling, with an air of doubt and hesitation. All at once he puts his mare in a gallop, comes up to me, and addressing me in Italian, asks me if I am not the traveller who is at present journeying through Arabia, and whose speedy arrival at Jaffa the European consuls have announced. I tell him my name; he jumps from his horse, and comes to kiss my hand. 'I am,' said he to us, 'the son of M. Damiani, French vice-consul at Jaffa. Informed of your arrival by letters brought from Saïde by an English vessel, I came some days ago to hunt gazelles on this route, in order to find you, and conduct you to my father's house. Ours is an Italian name; our family is originally from Europe, but from time immemorial has been established in Arabia. We are Arabs, but we have French hearts, and should regard it as a disgrace and an insult to our feelings if you accept hospitality in any other house than ours. Recollect that we have met you first, and that, in the East, he who first meets a stranger has the privilege of being his host. I tell you of this, because many other families of Jaffa have been informed of your journey by letters brought in the same ship, and they will come to meet you as soon as my slave shall have proclaimed your arrival in the town.'

Scarcely had he ended his discourse, than he said a few words in Arabic to the young slave, who, mounting his master's mare, disappeared in the twinkling of an eye behind the sand-hills which bounded the horison. I gave M. Damiani one of my led horses, which accompanied me without being bestrode, and we slowly took the road to Jaffa, which we did not yet perceive. After two hours' march, we saw on the other side of a river which remained for us to cross about thirty horsemen, clad in the richest costumes, armed with glittering weapons, and mounted upon Arab chargers of faultless beauty, prancing on the strand of the river. They were urging their horses even into the water, uttering cries, and firing pistols as a salute to us. They were the sons, relations, and friends of the principal inhabitants of Jaffa, who had come to meet us. Each of them came up to me, and delivered his compliment, to which I replied through the medium of my dragoman, or in Italian, to those who understood it. They ranged themselves around us, and flying here and there upon the sand, they presented us with the spectacle of throwing the djerid, in which the Arabs exert all the vigour of their horses and all the dexterity of their bodies. We drew near to Jaffa, and the town began to rise before us, on a hill which reaches to the sea. The first glance of it is magical, when approached from this side of the desert. The foundations of the town to the west are

bathed by the sea, which is always rolling large foaming waves on the rocks which surround the harbour; on the north, by which side we arrived, it is encompassed with delicious gardens, which seem to spring by enchantment from the desert to crown and overshadow its ramparts. We proceed beneath the lofty and odorous branches of a forest of palms, of pomegranates loaded with their red berries, of marine cedars with jagged leaves, of citrons, olives, figs, and lemons, large as the walnut-trees of Europe, and stooping beneath their fruits and blossoms. The atmosphere is but a perfume raised and spread by the breeze from the sea; the ground is white with orange-blossoms, which the wind sweeps like the dead leaves of autumn with us. From point to point, Turkish fountains of various-coloured marble, with their brass cups attached by chains, offer their limpid water to the wayfarer, and are always surrounded by a group of women, who wash their feet, and pour the water into pitchers of ancient models. The town lifts its white minarets, its indented terraces, its balconies in Moorish ogive, from out the midst of this sea of sweet-scented plants; whilst to the east it rises immediately from the pale sand, which stretches behind it over the immense desert separating it from Egypt.

Near one of these fountains we discerned a third cavalcade, at the head of which was advancing M. Damiani the elder, mounted on a white mare. He is consular agent for several European nations, and is one of the most important personages in Jaffa. The grotesqueness of his costume made us smile: he was dressed in an old sky-blue robe, lined with ermine, and bound by a sash of crimson silk; his bare legs issued from wide pantaloons of dirty muslin; and he was crowned by an enormous three-cornered hat, worn smooth by time, and greased with sweat and dust, attesting numerous services during the Egyptian campaign. But the cordial and patriarchal welcome of our old vice-consul stopped the smile on our lips, and gave place to the gratitude we expressed to him. He was accompanied by several of his sons-in-law, sons, and grandsons, all on horseback like himself. One of his grandsons, twelve or fourteen years old, who frisked round his grandsire on an Arab mare without a bridle, presented the most admirable picture of a boy that I have seen in my life.

M. Damiani went before, and conducted us, through a thick crowd pressing around our horses, to the door of his house, where our other newly-acquired friends bade us farewell, and left us to the care of our host. The house of M. Damiani is small, but admirably situated at the top of the town, commanding three sea views along the coasts of Gaza and Askalon towards Egypt, and the shore of Syria on the north. The rooms are surmounted by open terraces, on which the sea-breeze plays, and whence we discover, ten leagues at sea, the smallest sail that crosses the Gulf of Damietta. The rooms have no windows, as the climate renders them superfluous. The atmosphere has always the warmth of our finest days in spring; an ill-fixed shutter is the only rampart interposed between the weather and the

inhabitants. The birds of the air partake these abodes, which man has prepared for himself; and in the saloon of M. Damiani hundreds of small swallows, with red necks, were perched beside the porcelain and silver cups, and the stalks of pipes arranged on the wooden shelves running round the room. They were flying all day above our heads, and came, during supper, clustering on the branches of the brass lamp which lighted the repast.

The family of M. Damiani is composed of himself—something between the patriarch and the Italian merchant, but the patriarch greatly predominant—of Madame Damiani the elder, a handsome Arab woman, the mother of twelve children, but still preserving, in her shape and complexion, the brilliancy and freshness of Turkish beauty; of several young daughters, almost all remarkably pretty; and three sons, the eldest of whom we already knew. The two others were equally obliging and useful. The females did not appear in the apartments; they only showed themselves once in dresses of ceremony, and bespangled with their richest jewels, at a repast of which they partook with us. The remainder of the time they were occupied in preparing our food, in a small inner court, where we saw them as they came and went. The young men, educated in the respect which Oriental customs teach sons to evince towards their father, never sat down with us at table. They stood behind their father, watching that the guests were well provided for.

We had scarcely entered the house, before we received visits from a great number of the inhabitants, who came to congratulate us, and tender their services. Coffee and pipes were brought, and the evening was passed in conversations extremely interesting to us, whom curiosity so much excited. The governor of Jaffa, whom I had sent to compliment by my interpreter, was himself not long in coming to pay us a visit. He was a young and handsome Arab, clothed in the most brilliant costume, whose manners and language bespoke his elevation of mind and elegant usages. I have seen very few appearances so beautiful as his. His black beard fell down in shining folds, and spread out like a fan over his breast; his hand and fingers, glittering with enormous diamonds, were perpetually playing with his beard, and passing and repassing through it, to smooth and arrange it. His look was haughty, mild, and open, like that of all the Turks in general. We feel that these men have nothing to hide; they are frank because they are powerful, and they are powerful because they never rely on themselves and a vain skill, but always on the image of God, who directs all—on that Providence which they call fatality. Place a Turk amongst ten Europeans, you will always recognise him by his lofty aspect, by the gravity impressed on his features by habit, and by the noble candour of his expression. The governor had received from Mahomet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha letters which strongly recommended me to him. I have these letters. I gave him another, which I carried with me from Ibrahim, to read. This is the sense of it:—

'I am informed that our friend [here my name] is arrived from

France, with his family and several travelling companions, in order to traverse the countries subject to my arms, and to learn our laws and manners. My desire is, that thou and all my governors of towns or provinces, the commanders of my fleets, the generals and officers in command of my armies, will give him all marks of friendship, will render him all the services that my affection for him and for his nation call for from me; you will provide him, if he desires it, with houses, horses, victuals, such as he and his suite may be in need of. You will procure for him means to visit all the parts of our dominions which he may desire to see; you will give him escorts as numerous as his safety, for which you will answer with your head, shall demand; and even if he should find any difficulty in penetrating certain provinces, by the acts of the Arabs, you will cause your troops to march to guard his excursions,' &c.

The governor put this letter to his forehead, after having read it, and returned it to me. He asked me what he could do to obey the injunctions of his master, and wished to be made acquainted with the places I desired to visit. I named Jerusalem and Judea. At these words he, his officers, the Messieurs Damiani, with the fathers of the convent of the Holy Land at Jaffa, who were present, cried out, and told me that the thing was impossible; that the plague had just broken out, with the most alarming virulence, at Jerusalem, at Bethlehem, and on all the route; that it was even at Ramla, the first town we had to pass in going to Jerusalem; that the pacha had just ordered quarantine on all that came out of Palestine; that, supposing that I should be sufficiently rash to penetrate there, sufficiently happy to escape the plague, I should not, perhaps, be able to return into Syria for several months; in fine, that the convents in which strangers receive hospitality in the Holy Land were all closed, that we would not be received in any of them, and that there was an absolute necessity for postponing the journey that I projected into the interior of Judea to another epoch and a more favourable season.

This intelligence afflicted me excessively, but did not shake my resolution. I answered the governor, that although I was born in another religion than his, I did not the less adore the sovereign will of Alla; that in his creed it was called fatalism, and in mine providence, but that these two different words gave expression to but one meaning: 'God is great—God is the master!' (*Alla kerim!*); that I had come from a great distance, over many seas, mountains, and plains, to visit the springs whence Christianity had flowed over the world, to see the holy town of the Christians, and compare sites with history; that I was too far advanced to recoil, and postpone to the uncertainty of times and things a project almost accomplished; that the life of man was but a drop of water in the ocean, a grain of sand in the desert, and was not worth the trouble of counting; that, furthermore, what was written was written, and that if Alla wished to preserve me from the plague in the midst of the infected in Judea, it was equally easy for him as to save me from the waves in the

midst of the tempest, or from the balls of the Arabs on the banks of the Jordan; that, in consequence, I persisted in my wish to penetrate into the interior, to enter Jerusalem itself, whatever peril I might encounter; but what I decided for myself, I neither could nor would for others; and that I left all my friends, all my servants, all the Arabs who accompanied me, masters of themselves, to follow me or to remain at Jaffa, according to the inclination of their hearts. The governor then cried out against my submission to the will of Alla, and told me that he would not allow me to expose myself alone to the dangers of the route and the plague, that he would choose out of the troops in garrison at Jaffa some courageous and disciplined soldiers, whom he would place entirely at my command, and who would guard my caravan during the march, and my tents during the night, in order to preserve us from contact with the infected. He likewise despatched, on the very instant, a horseman to the governor of Jerusalem, who was his friend, to announce to him my journey, and to recommend me to him; and he then retired. We afterwards held a consultation, my friends and myself; our domestics even were called to the council, to decide upon what each would do. After some hesitation, all resolved with unanimity to tempt fortune, and to run the chance of the plague, rather than renounce the project of seeing Jerusalem. Our departure was fixed for the second day from this. We slept on the mats and divans of M. Damiani's saloon, and we awoke to the chirping of the numberless swallows flying over our heads in the room.

The day was passed in returning the visits we had received to the governor, and to the superior of the convent of the Holy Land at Jaffa—a venerable Spanish monk, who has lived in Jaffa since the time the French were there, and who certified to us the truth of the poisoning of the infected.

Jaffa, or Yaffa, the ancient Joppa of the Scriptures, is one of the earliest and most celebrated ports in the universe. Pliny speaks of it as an antediluvian city. It was there, according to tradition, that Andromeda was chained to the rock, and exposed to the monster of the deep; it was there Noah built the ark; it was there that the cedars of Mount Lebanon were landed, by order of Solomon, to serve in the building of the Temple. Jonas the prophet embarked there 862 years before Christ. Saint Peter there resuscitated Tabitha. The town was fortified by Saint Louis in the time of the crusades. In 1799, Bonaparte took it by assault, and massacred the Turkish prisoners. It has a bad harbour, for small vessels only, and a very dangerous road, as we ourselves found on our second voyage at sea. The population of Jaffa, composed of Turks, Arabs, Armenians, Greeks, Catholics, and Maronites, may be estimated at from five to six thousand souls. Each communion has its own church. The Latin convent is a magnificent building. It was undergoing an additional embellishment at the period of our visit, but we did not partake the hospitality of its brotherhood. Their extensive apartments were not thrown open for us, or for any of the strangers whom

we met at Jaffa. They are empty, whilst the pilgrims obtain with difficulty shelter in some miserable Turkish khan, or the burthensome hospitality of some poor Jewish or Armenian roof.

Immediately from the walls of Jaffa the great desert of Egypt opens. Having decided upon proceeding to Cairo by this route, I despatched a courier to El-Arich to hire dromedaries to carry us through the desert. The journey from Jaffa to Cairo can thus be accomplished in twelve or fifteen days; but it is beset with difficulties and privations. The orders of the governor of Jaffa, and the kindness of the principal inhabitants of the town, in communication with those of Gaza and El-Arich, materially mitigated them for me. The governor sent us some horsemen, and eight foot soldiers, selected from the bravest and best-disciplined of the Egyptian troops that remained in garrison. They took up their quarters that very night at our gate. At break of day we were on horseback. We found at the gate of the town leading to Ramla a crowd of persons, of all the denominations in Jaffa, on horseback. They performed the djerid around us, and accompanied us as far as a splendid fountain, overshadowed by sycamores and palms, which we reached after an hour's march. They there discharged their pistols in our honour, and resumed the road to the town. It is impossible to describe the freshness and magnificence of the vegetation which appears on both sides of the road on leaving Jaffa. On the right and on the left it is one continued orchard of all the fruit-trees and flowering shrubs of the East, divided into portions by hedges of myrtle, jessamine, and pomegranates, and irrigated by streams of water, flowing from the handsome Turkish fountains of which I have already spoken. In each of these enclosures is an open pavilion or a tent, under which the families to whom they belong pass a few weeks in spring and autumn. Three stakes and a piece of cloth form a country-house for these fortunate families. The women sleep on mats or cushions under the tents, and the men lie in the open air, under the arch of citrons and pomegranates. The watermelons and figs, of thirty-two different kinds, which shade these enchanted spots, furnish food for the table, increased at rare intervals by a lamb brought up in the family, and which is sacrificed, as in Biblical times, on days of solemnity. Jaffa is the place in all the East which a lover of nature and solitude would select to pass his winters. The climate is an indecisive medium between the devouring heats of Egypt and the autumnal rains of the coasts of Syria. If I could choose my habitation, I would reside at the foot of Lebanon, at Saïde, Beirout, or Latakia, during the spring and autumn; in the heights of Lebanon during the heats of summer, cooled by breezes from the sea and from the valley of cedars, and by the vicinity of the snows; and amidst the gardens of Jaffa in the winter. Jaffa has something in its landscape more impressive, solemn, and variegated, than any that I have beheld. The eye rests only upon a boundless sea, blue as the sky above it, upon the immense flats of the Egyptian desert, where the horison is intercepted only by the

figure of a camel, advancing with a cloud of sand, and upon the green and golden branches of the numberless orange-groves crowding round the town. The costumes of the inhabitants and travellers who fill the roads are picturesque and interesting. There are Bedouins, from Jericho or Tiberias, clad in large plaids of white wool; Armenians in long robes striped with blue and white; and Jews from all parts of the earth in every variety of dress, distinguished by their long beards and noble and majestic features—a royal people, ill at ease in their slavery, in whose eyes you read the remembrance and conviction of high destinies, beneath the apparent humility of their deportment and the lowliness of their present lot. There are also Egyptian soldiers in red jackets, reminding one of our French conscripts by the vivacity of their eye and the alertness of their steps. In conclusion, there are Turkish agas passing with haughty looks along the road, mounted on horses of the desert, and followed by Arabs and black slaves; poor families of Greek pilgrims seated in a corner, eating out of a wooden bowl boiled rice or barley, which they husband with care for the journey to the Holy City; and of miserable Jewish women, only half-clothed, and toiling beneath the prodigious weight of pocks of rags, and driving before them asses, bearing panniers crammed with children of all ages.

We journeyed on in the gayest mood, trying occasionally the speed of our horses against that of the Arab steeds bestrode by the Messieurs Damiani and the sons of the Sardinian vice-consul. These were two young men, sons of a rich Arab merchant of Ramla, now established at Jaffa, who had agreed to accompany us as far as Ramla, and they had sent their slaves forward to prepare their father's house and supper for us. We were also accompanied by another individual, who had voluntarily joined our caravan, and who astonished us by the strange magnificence of his European costume. He was a short young man, of from twenty to twenty-five years old, with a jovial and ludicrous cast of features, but subtile and intellectual. He wore an immense turban of yellow muslin, a green coat cut in the form of our court dresses, with a standing collar and wide skirts, embroidered with broad lacings of gold on all the seams; close pantaloons of white velvet, and boots turned down, ornamented with a pair of spurs fastened by silver chains. A kangiar served him as a hunting-knife, and a pair of pistols, incrusted with silver chasings, were stuck in his belt, and rattled against his breast. He had come from Italy in his infancy, and had been cast, by I know not what stroke of fortune, into Egypt, but had resided for some years at Jaffa or Ramla, exercising his profession among the scheiks and Bedouins of the mountains of Judea, who had not yet made his fortune. His conversation greatly amused us, and I should have wished to take him with me to Jerusalem, and to the mountains of the Dead Sea, which he appeared to know perfectly; but having lived in the East for many years, he had contracted the invincible terror, common amongst the Franks, for the plague, and my offers failed to seduce him. 'In times of plague,' said he to me,

'I am no longer a physician; I am acquainted with but one remedy for it—to get away quick enough, to go far enough, and to remain long enough, to prevent the disease reaching you.' He seemed to look upon us with pity, as victims predestined to find death at Jerusalem, and out of the great number of persons composing our caravan, he reckoned he should see very few on our return. 'A few days ago,' said he, 'I was at Acre; a traveller returning from Bethlehem knocked at the door of the convent of the brotherhood of Saint Francis, which was opened to him. There were seven inmates; on the second day the gates of the convent were built up by order of the governor. The pilgrim and the seven monks were all dead within twenty-four hours.'

We now began to perceive the tower and minarets of Ramla, which rose before us out of a wood of olive-trees, the trunks of which were as large as those of our most aged oaks. Ramla, anciently Rama Ephraim, is the ancient Arimathæa of the New Testament; it contains about 2000 families. Philip the Good Duke of Burgundy founded a Latin convent there, which still subsists. The Armenians and Greeks also possess convents for the succour of pilgrims of their nations going to the Holy Land. The old churches have been converted into mosques; in one of the mosques is the tomb, in white marble, of the Mameluke Ayoud-Bey, who fled from Egypt on the invasion of the French, and died at Ramla. On entering the town, we inquired if the plague had already extended its ravages so far, and we learnt that two monks, arrived from Jerusalem, had just died of it; the convent was under quarantine. Our friends from Jaffa conducted us to their house, situated in the middle of the town. An Arab, who had been a tinker, as we were told, but an amiable and excellent man, occupied half the house, and exercised the functions of consular agent for I know not what European nation; this gave him the right of having a European flag on his roof, the most certain safeguard against the *avanies* (exactions) of the Turks and Arabs. A good supper awaited us, and we had the pleasure of finding chairs, beds, tables, and other European utensils, whilst we brought with us a store of fresh bread, for which we were indebted to the kindness of our hosts.

On the following morning we took leave of all our Jaffa and Ramla friends, who were to accompany us no farther, and we departed with our solitary escort of Egyptian troopers and foot soldiers. I thus arranged the order of march: two horsemen about fifty paces in advance of the caravan, to keep off the Arabs or Jewish pilgrims whom we might meet, and hold them at a distance from our men and horses; on our two flanks, to the right and left, the foot soldiers, with ourselves marching one by one in a line, and the baggage placed in the midst. A small troop of our best horsemen formed the rear-guard, with orders to permit neither man nor beast to fall behind. On the appearance of any suspicious-looking Arabs, the caravan was to come to a halt, and place itself in order of battle, whilst the troopers, the interpreters, and myself, were to make the necessary

observations. In this manner we had little to fear from the Bedouins and the plague, and I can aver that this order of march was observed by our Egyptian soldiers, Turkish horsemen, and my own Arabs, with a scrupulous obedience and attention, which would have done honour to the best-disciplined corps in Europe. We preserved it for more than twenty-five days *en route*, and in the most embarrassing positions. I had never any occasion to address a reprimand to a single individual; it was to these precautions we were indebted for safety.

A short time after sunset, we arrived at the end of the plain of Ramla, close to a fountain hollowed in the rock, which watered a small enclosure of gourds. We were at the foot of the mountains of Judea; a little valley a hundred paces broad opened on our right, into which we advanced. It is here that the Arab brigands of the mountains commence their dominion. As the night was closing in, we judged it prudent to fix our camp in this valley; we pitched our tents about 200 paces from the fountain. We set an advanced guard upon a knoll which commanded the road to Jerusalem, and, whilst supper was preparing, we went in pursuit of the partridges on some hills in view of our tents. We shot some of them, and disturbed in the bosom of the rocks a multitude of small eagles at roost. They arose winding and shrieking above our heads, and came back again after we had fired at them. All animals are alarmed at the flame and explosion of firearms; the eagle alone appears to hold them in disdain, and sport with the peril, either because it is ignorant of it, or braves it. I admired, from the top of one of these hills, the picturesque appearance of our camp, with the pickets of Arab horsemen on the knoll, the horses scattered around our tents, the moukres, or grooms, seated on the ground cleaning the harness and arms, and the light from a fire shining through the canvas of a tent, and spreading its tiny smoke in the breeze. How I should enjoy this nomade life under such a sky, if I could bear with me all those whom I love and regret on earth! The whole world belongs to pastoral and wandering tribes, such as the Arabs of Mesopotamia. There is more of poetry in one of their migrations than in whole years of our town-existences. By seeking too much from civilised life, man nails himself to localities; by detaching himself from them, he will lose innumerable superfluities which usage has converted into necessities. Our houses are voluntary prisons. I should wish that life was a perpetual journey like this; and if I were not bound to Europe by the affections, I would extend it as long as my strength and fortune lasted. We were on the confines of the tribes of Ephraim and Benjamin. The well near which our tents were fixed is still called the Well of Job.

We departed before daylight, and followed for two hours a narrow, barren, and rocky valley, celebrated for Arab depredations. Of all the surrounding country, it is the most exposed to their attacks; they can approach by a variety of small winding gorges concealed behind the uninhabited hills, lie in ambush behind the rocks and

shrubs, and fall unexpectedly on the caravans. The famous Abougosh, chief of these mountainous Arab tribes, holds the key of the defiles leading to Jerusalem; he opens or blocks them at his pleasure, and seizes travellers for ransom. His capital is a few leagues from us, at the village of Jeremiah.* We expected every instant to see his bands, but we met no one except a young aga, a relation of the governor of Jerusalem, mounted on a beautiful mare, and accompanied by seven or eight horsemen. He saluted us with politeness, and drew up with his suite to permit our passing, without coming in contact with our horses or garments.

About an hour from Jeremiah the valley contracts still more, and the trees meet with their branches over the road. There are an ancient fountain and the remains of a ruined kiosk. We ascended for an hour by a steep and broken path hollowed in the rock, winding through woods, and all at once perceived the village and church of Jeremiah at our feet, on the other side of the hill. The church, now a mosque, appeared to have been built with splendour, in the epoch of the kingdom of Jerusalem under the Lusignans. The village is composed of from forty to fifty houses, hanging on the slopes of two hillocks which skirt the valley. Some scattered fig-trees and vineyards display a degree of cultivation, flocks are grouped around the houses, and some Arabs, clothed in handsome robes, are smoking their pipes on the terrace of the principal dwelling, about a hundred paces from the road we are descending. Fifteen or twenty horses, saddled and bridled, are tied in the courtyard. As soon as the Arabs descry us, they come down from the terrace, mount on horseback, and slowly advance towards us. We meet them on a large open spot in front of the village, shaded by five or six beautiful fig-trees.

They were the renowned Abougosh and his family. He, along with his brother, came towards me; his followers remained in the background. I instantly made mine halt also, and went forward with my interpreter. After the accustomed salutations and endless compliments, which precede all conversations with the Arabs, Abougosh asked me if I were not the Frank emir, whom his friend, Lady Stanhope, the queen of Palmyra, had put under his protection, and in whose name she had sent to him the superb vest of cloth of gold which he wore, and which he displayed with pride and gratitude. I was quite ignorant of this gift of Lady Stanhope, made so obligingly in my name; but I replied that I was certainly the stranger whom that illustrious lady had confided to the generosity of her friends in Jeremiah, and that I was about to visit the whole of Palestine where the sway of Abougosh was owned, and begged him to give the necessary orders, so that Lady Stanhope might have no reproaches to make him. At these words he got off horseback, as

* [Travellers generally call the chief village or capital of Abougosh Karialoonah; but it is situated in the valley where Jeremiah the prophet is understood to have composed his Lamentations, and it is on this account probably that M. de Lamartine has preferred the appellation of Jeremiah.]

well as his brother; he called to some of his suite, and ordered them to bring mats, carpets, and cushions, which he caused to be spread under the branches of a large fig-tree in the very field where we were, and besought us with so much earnestness to dismount, and seat ourselves on this rustic divan, that it was impossible for us to refuse. As the plague prevailed at Jeremiah, Abougosh, who knew that Europeans were exposed to quarantine, was careful not to touch our clothes, and fixed his divan, and that of his brother's, opposite us at a certain distance; as for us, we accepted only the straw and rush mats, because they are held not to communicate infection. Coffee and sherbet were brought us. We conversed on general topics a pretty long time, and Abougosh then begged me to withdraw my suite, as he did his own, in order to communicate to me some secret intelligence, which I cannot here impart. After a confidential conference of some minutes, he recalled his brothers, and I my friends. 'Do they know my name in Europe?' he asked me. 'Yes,' I replied; 'some say that you are a robber, pillaging and massacring caravans, carrying Franks into slavery, and the ferocious enemy of Christianity; whilst others maintain that you are a valiant and generous chief, repressing the robberies of the mountaineers, making the roads sure, protecting caravans, and the friend of all the Franks who are worthy your attention.' 'And you,' said he to me laughing, 'what will you say of me?' 'I will say what I have seen,' I answered—'that you are as powerful and hospitable as a prince of the Franks, that you are calumniated, and that you deserve to have all the Europeans for friends, who, like me, have experienced your good-will and the protection of your sword.' Abougosh appeared delighted. He and his brother asked me afterwards a great number of questions as to our European usages, our habiliments, and our arms, which they greatly admired; and we then separated. At the moment of leaving him, he gave orders to one of his nephews and some horsemen to place themselves in the van of our caravan, and not to quit me all the time that I remained at Jerusalem, or in the environs. I thanked him, and we parted.

Abougosh reigns in reality over about 40,000 Arabs in the mountains of Judea, from Ramla to Jerusalem, from Heron to the mountains of Jericho. This dominion, which has descended in his family for several generations, is secured only by his power. In Arabia they do not discuss the origin or legitimacy of government; they recognise and obey it whilst it exists. A family is more ancient, more numerous, richer, and braver, than others; the chief of this family naturally becomes paramount in his tribe; the tribe itself being better governed, more skilfully or valiantly led to war, attains incontestible supremacy. Such is the origin of all the dominations of chiefs or tribes which are acknowledged in the East. The sway is extended and perpetuated as a natural consequence; all proceeds from the family—and once the fact of this ascendancy recognised and incorporated into manners and customs, there is nothing to contest it; obedience becomes a filial and religious duty. It requires

great revolutions and continued misfortunes to overthrow a family; and this nobility, which may be styled self-created, is preserved through ages. We do not perfectly comprehend the feudal system until after visiting these countries; we there see how all those families were formed in the middle ages, all those local lordships which ruled over castles, villages, and provinces. It is the first step in civilisation. As society advances, these petty powers are absorbed in larger; municipalities arise to protect the rights of towns against the waning power of the feudal families. Great kingdoms are then consolidated, which destroy in their turn the useless municipal privileges, and other social phases open out with innumerable phenomena, the whole of which are yet unknown to us.

We were already far from Abougosh and his subjects of organised brigands. His nephew marched before us on the route to Jerusalem. At about a mile from Jeremiah he quitted the road, and turned to the right into rocky paths, which cut a mountain covered with myrtle and turpentine-trees. We followed after him. The news from Jerusalem, as given us by Abougosh, were such, that it was absolutely impossible for us to enter it. The plague was increasing every hour; sixty to eighty deaths occurred daily; all the hospitals and convents were closed. We had come to the resolution of going first of all to the desert of St John the Baptist, about two leagues from Jerusalem, on the most precipitous mountains of Judea, to ask an asylum for a few days at the convent of Latin monks who reside there, and afterwards to act according to circumstances. It was into the route towards this solitude that Abougosh's nephew led us. After marching for two hours through frightful roads, and under a devouring sun, we found, on the other side of the mountain, a small spring and the shade of some olives, where we came to a halt. The position was sublime. We looked over the black and deep valley of turpentines, where David slew the Philistine giant with his sling. The situation of the two armies is so apparent in the encircling of the valley, and in the slopes and disposition of the ground, that it is impossible for the eye to hesitate. The dry torrent, on whose banks David picked up the stone, drew its chalky line through the middle of the narrow valley, and pointed out, as in the recital of the Bible, the separation of the two armies. I had neither the Bible nor any book of travels in my hand, nor any person to give me an account of the place, and the ancient name of the valley and the mountains; but my boyish imagination had so vividly, and with such truth, conceived the form of the localities, the physical aspect of the scenes of the Old and the New Testament, from the descriptions in the holy books, that I recognised at a glance the valley of turpentines and the battle-field of Saul.* When we got to the convent, I had only to hear the exactitude of my ideas confirmed by the fathers. My

* [It is called the valley of Elah in the Bible. 'And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together and pitched by the valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines; and the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side, and there was a valley between them.']

fellow-travellers could not believe it. The same thing had occurred to me at Sephora, in the midst of the hills of Galilee. I had pointed out with my finger, and called by its name, a hill surmounted by a ruined castle as the probable place of the Virgin's birth. On the following day, the same was repeated with respect to the residence of the Maccabees at Modin; on passing the foot of a sandy mountain, with the remains of an aqueduct on the top, I recognised it as the tomb of the last illustrious citizens of the Jewish people; and I judged correctly without knowing it. The imagination of man is more accurate than is understood; it does not always dream, but proceeds by instinctive assimilations of things and ideas, which give to it results more sure and clear than science and logic. Except the valleys of Lebanon, the ruins of Balbek, the shores of the Bosphorus at Constantinople, and the first view of Damascus from the heights of Anti-Lebanon, I have never encountered a scene the first glance at which was more a recollection! Have we lived twice or a thousand times? Is our memory but a dulled mirror, which the breath of God makes bright? Or rather, have we in our imagination a power of presentiment, and of seeing before we see in reality? Questions not to be solved!

At two o'clock in the afternoon we descended the steep slopes of the vale of turpentines, passed the dry bed of the torrent, and mounted, by steps cut in the rock, to the Arab village of St John the Baptist, which we had seen before us. Some Arabs, with ferocious countenances, looked at us from the terraces of their houses; the women and children crowded round us in the narrow streets of the village; and the monks, alarmed at the tumult which they descried from their roof, at the multitude of our horses and men, and of the plague which we might be bringing in our train, refused to open the iron gates of the monastery. We turned back again, to proceed to encamp on a hill near the village, cursing the hard-hearted monks. I sent my dragoman to speak with them again, and to address to them the reproaches they so richly merited. During this interval the whole population came down from the roofs, the scheiks surrounded us, and mingled their savage yells with the neighing of our affrighted horses: a horrible confusion reigned in the whole caravan, and we cocked our guns. The nephew of Abougosh, who had mounted to the roof of a house near the convent, harangued in turn the monks and the people. At length we obtained, by a capitulation, entry to the convent; a small iron door was opened for us, through which we passed, one by one, in a stooping posture, and we unloaded our horses, to enable them to follow us. The nephew of Abougosh and his Arab troop remained outside, and encamped at the gate. The monks, pale and agitated, trembled at the idea of touching us: we reassured them, by giving our word that we had not come in contact with any person since we left Jaffa, and that we should not enter Jerusalem as long as we remained in the asylum we borrowed from them. Upon this assurance, their excited countenances resumed tranquillity; they led us to the vast

corridors of the monastery, and introduced each of us into a small cell, provided with a bed and a table, and ornamented with a few Spanish engravings of pious subjects. They made our soldiers, Arabs, and horses take up their quarters in an uncultivated garden of the convent; barley and straw were thrown to them from the walls, whilst sheep and a calf, sent as presents by Abougosh, were killed for us in the street. During the time that my Arab cook, in conjunction with the serving-monks, prepared our meal in the kitchen, each of us retired to his cell to catch a moment's repose, or contemplate the extraordinary prospect which surrounds the monastery.

The convent of St John in the desert is a branch of the Latin convent of the Holy Land at Jerusalem. Those monks whose age, infirmities, or more intense desire for solitude, fit for cœnobites of a severer cast, are sent to this house. It is a large and handsome building, surrounded by gardens dug in the rock, with courtyards and presses to make the excellent wine of Jerusalem. There were twenty monks when we came there; the greatest number were old Spaniards, who had passed the largest portion of their lives in the exercise of the functions of a priest, either at Jerusalem, Bethlehem, or some of the other towns of Palestine. Some were novitiates, but recently arrived from their convents in Spain; the eight or ten days that we passed with them impressed us with high conceptions of their character, their charity, and the purity of their lives. The superior, especially, was the most perfect model of Christian virtues; simplicity, mildness, humility, unshaken patience, a kindness always full of grace, a zeal always in place, indefatigable attentions to the brotherhood and to strangers, without distinction of rank or wealth, an enlightened faith, active and contemplative at the same time, serenity in disposition, speech, and countenance, which no contradiction could disturb. He presented us with one of those rare examples of what the perfection of the religious principle can produce on the mind of man; the mortal was there only in his visible form, the soul was already transformed into something superhuman, angelic, deified, which shuns admiration whilst commanding it. We were all equally struck, masters and domestics, Christians or Arabs, with the pervading sanctity of this excellent monk: his mind appeared possessed by all the fathers and brethren of the convent; for, in different degrees, we perceived in all a portion of the qualities of the superior, and this abode of charity and peace left in us an undying recollection. The monkish state in the present age has always appeared to me contrary to reason and common sense; but a consideration of the convent of St John the Baptist would tend to destroy these ideas, if it were not an exception, and if what is repugnant to nature, to family, and social ties, ever could be a justifiable institution. As for the convents of the Holy Land, they are not exactly to be viewed in this light; they are useful to the world by the asylum which they afford to pilgrims from the West—by the example of Christian virtues they may give to people who know not

these virtues—and, finally, by the connection which they alone keep up between certain portions of the East and the nations of the West.

The fathers disturbed us towards evening, and conducted us to the refectory, where our servants and theirs had prepared our repast. The meal, like that of every day we spent in the convent, consisted of omelets, of pieces of mutton strung on an iron skewer, and roasted before the fire, and of a rice pilau. We tasted, for the first time, the excellent white wine made from the vines in the vicinity; it is the only wine known in Judea. The brotherhood of St John the Baptist are the only persons who know how to make it, and they furnish all the convents in Palestine. I bought a small cask of it, which I sent to Europe. During the repast, all the monks walked up and down the refectory, conversing in turns with us; the superior watched that nothing was wanting to us, served us often with his own hands, and went to fetch us, from the repositories of the convent, liqueurs, chocolate, and all the dainties still remaining from the last cargo despatched from Spain. After supper, we accompanied them to the terrace of the monastery; it is the habitual promenade of the monks in times of plague, and they frequently remain thus shut up for several months in the year. 'But,' said they to us, 'this seclusion is less painful than you may think, for it gives us the right of shutting our gates to the Arabs of the country, who torment us at all other times with their visits and demands. When the quarantine is removed, the convent is always full of these insatiable people, and we prefer the plague to the necessity of entertaining them.' I easily believed them, when I had myself come to know these Arabs.

The village of St John in the desert is situated on a detached hill, surrounded on all sides by deep and gloomy precipices, the bottoms of which are hidden from sight, falling down the almost perpendicular rock beneath the windows of the convent. The rocks are scooped into deep caverns by nature herself, which the ascetics of the first ages dived into to lead the life of eagles or pigeons. Here and there on slopes, somewhat less grim, vine-plants are seen twining up the trunks of small fig-trees, and creeping along the rock. Such is the appearance of all these solitudes. A gray tint, speckled with yellowish-green, covers the whole landscape; from the roof of the convent, the eye plunges on all sides into bottomless abysses. A few mean dwellings of Mohammedan and Christian Arabs are scattered on the peaks under the shadow of the monastery. These Arabs are the most ferocious and perfidious of mortals. They acknowledge the authority of Abougosh, at whose name the monks grow pale. They could not understand by what seduction or influence that chief had welcomed us so frankly, and given his own nephew for our guide; they suspected in it some high diplomatic purpose, and never ceased inquiring about my protection from the tyrant of their tyrants. On the approach of night, we descended, and passed the evening in agreeable conversation with the amiable superior and the good Spanish fathers. They were strangers to

everything; no intelligence from Europe pierces these inaccessible mountains. They were perfectly at a loss to comprehend the recent French Revolution. 'But,' said they at the conclusion of our relation, 'provided the king of France be a Catholic, and he protects the convents of the Holy Land, all is right.' They showed us their chapel, a beautiful small nave, built on the spot where the forerunner of the Christ was born, ornamented with an organ, as well as with several mediocre paintings of the Spanish school.

In the morning we could not resist the desire of gaining at least a distant glimpse of Jerusalem. We made our arrangements with the monks: it was agreed that we should leave at the monastery a part of our people, horses, and baggage; that we should take with us only the horsemen of Abougosh, the Egyptian soldiers, and the Arab domestics, who were indispensable, to take charge of our saddle-horses; that we should not enter the town; that we should content ourselves with making the circuit of it, avoiding all contact with the inhabitants; and that if, by accident or otherwise, such contact should occur, we would not again seek to enter the convent, but should withdraw our effects and people, and encamp in the environs of Jerusalem. These conditions were accepted, and without other guarantee than our word and veracity, we departed.

JERUSALEM.

On the 28th October, at five o'clock in the morning, we prepare to leave the desert of St John the Baptist. We await the dawn on horseback, in the court of the convent, enclosed with high walls, in order that we might avoid coming in the dark upon the infected Arabs and Turks of the village and of Bethlehem. At half-past five we are on our march. We scale a mountain beset with enormous gray rocks, detached in blocks, as if parted with the hammer. A few creeping vines, with the yellow leaves of autumn, hang along the small cleared spots in the intervals of the rocks, and immense protrusions of stone, similar to those spoken of in the Song of Songs, rise up amidst these vines. Fig-trees, the branches of which are already despoiled of their leaves, are sprinkled on the edges of the vines, and their blackened fruit is strewed upon the rocks. On our right, the desert of St John, in which the voice—the voice crying in the wilderness—is re-echoed, sinks into a terrific abyss between five or six high black mountains, and in the intervals left by their stony peaks, the horison of the Egyptian Sea, covered with a gloomy vapour, opens to our eyes. On our left, and quite near to us, is the ruin of an ancient tower or castle, on the point of a lofty knoll, which is crumbling into decay like all around it. Other ruins, like the arches of an aqueduct, are seen descending from this castle down

the slopes of the hill; some vines are growing from their feet, and casting on the falling arches their pale and yellow tinge. One or two turpentine-trees spring isolated from amidst these ruins. It is Modin, the palace and tomb of the last heroic men of sacred history —the Maccabees. We leave behind us these remains glittering in the highest rays of morning. These rays are not confounded in a vague confusing light, in a dazzling and universal radiancy, as in Europe; they break from the tops of the mountains which hide Jerusalem from us, like streaks of fire variously tinted, united at their centre, and diverging in the atmosphere as they depart from it. Some are of a gently-silvered azure, others of a dull white; now of a delicate vermilion, growing faint at the edges; now of a burning red, like the flames of a conflagration, divided, and yet harmoniously agreeing, by their successive and merging tints. They resemble a dazzling rainbow, whose arch is broken and mingled in the atmosphere. This is the third time that this beautiful phenomenon of the rising or the setting of the sun has offered itself to us in this guise since we have been in the mountainous regions of Galilee and Judea; it is the dawn or twilight as the old masters represent them, which seem false to those who have not seen the reality. As the day advances, the distinct brightness, and the azured or heated hue of each of these luminous streaks, diminish, and are lost in the general glare; and the moon, which hung above our heads, yet red and fiery, wanes, assumes the colour of pearl, and sinks into the depth of heaven, like a silver ring disappearing as it descends into deep water.

After ascending a second mountain, higher and more naked still than the first, the horison expands all at once upon the right, and gives a view of the whole space which stretches between the last peaks of Judea on which we stand and the high mountainous chain of Arabia. This space is already overspread with the fleecy and waving light of morning. Beyond the lesser hills, beneath our feet, broken and split into gray and crumbling blocks of rock, the eye distinguishes nothing but this dazzling expanse, so similar to a vast sea, that the illusion was perfect; and it appears to us as if we can discern those patches of deep shade, and those smooth and silvery sheets, that the rising sun brightens or darkens on a calm sea. On the edge of this imaginary ocean, a little on the left, and about a league from us, the sun glitters on a square tower, on a lofty minaret, and on the broad yellow walls of some buildings which crown the summit of a low hill, the hill itself concealing from us their base; but from the spires of the minarets, the battlements of the more elevated walls, and the black and blue summits of the domes rising behind the tower, and the great minaret, we recognise a town of which we can perceive only the more elevated part, and which descends down the sides of the hill: it can be none other than Jerusalem. We believed ourselves much farther removed from it, and each of us, afraid to inquire of our guide, lest the illusion should be destroyed, enjoyed in silence this first glance cast stealthily upon the town; and all conveyed to me the name of Jerusalem!

It was so; it stood out, sombrely and heavily, from the blue depths of heaven and the black sides of the Mount of Olives. We reined in our horses to behold it in this mysterious and awe-inspiring appearance. Each step that we had to make in descending into the deep and gloomy valleys which were below our feet, would conceal it again from our eyes. Beyond those lofty walls and domes, a high and broad hill arose upon a second outline, darker than that which bore and concealed the town, bounding and terminating our horison. The sun left in the shade its western side, but settling with its vertical rays on its peak, like a large cupola, it appeared to make its transparent summits float in the air, and the uncertain limit of earth and sky was marked only by a few large black trees, planted on the most elevated point, through which the rays of the sun were passing —it was the Mount of Olives! It was those very olives themselves, the venerable witnesses of so many days, written on earth and in heaven, watered by Divine tears, and by the bloody sweat, and by so many other tears and agonies since the night which has consecrated them! We had a confused view of some others forming dark spots on the declivities, and then the walls of Jerusalem intercepted the horison, and hid the foot of the Sacred Mount.

Nearer to us, and immediately beneath our eyes, was nothing but a stony wilderness, which serves as an approach to the city of stones. These immense imbedded stones, of a uniform ashy gray, extend from the spot where we stood to the gates of Jerusalem. Hills sink and rise, narrow valleys encircle and wind amongst their roots, and even expand here and there, as if to deceive the eye of man, and promise him vegetation; but all is of stone, hills, valleys, and plains. There is a layer, ten or twelve feet thick, of bedded rocks, with intervals between them, large enough only for reptiles to creep, or to break the leg of a camel plunging down. If we represent to ourselves high walls of colossal stones, like those of the Coliseum or the great Roman theatres, falling in a single piece, and covering with their enormous and sunken sides the earth which sustains them, we shall have an exact idea of the layer and description of rock which is everywhere gathered on these nearest ramparts of the city of the desert. The nearer we approach, the more the stones crowd together, and rise, like perpetual avalanches, ready to fall upon the wayfarer. The last steps that are made before opening upon Jerusalem are hollowed through a dismal and immovable avenue of these rocks, which rise ten feet above the head of the traveller, and permit only a sight of the sky immediately above.

We were in this last and mournful avenue, and marched in it for a quarter of an hour, when the rocks, retiring on a sudden to the right and left, brought us face to face with the walls of Jerusalem, upon which we verged before we were aware. A space of a hundred paces was alone between us and the gate of Bethlehem. This interval, barren and undulating, like the banks which surround fortified places in Europe, extended to the right into a narrow vale, sinking in a gentle slope, and to the left were five old olive trunks, half

bent beneath the weight of age and of the sun; trees that might be called petrified, like the sterile soil from which they sprang with such effort. The gate of Bethlehem, commanded by two towers, with Gothic battlements, deserted and silent as the gates of a ruined castle, was open before us. We remained a few minutes in motionless contemplation; we burned with desire to pass it, but the plague was at its highest state of intensity in the city; and we had been received at the convent of St John the Baptist on the most express and formal promise not to enter it. We did not enter; but turning to the left, we slowly descended, skirting the high walls built behind a deep ravine or ditch, in which we perceived from time to time the stone foundations of Herod's ancient enclosure. At every step we met Turkish burial-places, whitened with tombstones, surmounted by a turban. These cemeteries, which every night the plague was peopling, were filled here and there with groups of Turkish and Arab women, weeping for their husbands or their fathers. Some tents were fixed on the tombs, and seven or eight women, seated, or on their knees, holding beautiful infants to the breast, were uttering at intervals harmonious lamentations, funeral songs, or prayers, the religious melancholy of which accorded wonderfully with the desolate scene before our eyes. These women were without veils: some were young and pretty. They had at their sides baskets full of artificial flowers, and painted in brilliant colours, which they planted round the tombs, watering them with their tears. They bent down from time to time towards the earth, recently disturbed, and chanted to the dead some verses of their lament, appearing to speak to him in a low voice; then remaining silent, with the ears close to the monument, they had the appearance of waiting and listening for a reply. These groups of women and children, seated there the whole day to weep, were the only sign of life and human occupancy that appeared to us in our circuit round the walls. No noise, no smoke arose; and some pigeons, flying from the fig-trees to the battlements, and from the battlements to the edges of the sacred pools, gave the only movement, the sole murmur, in this mournful compass. Half-way down the descent which conducted us to Kedron and the foot of the Mount of Olives, we saw a deep, open grotto, not far from the ditch of the town, under a hillock of yellow rock. I would not stop at it; I wished to see Jerusalem, and nothing but Jerusalem, entirely, and with uninterrupted purpose, together with its valleys and hills, its Jehoshaphat and its Kedron, its temple and its sepulchre, its ruins and its horison!

We afterwards passed before the gate of Damascus, a beautiful monument of the Arab taste, flanked with two towers, opened by a broad, high, and elegant ogive, and surmounted by battlements in arabesque, in the form of stone turbans. Then we doubled, to the right, the angle of the walls, which form on the northern side a regular square, and having on our left the deep and gloomy valley of Gethsemane, the bottom of which is occupied and filled by the dry torrent of Kedron. We followed, to the gate of St Stephen, a

narrow path, touching the walls, interrupted by two pools, in one of which Christ cured the palsy. This pathway hangs upon the edge of a narrow margin, which surmounts the precipice of Gethsemane and the valley of Jehoshaphat: at the gate of St Stephen it is interrupted in its course by the perpendicular terraces which bore Solomon's temple, and sustain at present Omar's mosque; and a rapid and wide declivity sinks all at once to the left towards the bridge which crosses Kedron, and leads to Gethsemane and the Garden of Olives. We passed this bridge, and dismounted once more from our horses in front of a charming edifice, of the composite order, but of a severe and antique character, which is, as it were, buried in the lowest depths of the valley of Gethsemane, and fills its entire breadth. It is the assigned tomb of the Virgin, the mother of Christ; it belongs to the Armenians, whose convents were the most ravaged by the plague. We did not therefore enter the sanctuary of the tomb. I contented myself with falling on my knees upon the marble step of the outer court of this handsome temple, and invoking the blessing of her whom every mother early teaches her child to piously and affectionately worship. On rising, I perceived behind me an enclosure of about an acre in extent, touching on one side the high bank of the brook Kedron, and rising gently on the other to the base of the Mount of Olives. A low wall of stones, without cement, surrounded this field, and eight olive-trees, separated from each other thirty or forty paces, covered it almost entirely with their shade. These olives are some of the largest trees of the species that I have ever met with; tradition carries their age to the memorable date of the Saviour's agony, who had selected them to hide his divine anguish. Their appearance would confirm, if necessary, the tradition which consecrates them: their prodigious roots, like the accumulations of centuries, have lifted up the earth and stones which covered them, and rising several feet above the level of the soil, offer to the pilgrim natural seats, on which he can kneel or sit, to gather the holy thoughts which descend from their silent branches. A knotty trunk, grooved and hollowed by age into, as it were, deep wrinkles, rises like a large column from these groups of roots, and, as if overcome and bent by the weight of years, leans to the right or to the left, and droops its vast interwoven branches, which the axe has a hundred times pruned, to restore to youthful vigour. These old and ponderous branches, which are bent downwards, bear others of less mature age, which stand erect towards heaven, and send out shoots, one or two years old, topped by clusters of leaves and small blue olives, which fall like celestial relics on the foot of the Christian traveller. I separated from the caravan, which had halted round the Virgin's tomb, and I seated myself for a moment on the roots of the most lonely and aged of these olives; its branches intercepted the view of the walls of Jerusalem, and its large trunk concealed me from the observation of the shepherds who were feeding their flocks on the slopes of the Mount of Olives. I could only see the deep and rugged ravine of Kedron, and the tops

of some other olives, which fill up the breadth of the valley of Jehoshaphat. Not a murmur arose from the waterless brook; not a leaf shook upon the tree: I closed my eyes, and carried back my thoughts to that night, the eve of the redemption of the human race, in which the Divine Messenger had drained the dregs of the cup of agony, before receiving death from the hands of men, as the reward of his celestial revelation. I asked my part of that salvation which he had borne to the world at so high a sacrifice; I represented to myself the flood of anguish which must have poured upon the heart of the Son of Man, when he contemplated at one view all the miseries, darknesses, woes, vanities, and wickednesses in the lot of mortals; when he wished to remove that load of crimes and griefs under which all humanity, bowed down and groaning, passes into the narrow vale of tears; when he found that not even truth and consolation could be imparted to mankind, but at the price of his life; when, recoiling with affright from the shadow of death, which he already felt upon him, he said to his Father, 'Let this cup pass from me!' And I, a miserable, ignorant, insignificant mortal, could also cry at the foot of the tree of human weakness, 'Oh Lord! let all these cups of bitterness be put away from me, and be poured by you into that cup already drained for us all! *He* had the force to drink it to the dregs. He had known and seen you; he knew wherefore he was about to drink it; he knew the immortal life that awaited him in the depths of his three days' tomb; but I, oh Lord, what know I but the wo which tears my heart, and the hope which he has taught me!'

I arose and gazed in admiration on this spot, divinely predestined and chosen for the most agonizing scene in the passion of the Saviour. It was a valley, narrow, entombed, and deeply sunk; closed on the north by the gloomy and bare ridges which bore the tombs of the kings; overshadowed on the west by the sombre and colossal walls of a city of iniquities; overcast on the east by the peaks of the Mountain of Olives, and traversed by a torrent which rolled its bitter and yellow waters over the broken rocks of the valley of Jehoshaphat. At a few paces distant, a black and naked rock stood out like a promontory from the foot of the mountain, and, suspended over Kedron and the vale, bore some old tombs of kings and patriarchs, carved in huge and fantastic architecture, and shot out like the bridge of death over the vale of tears! At that period, doubtless, the slopes of the Mount of Olives, now nearly bare, were irrigated by the water of the pools and the yet flowing stream of Kedron. Gardens of pomegranates, oranges, and olives, covered with a thicker shade the confined valley of Gethsemane, which is hollowed, like a nest of sorrow, in the narrowest and darkest depth of Jehoshaphat. The Man of opprobrium, the Man of grief, might hide himself there amongst the roots of trees, and the rocks of the torrent, under the triple shadow of the city, the mountain, and the night. He might hear from there the stealthy steps of his mother and his disciples, who were in search of their Son and their

Master; the confused noises, the brutish acclamations of the city, which arose above his head, in stupid joy at having vanquished truth and chased away justice; and the murmuring of Kedron which flowed beneath his feet, and which was soon to see its city overthrown, and its springs destroyed, by the ruin of a wicked and blind nation. Could the Saviour have chosen a more fitting place for his tears? Could he have moistened with his bloody sweat a land more ploughed with miseries, more soaked with sadness, more drowned with lamentations?

I remounted my horse, and in a quarter of an hour I climbed up the Mount of Olives, turning my head every instant to see something more of the valley and the city: every step that my horse made on the path leading up the mount disclosed to me a quarter, an edifice more of Jerusalem. I reached the summit, crowned by a mosque in ruins, covering the place where Christ ascended into heaven after the Resurrection. I descended a little on the right of this mosque to arrive at two broken columns, lying on the ground at the feet of some olive-trees, upon a level, which looks at the same time on Jerusalem, Sion, and the valleys of Saint-Saba, which lead to the Dead Sea. The Dead Sea itself was glittering between the peaks of the mountains and the vast horison, furrowed with numerous ridges terminating at the mountains of Arabia. Here I seated myself: behold the scene before me!

The Mount of Olives, on the summit of which I am sitting, descends in a sudden and steep declivity to the deep abyss which divides it from Jerusalem, and which is called the valley of Jehoshaphat. From the bottom of this gloomy and narrow vale, whose naked sides are streaked with white and black stones, the dismal stones of death, arises an immense and broad hill, whose precipitous inclination resembles that of a high tottering rampart: no tree can fix its roots, not even moss can hang its filaments; the declivity is so steep, that the soil and the stones are perpetually sinking down, and nothing is presented to the eye but a surface of dry and withered earth, like heaps of ashes. About the middle of this hill, or natural rampart, high and strong walls of broad stones, unchiselled on their exterior, are planted—their Roman and Hebraic foundations concealed under the ashes which are collected round their bases—and elevated fifty, a hundred, and farther on, two and three hundred feet high. The walls are pierced by three gates, two of which are built up; and one of them, open before us, seems as void and deserted as if it gave entrance to an uninhabited town. The walls rise also above these gates, and support a wide and extensive terrace, which stretches two-thirds of the length of Jerusalem, on the side which looks to the east; this terrace, computed by the eye, may be 1000 feet long, and 600 to 700 wide; it is almost perfectly level, except at its centre, where it sinks insensibly, as if to recall to the eye the shallow valley which formerly separated the Hill of Sion from the city of Jerusalem. This magnificent platform, doubtless prepared by nature, but evidently finished by the hand of man, was the sublime

pedestal on which arose the Temple of Solomon; it bears at the present day two Turkish mosques; the one, El-Sakara, in the centre of the platform, on the very site where the temple must have stood; the other, at the south-east extremity of the terrace, touching the walls of the town. The mosque of Omar, or El-Sakara, an admirable edifice of Arabian architecture, is of immense dimensions, with eight sides, and built of stone and marble. Each front is ornamented with seven arcades terminated in ogive; above this first range a terraced roof stretches, whence springs another tier of narrower arcades, crowned by a graceful dome covered with copper, formerly gilded with gold. The walls of the mosque are decorated with a blue enamel; to the right and to the left extend broad partition walls, terminated by light Moorish colonnades, corresponding to the eight doors of the mosque. Beyond these detached colonnades the platform continues, and terminates on one of its sides at the north part of the town, on the other at the walls on the south. Lofty cypress-trees, scattered as if by chance, olives, and green plants growing here and there between the mosques, heighten the effect of their elegant architecture, and the dazzling colour of their walls, by their pyramidal form and sombre verdure.

Above the two mosques and the site of the temple, all Jerusalem stretches out, and spouts up, if I may say so, before us, without the eye losing a roof or a stone, like the plan of a town in relief which an artist exhibits on a table. The city, not as it has been represented to us, a shapeless and confused heap of ruins and ashes, on which a few Arab huts are erected, or Bedouin tents planted—not like Athens, a chaos of dust and crumbled walls, in which the traveller vainly seeks the outline of edifices, the track of streets, the image of a town—but a city brilliant in aspect and colouring!—offering nobly to the eye its unbroken and embattled walls, its blue mosque with white colonnades, its thousands of resplendant domes, on which the rays of an autumnal sun fall and are reflected in dazzling vapour; the façades of houses, tinted by the suns of summer with the yellow and golden hue of the edifices of Pæstum or of Rome, its old towers, the guardians of its walls, in which not a stone, not a loophole, not a battlement, is deficient; and from the midst of this ocean of houses, and multitude of little domes surmounting them, a black and elliptic dome larger than the others, towered over by another white dome—it is the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary. They are confounded, and, as it were, drowned, in the immense labyrinth of domes, edifices, and streets which surround them; and it is thus difficult to account for the site of Calvary and that of the Sepulchre, which, according to the ideas given us by the Gospel, should be found upon a detached hill, beyond the walls, and not in the centre of Jerusalem! The city, contracted on the site of Sion, has been doubtlessly enlarged towards the north, to embrace within its compass the two spots which cause its shame and glory—the place of punishment of the Just, and that of the Resurrection of the God in man!

Such is the town from the height of the Mount of Olives. It has no horison behind it, neither to the west nor to the north. The outlines of its walls and towers, the points of its numerous minarets, the arches of its shining domes, stand out naked and bluntly on the blue sky of the East, and the city, thus borne and presented on its wide and elevated site, appears still to glitter in all the ancient splendour of its prophecies, or to wait but a word to start in full lustre from its seventeen successive ruins, and to become that *New Jerusalem* which *rises from the wilderness brilliant with brightness.** It is the most wondrous vision that the eye can have of a town which is no more; for it seems yet to be, and to shine as a town full of youth and life; but if we regard it with greater attention, we feel that it is, in fact, but a beautiful image of the city of David and of Solomon. No noise is heard from its squares and streets: no longer are there roads which lead to its gates from the east and the west, from the north and the south; there are only a few paths winding at hazard amongst the rocks, in which we meet some half-clad Arabs mounted on their asses, and some Damascus camel-drivers, or some women from Bethlehem or Jericho, bearing on their heads a pannier of Engaddi grapes, or a basket of pigeons, which they go to sell at morning under the turpentine-trees beyond the gates of the city. We were seated all day in front of the principal gate of Jerusalem; we made the circuit of the walls in passing before all its other gates. No one entered, no one came out; the beggar even was not seated in the gateway; the sentinel did not show himself on his post: we saw nothing, we heard nothing: the same blank, the same silence at the portals of a city, with thirty thousand souls, during twelve hours of the day, as if we had passed before the dead walls of Pompeii or Herculaneum! We saw but four funeral parties issue in silence from the Damascus gate, and wind along the walls towards the Turkish cemeteries; and from the gate of Sion, as we passed it, only a poor Christian, dead that morning of the plague, whom four grave-diggers were carrying to the burying-place of the Greeks. They went close past us, cast the body of the infected on the ground wrapped in his clothes, and set themselves in silence to dig his last bed under the feet of our

* [It is very necessary to recollect that the Jerusalem of the present day does not perhaps possess a single dwelling or piece of wall which belonged to the ancient city, so much has it been altered and destroyed. After its last great destruction under the Roman emperor, Adrian, in the year 118, it was rebuilt in a new style; and about the year 300, when Constantine was converted to Christianity, the city was greatly extended by that monarch and his mother Helena. By this last-mentioned pious woman a number of Christian churches were erected, and at this time the spots celebrated in the Gospel history began to be consecrated and dignified with chapels and shrines, so that the original appearance of many of them was lost. The Saracens and Turks afterwards effaced many of the works of Helena; but latterly, by the plantation of monasteries in Palestine, and the flocking thither of pilgrims, almost all the spots consecrated by the sufferings of Christ have been re-adorned, and are now under the roofs of religious structures. This alteration of the original aspect of these Scriptural scenes has been condemned by every traveller who has written on the subject. The present settled population of Jerusalem—Turks, Jews, and Christians—is reckoned at about 15,000.]

horses. The ground all around the town had been recently disturbed for similar burials, which the plague was every day multiplying; and the only noise heard beyond the walls of Jerusalem was the monotonous wailing of the Turkish women who were lamenting their dead. I know not if the plague was the sole cause of the desertion of the roads, and of the profound silence around Jerusalem and within it. I do not believe it was, because the Arabs and Turks do not attempt to escape the inflictions of the Almighty, convinced that they can reach them everywhere, and that no route avoids them. A sublime conviction on their part, but one which leads to disastrous consequences!

To the left of the platform of the temple and the walls of Jerusalem the hill which sustains the town sinks all at once, widens and extends in gentle slopes, supported at intervals by terraces of loose stones. On its summit, some hundreds of paces from Jerusalem, are a mosque and a group of Turkish edifices, nearly similar to a European village overtopped by its church and its steeple. It is Sion! It is the palace! It is the tomb of David! It is the place of his inspirations and of his enjoyments, of his life and of his repose! A place doubly sacred to me, whose heart this divine songster has so often touched, and whose imagination he has so often charmed. He is the first of sentimental poets!—the king of lyrics! Never has the human chord resounded with harmony so stirring, so penetrating, and so solemn! Never has the poetic thought been raised so high, or sung so justly! Never has the soul of man expanded before men and before God in expressions and sentiments so tender, so sympathetic, and so bewildering! All the most secret agonies of the human heart have found voice and utterance on the lips and on the harp of this man! And if we go back to the remote period in which such psalms were sung on earth, if we reflect that the lyric poetry of the most civilised nations then celebrated only the praises of wine, love, blood, and the victories of the muses, and the coursers in the games of Elis, we are impressed with a profound astonishment at the mystic accents of the kingly prophet, who speaks to the Lord-Creator as friend to friend, who understands and lauds his wondrous deeds, who applauds his justice, who implores his mercy, and seems an anticipating echo of the evangelical poetry, repeating the gentle words of the Saviour before hearing them. Prophet or not, according as he may be considered by the philosopher or the Christian, none can refuse to the poet-king an inspiration which was given to no other mortal! Read Horace or Pindar after a psalm! For myself, I cannot!

I, a humble poet, in a time of decay and silence, I would, if I had lived at Jerusalem, have chosen the spot for my residence, and the tomb for my repose, precisely where David has chosen his at Sion. It has the most beautiful prospect of Judea, of Palestine, and of Galilee. Jerusalem is on the left, with the temple and its buildings, on which the eyes of the king or the poet could fall without being seen from them. Before him the fertile gardens, stretching down the

expiring slopes, might conduct him to the bed of the torrent, whose foam and murmur were dear to him. Beyond, the valley opens and widens; fig-trees, pomegranates, and olives, overshadow it. It was upon some of these rocks, suspended over the flowing water, in some of these re-echoing grottos, cooled by the water-air, at the foot of some of these turpentine-trees, the ancestors of that which shades myself, that the sacred poet doubtless came to catch the whisper which inspired him so melodiously! May I not find it also to express the sadness of my heart, and of that of the human race in this unsettled age, as he sang his hopes in an age of youthfulness and faith? But there is no longer poetry in the heart of man, for despair is not tuneful. Unless a new inspiration shall descend upon our gloomy times, the lyres will remain mute, and man will pass in silence between two gulfs of doubt, without having loved, or prayed, or sung!

But I return to the palace of David. The view plunges on the ravine, at that time verdant and irrigated, of Jehoshaphat; a wide opening in the hills to the east leads from slope to slope, from ridge to ridge, to the basin of the Dead Sea, which reflects the evening rays, in its heavy and dull waters, like a thick Venetian glass, which imparts a leaden tint to the light which falls upon it. It is not what the imagination has figured to itself, a petrified lake in a mournful and monotonous landscape. It is from here one of the most beautiful of the Swiss or Italian lakes, its tranquil waters reposing under the shadow of the high mountains of Arabia, which stretch, like other Alps, out of sight behind it, between the elevated, pyramidal, indented, and glittering peaks of the concluding mountains of Judea. Such is the prospect from Sion!

There was another scene in the landscape of Jerusalem that I would have engraved in my memory, but I have neither pencil nor inspiration. It is the valley of Jehoshaphat—a valley celebrated in the traditions of three religions, in which the Jews, the Christians, and the Mohammedans agree in placing the terrible scene of the last judgment—a valley which has already witnessed on its banks the greatest scene in the evangelical drama—the tears, the agonies, and the death of the Saviour!—a valley through which the prophets have passed, in their turns, uttering a cry of wo and terror, which seems still to echo!—a valley which is destined to hear the stupendous noise of the torrent of souls rolling before God, and coming of themselves to their fatal judgment! *

* [The valley of Jehoshaphat, though only a narrow rocky glen, is one of the most interesting localities in the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem. It lies on the east of the city, and through it flows the small rivulet or brook Kedron, a tributary of the Dead Sea, which lies some miles distant in an easterly direction. 'Stopping for a moment among the tombs in the Turkish burying-ground, we descended towards the bridge across the brook Kedron, and the mysterious valley of Jehoshaphat. Here I was indeed among the hallowed places of the Bible. Here all was as nature had left it, and spared by the desecrating hand of man; and as I gazed upon the vast sepulchral monuments, the tombs of Abraham, Zechariah, and Jehoshaphat, and the thousands and tens of thousands of Hebrew tombstones covering the declivity of the mountain, I had no doubt I was looking upon that great gathering-place where,

Same day.—We returned to the convent of St John in the wilderness without having violated any stipulation in the compact concluded with the monks. We were received with a confidence and reliance which affected us; for if we had not been men of honour, if one of our Arabs only had escaped our watchfulness, and had communication with those who bore the infected all around us, we should have brought death perhaps to the whole community.

October 29.—At five o'clock in the morning, we departed from the wilderness of St John, with all our horses, escort, Arabs of Abougosh, and four horsemen, sent by the governor of Jerusalem. We pitch our camp at two gunshots from the walls, on the side of the Turkish burial-ground, all covered with little tents, in which the women come to lament. These tents are full of women, children, and slaves, bearing baskets of flowers, which they plant for the day around the tombs. Our horsemen from Naplous alone enter the city, to inform the governor of our arrival. Whilst they carry our message, we remove our shoes, boots, and cloth gaiters, which are susceptible of catching infection, and we cover our feet with morocco Turkish shoes; we rub ourselves with oil and garlic, a preservative which I have thought of, from the well-known fact at Constantinople that the dealers and carriers of oil are less subject to the plague. In half an hour we perceive, issuing from the Bethlehem gate, the *kiaya* of the governor, the interpreter of the convent of Latin monks, five or six horsemen, clad in brilliant costumes, and carrying gold or silver-headed canes, our own Naplous troopers, and some young pages on horseback. We go forward to meet them; they form a circle round us; and we enter the Bethlehem gate. Three plague corpses issued from it at the same moment, and their bearers dispute with us for an instant the passage under the sombre arch of the gate. Immediately after clearing it, we find ourselves in a suburb composed of small and wretched houses, and of some uncultivated gardens, the walls of which have fallen down. We follow for a moment the broadest road in this suburb; it leads us to one or two petty streets equally gloomy, narrow, and filthy; we perceive in these streets only the carriers of the dead, who pass with hasty steps, or range themselves against the walls, at the command, and under the raised sticks of the governor's janissaries. Here and there are some dealers in bread and fruits, covered with rags, seated on the doorway of small shops, with their baskets on their knees, and crying their merchandise after the manner of market people in our great towns. From time to time a woman veiled appears at the wooden bars of a window, or a boy opens a low and dark door, and goes to purchase for the family the day's provision. The streets are everywhere obstructed with rubbish, heaps of filth, and, above all, with loads of blue cloth, or stuff shreds, which the wind sweeps

three thousand years ago, the Jew buried his dead under the shadow of the temple of Solomon, and where, even at this day, in every country where his race is known, it is the dearest wish of his heart that his bones may be laid to rest among those of his long-buried ancestors.'—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel.*]

about like dead leaves, and with which we are unable to avoid contact. It is from the filth and rags with which the streets of eastern towns are covered that the plague is chiefly communicated. Hitherto we had seen nothing in the streets of Jerusalem which proclaimed the residence of a nation—no symptom of wealth, activity, or life: the exterior aspect had deceived us, as we had been so frequently before deceived in other towns of Greece and Syria. The most miserable hamlet on the Alps or Pyrenees, the most obscure alleys of our suburbs, abandoned to the lowest classes of the population, have more cleanliness, luxury, and elegance, than the deserted streets of the queen of cities. We only met a few Bedouins, mounted on Arab mares, whose feet slid or plunged into the holes with which the pavement is well supplied. These men have not the noble and chivalric air of the Arab scheiks of Syria and Lebanon; they have, on the contrary, the ferocious countenance, the vulture eye, and the costume of brigands.

We were stopped in our progress through streets similar to each other in all particulars, from time to time, by the interpreter of the Latin convent, who, showing us a Turkish house in ruins, an old gate of worm-eaten wood, or the remains of a Moorish window, said to us, 'There is the house of Veronica—there the gate of the Wandering Jew—there the window of the Prætor;' words which only excited in us a painful impression, belied as they were by the evidently modern appearance, and by the palpable improbability of such arbitrary demonstrations—pious frauds, of which no one is guilty, because they date from a remote period, and they have been repeated perhaps for ages to the pilgrims, whose ignorant credulity had first originated them. We were shown at last the roof of the Latin convent, but we could not enter. The monks keep quarantine; the monastery is closed in times of plague. A small house, which depends on it, alone remains open for strangers, under the direction of the monk, who is priest, or rector, of Jerusalem; it possesses but one or two rooms, which are occupied; and we pass on. We are led into a small square court, surrounded on all sides by high arcades surmounted by terraces. It is the court of a convent. The monks come out upon the terraces, and converse a few moments with us in Spanish and Italian. None of them speak French; those whom we see are almost all aged men, with a mild, venerable, and contented aspect. They welcome us with gaiety and cordiality, and appear greatly to regret that the prevalent calamity interdicts all communication with guests, exposed as we are to take and impart the plague. We give them news from Europe, and they offer us all the comforts that the country affords. A butcher kills sheep for us in the court. They lower us fresh bread by a cord from the terrace. We receive from them by the same means a store of crosses, chaplets, and other pious curiosities, of which they always keep abundant supplies. We hand them, in exchange, some alms, and letters with which their friends in Cyprus and Syria had charged us for them. Every object that passes from us to them is first subjected to a rigorous fumigation,

then plunged into a pitcher of cold water, and at last hoisted to the top of the terrace in a brass basin suspended by a string. These poor monks appear more terrified than we at the danger which surrounds them. They have so often had experience that a slight neglect in the observation of the sanitary rules carries off in a few hours an entire convent, that they adhere to them with scrupulous fidelity. They are unable to comprehend how we should throw ourselves voluntarily, and with gay hearts, into this ocean of contagion, a single spray from which turns them pale. The priest of Jerusalem, on the contrary, forced by his duty to partake the risks of his parishioners, wishes to persuade us that there is no plague. After half an hour's conversation with these monks, the bell calls them to mass. We return them our thanks; they give us their good wishes for a safe journey. We send to our camp the stores and provisions we have obtained, and leave the court of the convent.

After traversing some other streets similar to those which I have just described, we come upon a small square, looking to the north upon a corner of the Hill of Olives. On our left, some steps of descent lead us to a courtyard, on which stands the front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has been so often and so well described, that I will not describe it afresh. It is, especially on the exterior, a vast and splendid monument of the Byzantine era; its architecture is solemn, imposing, and rich for the period in which it was constructed; it is a worthy memento raised by the piety of men over the tomb of the Son of Man. Comparing this church with any of the same epoch, we find it superior in every respect. St Sophia, much more colossal, is also much more barbaric in its form; it is but a mountain of stones, flanked by hills of stones. St Sepulchre, on the contrary, is an airy and chiselled cupola, in which the artistic and graceful workmanship of the doors, windows, capitals, and cornices, gives to the mass the inestimable value of skilful labour; in which the stone has been carved to be rendered worthy of making part of a monument, elevated to the grandest of human ideas; in which the very belief that has reared it is written in the details, as well as in the entirety of the edifice. It is true that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is not such, at the present day, as St Helena, mother of Constantine, constructed it; the kings of Jerusalem retouched and embellished it with the ornaments of that architecture, half-western, half-Moorish, the taste and models for which they had picked up in the East. But such as it now is, on its exterior, with its Byzantine body, and Greek, Gothic, and Arabic decorations—with its very rents, the marks of time and barbarism, remaining on its façade—it presents no repugnant contrast to the thoughts we bear to it, or to the thoughts which it expresses; we do not experience, on beholding it, that distressing impression of a grand conception ill executed, of a sublime recollection profaned by the hands of men; on the contrary, we exclaim involuntarily, 'This is what I expected! Man has done all he could. The monument is not worthy of the tomb, but it is worthy of the mortal race,

anxious to do honour to the great sepulchre.' We enter the arched and sombre vestibule of the nave with this solemn feeling.

On entering the vestibule, which opens directly on the court, we perceive to the left, in the hollow of a wide deep niche, the divan which the Turks have there established; they are the guardians of the Holy Sepulchre, and they alone have the right of opening and shutting it. When I passed, five or six venerable Turks, with long white beards, were sitting cross-legged on this divan, covered with rich Aleppo carpets; coffee-cups and pipes were beside them on the carpets; they saluted us with dignity and grace, and gave orders to one of the watchers to accompany us into all parts of the church. I saw nothing in their countenances, their words, or their gestures, of that irreverence with which they are accused. They do not enter the church; they remain at the door; they speak to the Christians with the gravity and respect which the place and the object of the visit require. Possessors, by right of conquest, of the sacred monument of the Christians, they do not destroy it; they cast not its ashes to the winds; they preserve it; they maintain order, regularity, and a silent reverence in it, which the Christian communions, who dispute amongst themselves, are very far from guarding. They watch, in order that the relic, common to all that bears the name of Christian, may be preserved for all, in order that each communion may enjoy in its turn the opportunity of worship at the Holy Tomb. Without the Turks, this tomb, which is claimed by the Greeks, the Catholics, and the innumerable ramifications of the Christian idea, would have been a hundred times an object of contest amongst these rival and bitter creeds, would have passed in exclusive possession from the one to the other, and would, without question, have been interdicted to the enemies of the triumphant communion. I see nothing in this to accuse and malign the Turks. The pretended brutal intolerance of which the ignorant accuse them, is only manifested in forbearance and respect for what other men venerate and adore. Wherever the Mussulman perceives the idea of God in the mind of his fellow-creature, he bows, and respects. He believes that the idea sanctifies the form. They are the only tolerant people. Let Christians interrogate and ask themselves, in good faith, what they would have done if the destinies of war had delivered to them Mecca and the Kaaba? Would they have allowed the Turks to come from all parts of Asia and Europe to venerate in peace the monuments preserved of Islamism?

At the bottom of the vestibule we found ourselves under the large cupola of the church. The centre of this cupola, which the local traditions assert is the centre of the world, is occupied by a small monument, as one precious stone is enchased in another. This interior monument is an oblong square, adorned with pillars, a cornice, and cupola of marble, the whole in bad taste, and of a laboured fantastic design. It was reconstructed in 1817 by a European architect, at the expense of the Greek Church, which now possesses it. All around this interior erection the great external cupola ex-

tends without obstruction. We make the circuit freely, and find between the pillars large and deep chapels, which are each consecrated to one of the mysteries of Christ's passion. They all contain some real or supposititious evidences of the scenes of the Redemption. The part of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre which is not under the cupola is exclusively reserved to the sect of Greeks; a separation of painted wood, covered with the pictures of the Greek worship, divides one nave from the other.* Notwithstanding the absurd profusion of bad paintings, and of all sorts of ornaments with which the walls and the altar are surcharged, the whole has a solemn and religious effect; we feel that adoration in various forms has possessed this sanctuary, and accumulated all that superstitious but fervent generations have believed most precious before God. A staircase cut in the rock leads to the top of Calvary, where the three crosses were planted. Thus Calvary, the Sepulchre, and several other sites of the action of the Redemption, are found gathered under the roof of a single edifice of moderate extent. This appears little conformable to the recitals of the Evangelists, and we are very far from expecting to find the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea cut in the rock beyond the walls of Sion, fifty paces from Calvary, the place of executions, and contained within the enclosure of modern walls; but such are the traditions, and they have prevailed.† The mind does not contest, on such a scene, a few paces of difference between historical probabilities and traditions, nor whether it were here or there, since it is certainly not far from the positions pointed out. After a moment of profound and silent meditation in each of these sacred places, induced by the recollection which it individually recalled, we descended again to the enclosure of the church, and we entered the interior monument, which serves as a stone curtain or covering to the sepulchre itself. It is divided into two small sanctuaries. In the first is shown the stone on which the angels were seated when they answered the holy women: 'He is not there; he has risen.' The second and last sanctuary contains the sepulchre, yet covered with a sort of sarcophagus of white marble, which surrounds and entirely conceals from the eye the substance of the primitive rock, out

* [On the 12th of March 1808 a great portion of the edifice was destroyed by fire, which consumed the Armenian chapel, the cells of the Franciscans, the chapel of the Virgin, and the great dome. It likewise destroyed many of the fine marble columns and mosaic works of its founder, St Helena. The sepulchre itself was not injured. The present building was commenced immediately afterwards, and finished in September 1810. It happened that, at the time of the conflagration, the funds of the Terra Santa [Roman Catholic missionaries] were very low, and that at this epoch the attention of the Church of Rome was otherwise engaged, and the devotional fervour of Christians in Europe (according to the report of the monks) somewhat relaxed. The consequence was, that the Greeks, backed by their co-religionists, the Russians, having offered to defray the expenses of reconstruction, were put in possession of what was esteemed the most valuable portions of the edifice.—*Robinson's Travels in Palestine and Syria.*]

† [The first founders of the church, in order to reduce the rocky inequalities of Calvary to a plain area, were obliged to cut away several parts of the rock and to elevate others, taking care that none of those parts of the hill which were reckoned to be more immediately concerned in our Lord's passion should be altered or diminished.—*The same authority.*]

of which the tomb was hollowed. Gold and silver lamps, kept perpetually burning, light this chapel, and frankincense is burned night and day. The air is warm and scented. We entered it one by one, separately, without permitting any of the servants of the temple to follow us. We were separated by a curtain of crimson silk from the first sanctuary. We were unwilling that observation should interrupt the solemnity of the place, or the intensity of the impressions which it might inspire in each, according to his tone of mind, and according to the measure and nature of his belief in the great event which this tomb recalls: each of us remained in it a quarter of an hour, and no one came out with dry eyes.

Whatsoever was the form which internal meditation, the perusal of history, the effects of time, the changes in the human heart and mind, might have given to the religious sentiment within him; whether he had preserved the very letter of Christianity, the teaching of his mother; whether he possessed but a philosophic Christianity, according to its spirit; whether Christ were to him a crucified God; whether he saw in Him only the most holy of men apotheothised for his virtue, inspired by supreme truth, and dying to testify to his Father; whether Jesus were in his eyes the Son of God, or the Son of Man; Divinity made man, or humanity made Divine—Christianity is still always the religion of his remembrances, his heart, and his imagination; and let it be ever so evaporated in the whirlwind of the age and of life, so that the mind which has once imbibed it preserves but the first impression, the visible appearance of the places and monuments of his original creed must renew in him all such feelings, and make him shudder with solemn awe. For the Christian or the philosopher, for the moralist or the historian, this sepulchre is the boundary which separates two worlds, the ancient and the modern; it is the departing point of an idea which has revived the world, of a civilisation which has changed all things, of a word which has echoed throughout the globe. This sepulchre is the tomb of the old world, and the cradle of the new. Upon no rock here below has so vast a superstructure been founded; no tomb has been so fruitful; no doctrine buried three days, or three ages, has shivered in so triumphant a manner the stone that man had rolled upon it, and given the lie to death by so astounding and eternal a resurrection!

I entered in my turn, and the last, into the Holy Sepulchre, my mind besieged by these overwhelming ideas, my heart moved by such inward emotions as remain mysteries between man and his soul, between the reflecting insect and the Creator. These emotions cannot be written down; they exhale amidst the smoke of the consecrated lamps, amidst the perfume of the censers, amidst the vague murmur of sighs; they fall with the tears which start to the eyes at the recollection of the first names we have lisped in our infancy, of the father and the mother who taught us them, of the brothers, the sisters, and the friends with whom we hummed them. All the pious thoughts which have stirred the soul in all the epochs of life, all the prayers which have sprung from the heart and the lips, in the name

of Him who teaches us to pray to his Father and ours; all the joys and afflictions of which these prayers were the expression reawaken in the receptacles of the heart, and produce, by their vibration and tumultuousness, that overpowering of the intellect, and that melting of the heart, which find no words, but are resolved into moistened eyes, a heaving chest, a forehead lowly bent, and a mouth which silently presses the sepulchral stone. I remained thus a long time, praying to Heaven, to the Father, in the very place where the most divine of prayers first mounted to Heaven; praying for my father here below, for my mother in another world, for all those who are, or who are not, with whom the invisible link has never been broken. The communion of love never dies; the names of all the beings whom I have known, loved, by whom I have been loved, passed from my lips in the prayer at the Holy Sepulchre. Last of all, I prayed for myself; my prayer was ardent and vigorous. I asked for truth and courage before the tomb of Him who brought the greatest truth into the world, and died with the most perfect devotedness to that truth of which God had constituted him the Word. I will for ever remember the words which I murmured in that critical moment of my moral life. Perhaps I was favourably heard: a powerful ray of reason and conviction fell upon my mind, and separated more distinctly the light from the darkness, error from truth. There are moments of life when the thoughts of men, long vague and doubtful, unsettled as the waves, at length reach a point at which they are stayed, and returned upon themselves in new conformations, and in a direction contrary to that which has impelled them there. This was for me one of those moments: he who dives into hearts and thoughts knows it, and I myself will comprehend it one day. It was a mystery in my life which will be revealed hereafter.

Same date.—On leaving the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we follow the Mournful Way, of which M. de Chateaubriand has given so poetical an itinerary. Nothing imposing, nothing proved, nothing probable; ruins of modern construction pointed out by the monks to pilgrims as the undoubted vestiges of the different stations of Christ. The eye cannot entertain even a doubt, and all confidence in these local traditions is preliminarily destroyed by the history of the first years of Christianity, in which Jerusalem did not preserve one stone upon another, and in which the Christians were afterwards banished from the city for many years. Jerusalem, with the exception of its pools and the tombs of the kings, does not contain a single monument of any of those great events; some sites are of course ascertainable, such as the position of the temple, marked by its terraces, and bearing at present the immense and beautiful mosque of Omar-el-Sakara, the Mount of Sion occupied by the Armenian convent, and the Tomb of David. But it is only with history in the hand, and with a critical eye, that the greater part of the sites can be ascertained with sure precision. Except the terraced walls over the valley of Jehoshaphat, not a stone gives evidence of its era by its form or colour; the whole is reduced to powder, or modern. The

mind wanders in uncertainty over the city, without knowing where to settle; but the city, taken altogether, marked by the circumscribed hill which bears it, by the different valleys which encircle it, and especially by the deep vale of the Kedron, is a monument as to which the eye cannot be deceived. It is surely there that Sion was placed: a strange and unfortunate situation for the capital of a great people! —it is rather the fortress of a small tribe, chased from the earth, and taking refuge with its God and its temple upon a soil which none was interested to dispute with it, upon rocks which no roads could render accessible, in waterless valleys, in a rude and unfruitful climate, having for horison nothing but mountains calcined by the internal fire of volcanos, the mountains of Arabia and Jericho, and a tainted sea, without shore and without navigation—the Dead Sea! Such Judea, such the home of that people whose destiny has been to be proscribed at every epoch of their history, and from whom the nations have wrested even this capital of their proscriptions, perched like an eagle's nest on the top of this group of mountains; and yet this people carried with them the grand idea of the unity of God, and the truth of this elementary conception sufficed to separate them from other nations, and to render them proud of their persecutions, and resolute in their saving doctrines.

Same date.—After having gone through the different quarters of the city, all equally dismantled with those by which we had entered, we descended in the direction of the famous mosque which holds the place of Solomon's Temple. The governor of Jerusalem has his seraglio in a building adjoining the gardens and walls of the mosque. We went to make him our visit of thanks. The court of the seraglio was surrounded by grated dungeons, in which we perceived some robbers of Jericho and Samaria, who were awaiting their deliverance, or the sword of the pacha. Troopers, seated at the feet of their horses, scheiks of the desert, and Arabs from Naplous, were grouped here and there upon the steps, or under the corridors, waiting the hour of audience. The governor having learnt our arrival, sent to us his son, with a request to enter. This young man, about thirty years of age, was the most handsome of the Arabs, and perhaps of men, whom I have seen in the course of my life. Vigour, gracefulness, intelligence, and mildness were mingled with such harmony in his features, and were expressed in his blue eye with such attractive evidence, that we stood quite amazed at his appearance. He was of Samaria. The governor of Jerusalem, his father, is the most powerful of the Naplous Arabs. Persecuted by Abdallah, pacha of Acre, and often at war with him, during the dominion of the Turks he had been forced to fly with his family to the mountains beyond the Dead Sea: the victory of Ibrahim Pacha over Abdallah had restored him to his country. He had recovered his riches and influence, he had chased his enemies from the land; and the pacha of Egypt, to supply the deficiency of Egyptian troops in Judea, had intrusted to him the government of Jerusalem and Samaria. He had no other troops but some hundreds of horsemen, of his own tribe, by whose aid he main-

tained tranquillity, and the sway of Ibrahim, over all the surrounding population.

We entered the divan, a large saloon without any ornament but a few carpets upon mats, with pipes and coffee-cups on the ground. The governor, surrounded by a great number of slaves, by armed Arabs, and by some secretaries on their knees, writing on their hands, was engaged in administering justice and despatching orders. He arose at our approach, and came towards us. He caused the carpets of the divan to be removed, as they are susceptible of imparting infection, and Egyptian mats, which do not communicate it, were substituted. We seated ourselves, and pipes and coffee were presented to us. My dragoman made the governor the usual compliments; and I thanked him myself for all the pains he was good enough to take in order that strangers like ourselves might visit, without danger, the places consecrated by their religion. He answered me, with a smile, that he had only performed his duty; that the friends of Ibrahim were his friends; that he was answerable for every hair in their heads; that he was ready not only to do for me what he had already done, but also to march himself, if I wished it, with his troops, and accompany me wherever my curiosity or my religion inspired me with the desire of going within the limits of his government; that such was the order of the pacha. He afterwards inquired from us news of the war, and as to the interest that the powers of Europe took in the fortune of Ibrahim. I answered him in a manner to satisfy his secret inclinations—'that Europe admired in Ibrahim Pacha a conquering civiliser; that on this account it took an interest in his victories; that it was time that the East should participate in the benefits of a better administration; that the pacha of Egypt was the armed missionary of European civilisation in Arabia'; that his bravery, and the tactics he had learnt from us, insured him a certain victory over the Grand Vizier, who was advancing against him into Caramania; that, according to all appearance, he would gain a great victory, and march upon Constantinople; that he would not enter it, because the Europeans would not yet permit him, but that he would make peace with their mediation, and retain Arabia and Syria in permanent sovereignty.' This prophecy touched the heart of the old rebel of Naplous; his looks drank up my words; and his son and friends stretched their heads over mine, so as not to lose a syllable of the conversation, which was to them an augury of a long and peaceable possession of rule over Samaria. When I saw the governor in so happy a humour, I signified to him my desire not to enter the Mosque of Omar, as I knew that such a proceeding was opposed to the manners of the country, but to contemplate the exterior.

'If you require it,' answered he, 'all shall be opened to you; but I should run the risk of deeply enraging the Mohammedans of the city. They are still ignorant; they believe that the presence of a Christian within the circuit of the mosque would cause them to incur great dangers, for a prophecy has declared that everything that a Chris-

tian shall ask of God in the interior of El-Sakara he will obtain; and they do not doubt that a Christian would pray from God the ruin of the religion of the prophet, and the extermination of the Moslems. For myself, I believe it not; all men are brothers, since they adore, each in his own tongue, the common Father; He does not give to some at the expense of others; He makes the sun shine on the worshippers of all prophets; men know nothing, but God knows all: *Allah kerim!*'—('God is great!')—and he bowed his head, smiling.

'God preserve me,' said I to him, 'from abusing your hospitality, and exposing you to danger in order to satisfy a traveller's vain curiosity! If I were in the mosque of El-Sakara, I would pray not for the extermination of any people, but for the enlightenment and the happiness of all the children of Allah.'

At these words we arose; he conducted us through a corridor to a window of his seraglio which opened upon the exterior courts of the mosque. We could not so well seize the whole of the building from this position as may be done from the top of the Mount of Olives; we saw only the walls of the cupola, some Moorish porticos of the most elegant architecture, and the tops of the cypresses which grow in the interior gardens. I took leave of the governor, informing him that my project was to pass eight or ten days encamped in the environs of the city, and to depart to-morrow on an excursion to the Dead Sea, to the Jordan, to Jericho, and even to the foot of the mountains of Arabia-Petræa; that I should return several times into the interior of Jerusalem; and that I had nothing to ask from him but a sufficient number of horsemen to guarantee our safety in the different excursions that we proposed to make in Judea. We went out of the city by the Bethlehem gate, near which our tents were fixed, and in the evening we visited all the remarkable or consecrated spots around the city walls.

Same date.—The evening was passed in going over the slopes which extend to the south of Jerusalem, between the tomb of David and the valley of Jehoshaphat. These slopes are the only part outside the city which has any appearance of a trifling vegetation. At sunset I seated myself in front of the Mount of Olives, four or five hundred feet above the fount of Siloam, near where were the gardens of David. Jehoshaphat was at my feet; the high terraces of the temple were a little above me on the left; I saw the beautiful cypresses which raise their pyramidal heads above the porticos of the mosque El-Aksa, and the dome-like orange-trees which overshadow the fountain of the temple called the Orange Fountain. This fountain recalled to my memory one of the most delightful Oriental traditions, invented, transmitted, or preserved by the Arabs. It is thus they recount that Solomon chose the site of the temple:—

'Jerusalem was a ploughed field; two brothers possessed that part of the ground where the temple is now erected. One of these brothers was married, and had several children; the other lived alone; they cultivated in common the field which they had inherited from their mother. The time of the harvest being come, the two

brothers bind their sheaves, and place them in two equal heaps, which they leave on the field. During the night, the brother who was unmarried said to himself, "My brother has a wife and children to succour; it is not just that my portion should be as great as his; I will take from my heap some sheaves, and add them to his; he will not perceive it, and will not thus be able to refuse." And he did as he had determined. The same night the other brother awoke, and said to his wife, "My brother is young, and lives alone companionless; he has no person to assist him in his labour, or console him in his fatigue; it is not just that we should take from the common field as many sheaves as he; let us rise and carry secretly to his heap a certain number of sheaves; he will not take notice of them to-morrow, and therefore cannot refuse to take them." And they did as they had determined. In the morning each of the brothers went to the field, and was much surprised to see that the two heaps were still equal; neither of them could inwardly give account of this prodigy. They did the same thing for several nights in succession; but as each of them bore to his brother's heap the same number of sheaves, the heaps always remained equal, until one night both placed themselves on watch to ascertain the cause of the miracle, and met each other carrying the sheaves destined for the other.

'Now the place where so good a thought had entered the heads of two men at one time, and had been so perseveringly pursued, must be a place agreeable to God, and men blessed it, and chose it to build thereupon the house of God.'

What a charming tradition! How it breathes the simple goodness of patriarchal manners! How ancient and natural is the inspiration which falls on men to consecrate to God a place in which virtue has germinated on the earth! I have heard amongst the Arabs hundreds of legends of this nature. The atmosphere of the Bible is breathed in all parts of the East.

The aspect of the valley of Jehoshaphat is conformable to the destination which Christian ideas assign it. It is like a vast sepulchre, too narrow, however, for the multitudes of the human race that are there to be gathered. Surmounted on all sides by mournful monuments; entombed at its southern extremity in the rock of Siloa, all pierced by sepulchral caves like a withered honeycomb; having, for its dismal terminations, the tombs of Jehoshaphat and of Absalom, cut like pyramids in the living rock, and overshadowed on one side by the black ridges of the Mount of Offences, on the other by the walls of the demolished temple; it was a place naturally exciting a holy terror, and destined, at an early date, to become the place of execution for a large city, and in which the imagination of the prophets might place, without effort, the scenes of death, resurrection, and judgment. We figure to ourselves the valley of Jehoshaphat as a vast hollow in the mountains, through which the Kedron, a large and black torrent, with mournful waters, flows in a dismal murmur; in which wide gorges, open to the four winds, expand to give entrance to the four torrents of the dead, pouring from the east, the

west, the north, and the south; with enormous slopes stretching, as in an amphitheatre, to give space to the innumerable children of Adam coming to assist, each for himself, in the final catastrophe of the grand drama of humanity: nothing of all this! The valley of Jehoshaphat is only a natural moat hollowed between two hills, a few hundred feet high, one of which bears Jerusalem, and the other the peak of the Mount of Olives; the ramparts of Jerusalem crumbling down have filled up the greater part of it; there is no gorge at its termination; the Kedron, which issues from the ground some paces above the valley, is but a torrent formed in winter by the dripping of the rains from some olive fields below the tombs of the kings, and is crossed by a bridge in the middle of the valley opposite one of the gates of Jerusalem; it is a few paces across, and the valley at that spot is not wider than its stream. This waterless brook simply marks out a steep bed of white shells at the bottom of the ravine. In a word, the valley of Jehoshaphat is perfectly similar to a moat cut at the foot of the lofty fortifications of a large town, into which the sewer of the town disgorges, during winter, its putrefactions, on which a few poor people of the suburbs dispute for a speck of earth to plant cabbages, and where the goats and asses without owners go to browse, on its steep sides, the grass poisoned by filth and dust. Sprinkle this ground with tombs belonging to all the creeds on earth, and you will have before your eyes the Vale of Judgment.

Same date.—Behold the fountain of Siloam, the only spring in the valley, the source of inspiration to kings and prophets! I do not know how so many travellers have had difficulty in discovering it, and continue to dispute amongst themselves as to the site it occupies. It is there, quite full of limpid and pleasant water, freshening the heated and dusty air of the valley with its watery exhalation, having twenty steps cut in the rock, on whose summit stood the palace of David. These steps, worn by the tread of women coming from the village of Siloa to fill their pitchers, are slippery as marble. I went down them, and seated myself for a moment on the moist flags; I listened to the gentle dripping of the spring, I washed my hands and face in its waters, and I repeated the verses of Milton, to invoke, in my turn, his inspirations so long ago silenced. It is the only place in the environs of Jerusalem where the traveller can moisten his finger, quench his thirst, and rest his head under the shadow of the cool rock, and of two or three tufts of verdure. Some small gardens, planted with pomegranates and other small trees by the Arabs of Siloa, form around the fountain thickets of pale verdure. It nourishes them with its superfluous waters. The valley of Jehoshaphat finishes there. Beyond, a small plain with a gentle slope draws the eye into the wide and deep gorges of the volcanic mountains of Jericho and Saint-Saba, and the Dead Sea closes the prospect.

Banks of the Jordan beyond the plain of Jericho, some leagues from the falling of the river into the Dead Sea.—Yesterday, the 30th October, we left Jerusalem at seven in the morning, with the whole

caravan—namely, six soldiers of Ibrahim Pacha, the nephew of Abougosh and four of his horsemen, and eight mounted Arabs of Naplous, sent by the governor of Jerusalem. We made the circuit of the town, descended to the bottom of the vale of Jehoshaphat, mounted again as we went along the Mount of Olives, leaving on our right the Hill of Offences, and traversed, at its southern extremity, the mountainous chain which continues that of the Mount of Olives. We arrived at the village of Bethany, yet peopled by some Arab families, and we distinguished there the remains of a Christian monument. There was a good spring. An Arab drew water for an hour to satisfy the horses, and to fill the jars hung from the saddles of our mules. There was no more water as far as Jericho, ten or twelve hours' march. We left Bethany at four in the afternoon. We had a descent of two hours by a wide road, with artificial slopes cut in the precipitous sides of mountains succeeding each other without interruption. This is the only trace of a road which I have seen in the East. It was the route to Jericho, and the fertile fields watered by the Jordan. It led to the possessions of the tribes of Israel, who had amongst them the whole course of that river, and the plain of Tiberias, as far as the environs of Tyre and the foot of Lebanon. It conducted into Arabia, Mesopotamia, and through them into Persia and India, countries with which Solomon had established his great commercial relations. It was he doubtless who made this road. It was likewise by this route that the Jewish people passed at first when they descended from Arabia Petræa, passed the Jordan, and came to take possession of their heritage. After departing from Bethany, we met neither houses nor cultivation; the mountains are completely bare of vegetation; nothing but rock, or the dust of rock; a blackish ashy colour prevails, like a windingsheet for the dead, over the whole of this land. From time to time the mountains are broken, and split into narrow and deep gorges—abysses to which no path conducts, in which the eye can distinguish nothing but the incessant repetition of the same scenes that surround it. Almost all these mountains have a volcanic appearance; the stones, rolled on their sides or on the road, by the winter rains, resemble blocks of lava hardened and cracked by centuries. Occasionally in the distance we see on some hill-tops that slight yellowish and sulphureous tint which we perceive on Vesuvius and Ætna. It is impossible to hold out long against the dismal and horrible impression that this landscape produces. It oppresses the heart, and afflicts the eyes. When on the summit of one of these mountains, and the horison opens for an instant to the vision, as far as the eye can reach we see only the black chains, the conical or broken peaks, piled one above the other, and standing out of the raw-blue of heaven; a boundless labyrinth of avenues, of mountains in all forms, torn, broken, split into gigantic portions, connected with each other by chains of hills similar to themselves, with bottomless ravines, where we expect at least to hear the noise of a torrent, but in which all is still and silent, and only rarely is descried a tree, a plant, a flower,

a little moss; the ruins of a world laid in ashes, the outburst of a land on fire, petrified into waves of gravel and stone.

At the bottom of the ravine we found the walls of a ruined caravanserai, and a spring, protected by a small wall, loaded with sentences from the Koran. The spring trickled drop by drop into the stone basin; our Arabs in vain applied their lips to it. We let our horses rest a moment under shelter of the caravanserai. We had been descending for so long a time, that we believed ourselves on the level of the plain of Jericho and of the Dead Sea. We again resumed our route, exhausted with the heat and fatigue of the journey. Our Arab troopers flattered us with the hope of getting in a few hours to Jericho; but the day was sinking every minute, and twilight added its horrors to the gloom of the ravines in which we toiled. After an hour's march at the bottom of this valley, we found ourselves once more upon the steep declivities of a fresh chain of mountains, which seemed to us the last before coming upon the plain of Jericho. The night entirely hid the prospect from us; we had just light enough to distinguish at our feet the appalling precipices down which the least false step of our horses would hurl us. Our jars were exhausted; we were parched with thirst; one of our troopers from Samaria told the dragoman that he knew a spring in the neighbourhood; we decided upon halting where we were if a little water could in reality be obtained. After attempting for about half an hour, the Samaritan returned, and said that he had not been able to find the spring. It was necessary to march on; there yet remained a four-hours' journey. We placed the Arabs from Naplous at the head of the caravan. Each horseman was ordered to follow, step by step, him who preceded, without losing track. The most profound silence reigned throughout the company; the night had become so dark, that it was impossible to see even the head of our horses; each followed his companion by the noise of his steps. At every instant the whole caravan was stopped, from the foremost ranks probing the road, for fear of being precipitated into the abyss. We all got off horseback to grope our way better; we were twenty times obliged to stop, on account of exclamations issuing from the front or the rear of the caravan; a horse had tumbled, or a man had fallen. We were often on the point of stopping altogether, and waiting, motionless in our places, until this long and dreary night had passed; but the van kept moving, and it was necessary to follow. After three hours had been spent in this anxious condition, we heard loud cries and musket-shots at the front of the caravan; we imagined that the Arabs of Jericho had attacked us, and we prepared to fire at hazard; but being passed from mouth to mouth, the intelligence came to us that the Naplousians were shouting for joy, and had fired off their pieces because we had cleared the bad part of the road. We felt, in fact, the route becoming a little more level under our feet, and I jumped on horseback. My young Arab stallion, smelling water not far off, grew restive, and in the strife fell with me into a hollow. The night was so dark, that no one saw my predica-

ment; I kept hold, however, of the bridle, and reseating myself in the saddle, I let the animal follow his instinct, ignorant whether I were on the edge or in the bottom of a ravine, hollowed in the plain. He shot forward in a gallop, neighing, and stopped not until he reached the banks of a wide stream, of little depth, and lined with prickly shrubs. Whilst he was slaking his thirst, I heard on my left the shouts and pistol-shots of the Arabs, who had just discovered my disappearance, and were seeking me in the plain. I saw a light glittering through the leaves of the shrubs; I urged my horse towards it, and in a few minutes I found myself at the door of my tent, pitched on the edge of this very rivulet. It was already midnight; we ate a morsel of bread steeped in water, and slept without knowing where we were, unable to conceive by what prodigy we had emerged so suddenly from the solitude, without shade or spring, on a brook which, by the light of our torches, and the fires of the Arabs, appeared to us like an Alpine stream, with its drooping willows and its tufts of reeds and cresses.

If Tasso had possessed, as M. de Chateaubriand pretends, a local inspiration whilst composing his 'Jerusalem Delivered' (and I confess that, great admirer as I am of Tasso, it is not on this account I should praise him, for it is impossible to have worse conceived the localities, and more mistaken manners than he has done; but what signify localities and manners?—poetry does not lie in them—it is in the heart); but if he had been so inspired, it would have been, beyond doubt, on the banks of this stream he had made Hermione arrive, flying on her courser, abandoned to himself, and let her meet that Arcadian, and not Arab, shepherd, of whom he has given so ravishing a description.

We awoke, like her, to the warbling of a thousand birds fluttering on the branches of the trees, and the roaring of the waters over their bed of flints. We issued from our tents to observe the spot to which the night had brought us. The mountains of Judea, which we had traversed the previous day, were to the east of us, about a league from our camp; their chain, everywhere sterile and indented, stretched out of sight to the south and north, and at intervals we perceived vast gorges, which opened on the plain, from which were pouring the nocturnal vapours like large billows, and spreading in sheets of mist over the undulating sands of the shores of the lake Asphaltides. To the west, a wide desert of sand separated us from the banks of the Jordan, which we were unable to discern, from the Dead Sea, and from the blue mountains of Arabia Petræa. These mountains, viewed at this hour and distance, seemed to us, from the playing of the shadows on their tops, and in their intervening valleys, to be strewed with cultivation, and covered with immense forests; the chalky ravines which intersected them gave an idea of the fall and dazzling effect of waters from a cascade. There was nothing of the sort, however; when I approached them, I found that they presented, on a larger scale, the same barren and withered aspect as the mountains of Judea. Around us all was smiling and

fresh, though uncultivated; water gives animation to everything, even to the desert; and the dwarfish trees, which were scattered, like artificial shrubberies, in small groups upon its banks, recalled to us the sweetest spots of our own country.

We mounted our horses; we could not be more than an hour from Jericho, but we perceived neither walls nor smoke in the plain, and we knew not very well in what direction to proceed, when a troop of Bedouins, mounted on superb horses, came out from between two hills, and advanced curvetting towards us. It was the scheik, and the principal inhabitants of Jericho, who, informed of our approach by an Arab of the governor of Jerusalem, sought us in the desert, to place themselves in our suite. We were acquainted with the Arabs of the desert of Jericho only by the reputation for ferocity and brigand habits which they enjoy in all Syria, and we were not too sure at first whether they came as friends or enemies; but nothing, during several days that they remained with us, denoted any evil intention on their part. Overawed by terror at the name of Ibrahim, whose emissaries they conceived us to be, they gave us all that their country afforded—a free desert, water from their fountains, and a little barley and *doura* for our horses. I thanked the scheik and his friends for the escort which they came to offer us; they joined our troop, and flying here and there on the flanks, amongst the hillocks of sand, appeared and disappeared with the swiftness of the wind. I remarked a horse distinguished for its shape and fleetness, bestrode by the scheik's brother, and I empowered my dragoman to purchase it for me at whatever cost. But as such offers cannot be made directly without committing a species of outrage on the delicacy of the owner of the horse, it required several days' negotiation to render me possessor of this beautiful animal, which I designed for my daughter, and which, in fact, I gave to her.

JERICHO.

After an hour's march, we were, beyond all doubt, at the foot of the ramparts of Jericho. These ramparts were twenty feet high, and fifteen or twenty broad, formed of fagots of thorns piled one above the other, and arranged with admirable care to prevent the passage of man or beast. They were fortifications which might not have fallen at the sound of the trumpet, but which a spark of the shepherd's fire, or the fox of Samson, would have consumed.* This fortress of dried thorns had two or three wide gates always open,

* [According to the accounts of travellers, Jericho is now a mean hamlet, of no kind of importance. 'It consists,' says Mr Stephens, 'of fifty or sixty miserable Arab houses, the walls of which on three sides are of stones, piled up like the stone-fences of our farmers, most of them not so high as a man's head, and the front and top either entirely open, or covered with brush.']

which the Arab sentinels doubtless watched during the night. On passing before these gates, we saw on the roofs of some mud huts all the women and children of the city of the wilderness, grouped in attitudes the most picturesque, pressing and leaning upon each other to see us pass. These women, whose shoulders and legs were naked, had for their only garment a piece of blue cotton cloth, bound at the waist by a leathern girdle, the arms and legs clasped by several rings of gold and silver, with the hair frizzled and floating on the neck. Some had their hair wove into tresses, and entwined with piastres and sequins in great profusion, falling like a cuirass on their breast and shoulders. There were some remarkably handsome, but they have not that air of softness, of timid modesty and voluptuous languor, of the Arab women of Syria. But they are not women; they are the companions of barbarians; they have in their eyes and attitudes the same fire, the same audaciousness, and the same ferocity, as the Bedouin. Several negresses were amongst them, and did not appear slaves. The Bedouins espouse indifferently black or white women, and colour makes no difference in rank. These females uttered savage cries and yells of laughter as we passed; the men, on the contrary, seemed to chide their indiscreet curiosity, and exhibited towards us nothing but gravity and respect.

Not far from the thorn walls we passed near to two or three houses of the scheiks. They are built of mud, dried in the sun, a few feet high. A terrace covered with mats and carpets is the principal apartment; the family remains there almost the whole day and night. Before the door is a large seat of dried mud, on which a carpet is stretched for the chief. He assumes his station there from sunrise, surrounded by his principal slaves, and visited by his friends. Coffee and pipes are in constant requisition. A large courtyard, filled with horses, camels, goats, and cows, encircles the house. There are always two or three beautiful mares kept saddled and bridled for the excursions of the master.

We stayed only a few moments near the mud palace of the scheik, who offered us water, coffee, pipes, and a calf and several sheep, which he caused to be killed for our use. We received presents likewise of dried doura, chickens, and water-melons. We took our departure, preceded by the scheik and fifteen or twenty of the chief Arabs of the town; we observed several fields of maize and doura well cultivated in the environs. A few groves of orange and pomegranate-trees, and some beautiful palms, also surround the houses scattered about the town, and then all becomes once more wilderness and sand. The desert is an immense plain, with several elevations, which sink successively, as far as the river Jordan, by regular gradations, like the steps of a natural staircase. The eye can distinguish only one complete plain; but after marching an hour, we come all at once on one of these terraces, which we descend by a rapid slope, and march another hour, when there is a fresh descent; and thus the whole way. The soil is a white compact sand, covered by a concrete and saline crust, produced doubtless by the fogs from the Dead

Sea, which, on their evaporation, deposit this salt crust. There is no stone or earth, except on approaching the river or the mountains; there is, on all sides, a vast horison; and we distinguished, from an immense distance, an Arab galloping over the plain. As this desert is the theatre of their attacking, pillaging, and massacring the caravans going from Jerusalem to Damascus, or from Mesopotamia to Egypt, the Arabs take advantage of some detached hills formed by the moving sand, and have also erected artificial ones, to hide themselves from the observation of the caravans, and to descry them from afar; they hollow out the sand on the summit of these hills, and there burrow with their horses. As soon as they perceive their prey, they dart with the rapidity of the falcon; they go to apprise their tribe, and return all together to the attack. Such is their only industrial occupation, such their only glory; civilisation with them is murder and pillage, and they attach as much importance to their successes in this species of exploit as our conquerors to the acquisition of a province. Their poets, for they have poets, celebrate in their verses these scenes of barbarity, and deliver down, from generation to generation, the honoured memory of their courage and their crimes. The horses have a considerable share of the glory assigned them in these recitals: here is one which the scheik's son related to us on the way:—

'An Arab and his tribe had attacked in the desert the caravan of Damascus; the victory was complete, and the Arabs were already occupied in loading their rich booty, when the troops of the pacha of Acre, coming to meet this caravan, fell suddenly upon the victorious Arabs, slew a great number of them, made the remainder prisoners, and having tied them with cords, conducted them to Acre to present them before the pacha. Abou-el-Marsch, the Arab of whom he spoke, had received a ball in his arm during the combat; as his wound was not mortal, the Turks had fastened him on a camel, and having obtained possession of his horse, led off both horse and horseman. The evening before which they were to enter Acre, they encamped with their prisoners in the mountains of Saphad; the wounded Arab had his legs bound together by a leathern thong, and was stretched near the tent where the Turks were sleeping. During the night, kept awake by the pain of his wound, he heard his horse neigh amongst the other horses fastened around the tents, according to Oriental usage. He recognised his neigh, and, unable to resist the desire of speaking once more to the companion of his life, he dragged himself with difficulty along the ground, by the assistance of his hands and knees, and came up to his courser. "Poor friend," said he to it, "what wilt thou do amongst the Turks? Thou wilt be immured under the arches of a khan, with the horses of an aga or of a pacha; the women and the children will no longer bring thee the camel's milk, or the barley or the doura in the hollow of their hands; thou wilt no longer run free in the desert, as the wind of Egypt; thou wilt no more divide the waters of the Jordan with thy breast, and cool thy skin as white as their foam; there-

fore, if I remain a slave, remain thou free!—go, return to the tent, which thou knowest; say to my wife that Abou-el-Marsch will return no more, and put thy head under the curtains of the tent to lick the hands of my little children." Whilst speaking thus, Abou-el-Marsch had gnawed through with his teeth the cord of goat-hair which fetters Arab horses, and the animal was free; but seeing its master wounded and bound at its feet, the faithful and sagacious steed understood by instinct what no language could explain to him. He stooped his head, smelt his master, and seizing him with his teeth by the leathern thong which he had about his body, went off in a gallop, and bore him to his tent. On arriving, and placing his master on the sand, at the feet of his wife and children, the horse expired from fatigue. All the tribe wept for him, the poets have celebrated him, and his name is constantly in the mouths of the Arabs of Jericho.'

We have no idea of the degree of sagacity and attachment to which the habit of living with the family, of being caressed by the children, fed by the women, rebuked or encouraged by the voice of their master, tends to raise the instinct of the Arabian horse. The animal is, by his very breed, more sagacious and tame than the breeds of our climates; it is the same with all animals in Arabia. Nature or heaven has given them a stronger instinct, a greater attachment to man than amongst us. They remember better the days of Eden, when they submitted voluntarily to the control of the king of nature. I have myself frequently seen in Syria birds caught in the hand by children, and perfectly tamed by the evening; not requiring either cage, or a thread to the leg to retain them with the family which adopts them, but flying at freedom upon the orange and mulberry-trees in the garden, return at the call, and perch themselves on the fingers of the children or the heads of the young maidens.

The horse of the scheik of Jericho, which I bought and mounted, knew me at the end of a few days as its master. He would not allow himself to be mounted by any other, and cleared the whole caravan to come to my call, though my tongue was a strange one to him. Gentle and affectionate with me, and accustomed to the caresses of my Arabs, he walked quietly and discreetly in his rank in the caravan when we met only Turks, Arabs dressed in the Turkish fashion, or Syrians; but if he chanced, even a year after, to spy a Bedouin mounted on a horse of the desert, he became all at once another animal; his eye grew fiery, his neck swelled, his tail was raised, and lashed his sides like a whip; he reared on his haunches, and thus proceeded for a long time, under the weight of his saddle and of the person upon him; he did not neigh, but uttered a warlike cry, like that from a brass trumpet; such a cry as all the other horses were alarmed at, and stopped with their ears erect listening to it.

Same date.—After five hours' march, during which the river always seemed farther off than ever, we arrived at the last level, at

the foot of which it flowed; but although we were not more than two or three hundred paces distant, we still perceived only the plain and the desert before us, and no trace either of valley or river. It is this illusion of the desert, I suppose, which has caused some travellers to say and believe that the Jordan rolls its muddy waters over a bed of flints, and between banks of sand, in the desert of Jericho. These travellers had not been able to reach the river itself; and seeing from a distance a vast sea of sand, they were unable to conceive that a cool, shady, and delicious oasis was hollowed between the levels of this monotonous desert, and that the full stream and murmuring course of the Jordan was overhung with a verdure which the Thames might envy; yet such is the fact. We stood in astonishment and rapture when, arrived at the edge of the last level, which sinks all at once beneath the feet, and is scooped into a perpendicular fall, we had before our eyes one of the most delightful vales whereon they had ever rested. We urged our horses down with a gallop, irresistibly attracted by the novelty of the sight, and by the charms of freshness, moisture, and shade of which the valley was redolent. All around were swards of the most lovely green, on which were growing tufts of rushes in flower, and bulbous plants, whose glittering shoots sprinkled the turf with various tints; thickets of shrubs with long flexible twigs, bending like bunches of flowers around their multifarious trunks; large Persian poplars with a slight foliage, not rising in pyramids, like our clipped poplars, but throwing freely out on all sides their sinewy branches, like those of oaks, and their smooth white bark glittering in the restless rays of the morning sun; groves of willows of all species, and of large osiers, so entwined, that it was impossible to penetrate them; and so much were the trees crowded, and so multiplied was the underwood crawling at their feet with their twigs matted in tresses, that an inextricable network was formed. These woods stretched on both sides along the banks of the river far out of sight. We were obliged to descend from our horses, and fix our camp in one of the glades of the wood, and to make our way on foot to the stream of the Jordan, which we heard without seeing. We penetrated with difficulty, sometimes struggling with the thickets of wood, sometimes with the long grass, sometimes with the high rushes; at length we reached a spot where the turf was open to the water, and we steeped our hands and feet in the river. It may be a hundred or a hundred and twenty feet broad; its depth appears considerable, and its course is as rapid as the Rhone at Geneva. Its water is of a faint blue, slightly muddied by the gray earth it passes through and hollows, immense banks of which we heard from time to time falling into its stream. Its shores are perpendicular, but it fills them to the rushes and trees which border them. The roots of these trees, undermined by the water, hang and trail along the sides; frequently being entirely uprooted, and no longer supported by the earth, they bend over the river with all their leaves and branches, which dip into it, and throw, as it were, an arch of verdure from

one bank to the other. From time to time one of these trees is carried away with the portion of soil which sustains it, and floats all leafy down the current, with the underwood torn up, and adhering to the branches, its nests under water, and the birds still hopping amongst its leaves: we saw several of these pass during the few hours that we remained in this charming oasis. The woods follow the windings of the Jordan, and deck it everywhere with an everlasting garland of branches and leaves, which bend into the water, and make its ruffled surface murmur. A countless multitude of birds inhabit these impenetrable forests. The Arabs warned us not to go without our arms, and to be careful as we advanced, because this entangled underwood is the resort of lions, panthers, and leopards. We saw none, but we frequently heard in the gloom of the thicket growls and noises similar to those which large animals make in diving into the depths of woods. We went over the accessible parts of the shores of this beautiful river for an hour or two. In some places the Arabs of the savage tribes in the mountains of Arabia Petræa, at the bottom of which we were, had set the forest on fire, in order to penetrate it, or carry off the wood. There remained a great quantity of trunks, only calcined at the bark, but new shoots had sprung around the burnt trees, and the climbing-plants of this fertile soil had already so entwined the dead and young trees, that the forest was there more novel, without being less vast or luxuriant. We gathered an ample stock of willow and poplar branches, as well as of other trees with long twigs and beautiful rinds, whose names I am ignorant of, to make presents of them to our friends in Europe, and we rejoined the camp, which the Arabs had shifted during our ramble, on the shores of the river. They had found out a situation yet more delightful and convenient to pitch our tents than all those that we had just traversed. It was on a bank of turf, as smooth as if it had been pastured by a flock of sheep. Here and there were shrubs with broad leaves, and a few tufts of young planes and sycamores, scattered so as to throw a shade upon the grass, and keep ourselves and our horses cool. The Jordan, flowing not twenty paces from us, had worn a small shallow bay in the middle of this glade, and its waters wound round the feet of two or three great poplars. An accessible path led down to the river, and permitted us to take our thirsty horses to it, and to go ourselves and bathe. We there fixed our two tents, and made the day's halt.

On the following day, the 2d of November, we continued our route, drawing towards the highest mountains of Arabia Petræa, leaving and again joining the Jordan, according to the sinuosities of its course; and we approached the Dead Sea. Not far from the course of the river, on a spot of the desert which I know not how to design, there are the remains, still imposing, of a castle of the crusaders, built by them apparently to protect this route. This ruin is deserted, and may serve to shelter the Arabs when in ambush waiting for the caravans. In the midst of the ocean of sand, it has the appearance of the hulk of an abandoned vessel on the horison

at sea. On drawing near the Dead Sea, the ground becomes more level, and descends with an insensible slope towards the shore; the sand gets spongy, and the horses, sinking at each step, proceed with difficulty. When we at length perceived the reflection of the waves, we could not restrain our impatience; we set off at a gallop to throw ourselves into the waters, which were reposing on the sand before us, resplendent as molten lead. The scheik of Jericho and his Arabs, who always followed us, imagining that we wished to run the djerid with them, scampered off also at the same time in all directions over the plain, and returning upon us with loud cries, brandished their long reedy lances as if they would have pierced us; then, stopping their horses short, and throwing them on their haunches, they let us pass, and again set off in a sweep to return as before. I arrived the first, owing to the speed of my Turcoman steed; but when twenty or thirty paces from the sea, the sand mixed with soil is so wet and marshy, that my horse sank up to the belly, and I was apprehensive of being swallowed up. I drew back the way I had come, and getting off our horses, we went on foot to the shore.

The Dead Sea has been described by several travellers. I took no note of its specific gravity, or of the relative quantity of salt its waters contain. It was not science or criticism that I was come in search of. I had come to it simply because it was on my route, and because it was in the middle of a celebrated desert, celebrated of itself for the engulfing of towns, which formerly arose where I now saw its motionless waters. Its shores are flat to the east and west; the high mountains of Judea and Arabia enclose it, and descend almost to its edges on the north and south. Those of Arabia, however, are somewhat more distant from it, especially near the mouth of the Jordan, where we stood. The shores are completely deserted; the air is infected and unhealthly. We ourselves found its influence during the few days we passed in this desert. A great depression on the head, and a feverish sensation, attacked us, and did not quit us until we were rid of its atmosphere. There was not an island to be seen. Yet at sunset, from the top of a sand-hill, I thought I could distinguish two islands at the extremity of the horison on the Idumæan side. The Arabs knew nothing of them. The sea is in this part of it at least thirty leagues long, and they never venture to follow its shores so far. No traveller has ever been able to circumnavigate the Dead Sea; it has never been explored at its other extremity, or on its two shores of Judea and Arabia. We are, I believe, the first who have enjoyed the full liberty of exploring it on the three sides; and if we had had a little more time on our hands, there was nothing to prevent our getting pine planks from Lebanon, Jerusalem, or Jaffa, and constructing on the spot a sloop, and visiting in security all the coasts of this wondrous inland sea. The Arabs, who do not generally permit travellers to approach it, and whose prejudices are opposed to any attempt at navigating it, were then so devoted to our least wishes, that they would have offered no obstacle to our enterprise. I should have put it in execu-

tion if I had foreseen the welcome that these Arabs gave us. But it was too late; we must have returned to Jerusalem, and brought carpenters to build the vessel; all this would have taken us, together with the navigation, at least three weeks, and our days were numbered. I renounced the scheme, therefore, not without pain. A traveller in the same circumstances as myself will be easily able to accomplish it, and to throw on this natural phenomenon, and on this geographical question, the light that criticism and science have desired for so long a time.

The aspect of the Dead Sea is neither sad nor mournful, except to the thought. To the eye it is a dazzling lake, whose wide and silvery surface reflects the light and the firmament like a Venetian mirror. Mountains, rising in beautiful domes, throw their shadow upon its banks. They say there are neither fish in its bosom nor birds on its shores. I know not; I saw no gulls, or any of those pretty white birds, like sea-doves, which skim all the day over the waves of the sea of Syria, and follow the caïques (skiffs) on the Bosphorus: but at a few hundred paces from the Dead Sea I fired at and shot some birds similar to the wild drakes which rise from the marshy shores of the Jordan. If the air of the sea were mortal to them, they would not come so near to brave its mephitic vapours. I likewise did not perceive those ruins of engulfed towns which are seen, as it is said, at a little depth beneath the waters. The Arabs who accompanied me asserted that they had beheld them sometimes. I followed for a great distance the banks of this sea, both on the Arabian side, where the Jordan falls into it (this river is there, in truth, what travellers describe it, a ditch of dirty water in a bed of mud), and on the Judean side, where the shores rise, and occasionally assume the appearance of the slight downs abutting on the ocean. The surface of the water everywhere presents the same aspect—it is shining, blue, and motionless.* Men have faithfully preserved the faculty given them by God in Genesis, of calling things by their names. This sea is beautiful; it glitters, it pours upon the desert which surrounds it the reflection of its waters; it attracts the eye, and it rouses the thought; but it is dead—motion and noise are no more. Its waves, too heavy for the wind, are still, and no white foam plays on the pebbles of its shores: it is a sea of petrifaction. How was it formed? Apparently, as the Bible says, as also probability, forming the vast centre of the volcanic

* [The water of the Dead Sea, or Lake Asphaltides, has been frequently analysed, and is found to be of a greater specific gravity than common water; in other words, it is more dense, and better able to buoy up objects, than water of an ordinary kind. Still, this density is not remarkable. The specific gravity is only 1.211, and it is perfectly transparent. In 100 grains are the following substances in solution:—Grains of muriate of lime 3.920, of muriate of magnesia 10.246, muriate of soda 10.360, sulphate of lime 0.054—total 24.580. It thus appears that about a fourth part of the 100 grains is foreign substances. The taste is a bitter salt. Mr Stephens mentions that he bathed in the Dead Sea, and that he felt the buoyant property to be much greater than that of either fresh or salt water. It has been alleged, among other idle tales regarding this mysterious lake, that birds cannot fly over it and live; but this is completely disproved by various recent travellers, one of whom saw swallows skimming along its surface. The Dead Sea has no outlet; its waters are apparently carried off entirely by evaporation.]

chains which stretch from Jerusalem into Mesopotamia, and from Lebanon to Idumæa, a crater has opened in its middle at the time when seven cities crowded the plain. The towns have been overthrown by the earthquake; the Jordan, which, according to all probability, then flowed through this plain, and fell into the Red Sea, arrested all at once by the volcanic eminences thrown up from the earth, and swallowed up in the craters of Sodom and Gomorrah, has formed this sea, corrupted by salt, sulphur, and bitumen, the ordinary aliments or products of volcanos. Such is the fact, and such probability! This adds not to, or detracts from, the action of that sovereign and eternal will which some call a miracle, and others ascribe to nature. Nature and miracle—are they not one?—and is the universe anything but a miracle from perpetuity and at all moments?

Same date.—We returned by the northern side of the Dead Sea in the direction of the valley of Saint-Saba. The desert is much more diversified in this part; it is obstructed with immense hills of earth and sand, which every moment we have to wind round or scale. The line of our caravan undulates upon these hills, like an extended fleet in a heavy sea, where the different ships are seen and lost by turns in the hollows of the waves. After three hours' march, sometimes over small unbroken plains, where we proceeded in a gallop, sometimes upon the edge of deep ravines of sand, down which some of our horses rolled, we perceived before us the smoke from the houses of Jericho. The Arabs parted from us, and flew towards this smoke. Two only remained to point out the road. On approaching Jericho, the chief amongst the Arabs came back to us. We encamped in the midst of a field, shaded by a few palm-trees, and where a brook flowed. Our tents were soon pitched, and we found a supper prepared, thanks to the presents of all sorts which the Arabs had brought to our camp. The Arab who rode the beautiful horse which I desired to carry away appeared to admire the Turcoman horse which I had ridden the preceding day. The conversation being skilfully drawn to the subject of our several steeds, they praised many of mine. I proposed to him to exchange his Arab for my Turcoman; we debated the whole evening what further sum was to be given by me; but nothing was fixed. Every time that I came up to his price, he testified so great a grief at parting with his horse, that we went to bed without concluding a bargain. On the following day, at the moment of starting, all the horses being already caparisoned and mounted, I again made advances. He at length determined himself to mount my Turcoman horse, and he gallopped him across the plain. Captivated by the brilliant qualities of the animal, he sent me his by his son. I paid 900 piastres, mounted the horse, and departed. All the tribe seemed to view his leaving with regret; the children spoke to him, the women pointed to him with their fingers, the scheik returned often to look at him, and to make him certain cabalistic signs, which the Arabs have always the precaution to make to the horses which they sell or buy.

The animal himself appeared to understand the separation, and sadly drooped his head, shaded by a superb mane, casting a mournful and unquiet eye to the right and the left upon the desert. The eye of the Arab horses is a perfect tongue. By their beautiful eye, the fiery pupil of which starts from the blood-veined white of the orbit, they express and comprehend all things.

I had ceased for several days to mount that horse amongst my stud which I preferred to all the rest. From the numberless superstitions of the Arabs, there are seventy good or bad signs in the horoscope of a horse; and this is a science which all the men of the desert possess. The horse of which I speak, which I called Lebanon, because I had purchased him in those mountains, was a young and splendid stallion, tall, strong, high-spirited, untiring, and sagacious, displaying no vice in the fifteen months which I rode him; but he had on his chest, by the accidental conformation of his beautiful ashy-gray skin, one of those ears of corn which the Arabs have placed in the number of unfortunate signs. I had been forewarned of it on buying him, but I took him, from the very natural reasoning, that a sign unfortunate for a Mohammedan was one favourable to a Christian. They found this an unanswerable argument, and I mounted Lebanon every time that I had to make longer or worse journeys than usual. When we approached a town, or a tribe, and the people came out to meet the caravan, the Arabs, or the Turks, struck with the beauty and strength of Lebanon, commenced to compliment me, and to admire him with longing eyes; but after a few moments' consideration, the fatal sign, which was a little covered by the silk collar and the amulet suspended round the neck, which every horse always carries, was discovered, and the Arabs, drawing near me, changed countenance, appeared grave and afflicted, and gave me signs not to mount that horse again. This was of little importance in Syria; but in Judea, and amongst the tribes of the desert, I feared that it might jeopardise my consideration, and destroy the respect and obedient feeling which attended us. I ceased, therefore, to mount him, and he was led by the hand in the suite. I do not doubt we owed a considerable portion of the deference and fear which were manifested around us to the beauty of the dozen or fifteen Arab horses which we rode, or which followed us. A horse in Arabia is the fortune of a man; it supposes everything, it supplies the place of everything. They formed a high idea of a Frank who possessed so many horses equally beautiful with those of their scheik and the pacha.

We returned to Jerusalem by that same valley which we had traversed at night on coming. Before entering the first gorge of the mountains, we saw evident traces of ancient buildings upon a wide table-land commanding the plain, and we supposed that there might be the true site of the ancient Jericho. It requires a great progress in civilisation to build towns in the plain. We are never deceived when we search for ancient cities on the heights. It was in this gorge that the touching parable of the Samaritan places the scene of

the murder and the charity. It appears, from the times of the Gospel, these valleys have had a bad reputation.

This was a fatiguing day, from the monotony of a fourteen hours' march, and the excessive heat of the sun, reverberated by the precipitous sides of the ravines. We met no one during these fourteen hours but an Arab shepherd, who was tending an innumerable flock of black goats on the top of a hill.

Encamped near the Pool of Solomon, under the walls of Jerusalem: November 2.—We wished to consecrate a day to prayer in the place to which all Christians turn in praying, as the Mohammedans turn towards Mecca. We engaged the monk who fulfilled the functions of priest at Jerusalem to celebrate for our living and dead relations, for our friends of all times and of all places, and also for ourselves, the commemoration of the grand and mournful sacrifice which had moistened this land with the blood of the Just, in order that charity and hope might grow from it. We assisted at it in such moods as our recollections, sorrows, losses, desires, and different degrees of piety and faith inspired to each. We chose for our temple and altar the grotto of Gethsemane, in the hollow of the valley of Jehoshaphat. It was into this cavern, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, that Christ retired, according to tradition, to escape from the persecution of his enemies and the importunity of his disciples; it was here that he communed with his heavenly thoughts, and prayed to his Father that the too bitter cup which he had himself filled, as we all fill ours, might pass away from his lips; it was here that he said to his three friends, on the eve of his death, to remain on the watch, and not to sleep, and he was obliged thrice to awaken them, so prone is the zeal of human charity to grow dull; it was here, in fine, that he passed those terrible hours of the agony, the ineffable strife between life and death, between the mind and instinct, between the soul, anxious to be freed, and the matter resisting, because it is blind! It was here that he sweated blood and water, and that, wearied at combating with himself without the victory of the soul giving peace to his thoughts, he spoke those final words which evince the man and the God, those words which are become the wisdom of all the wise, and which ought to be the epitaph on all lives, and the sole motto of all created things —'My Father, let thy will be done, not mine.'

The locality of this grotto, cut in the rock of the Kedron, is one of the most probable, and best justified by its appearance, of all those which the popular piety in its credulity has assigned for each of the scenes in the grand evangelical drama; it is the very valley resting in the shadow of death, the abyss hid under the walls of the city, the hollow the most profound, and then probably the most shunned of men, in which the Saviour, who had all men for his enemies, because he came to attack all their falsehoods, could seek an occasional shelter, and retired within himself to meditate, to pray, to suffer! The impure brook of Kedron flows at some paces' distance. It was then but a sewer of Jerusalem. The Mount of Olives there bends over to meet the hills which bear the tombs of the kings, and forms, as it

were, a projecting angle, on which thickets of olive, turpentine, and fig-trees, together with those fruit-trees which poor people always cultivate, even in the crevices of the rocks in the neighbourhood of a large town, would conceal the entrance of the grotto. Furthermore, this spot was not disturbed, and rendered incapable of being distinguished by the ruins in which Jerusalem was buried. The disciples who had watched and prayed with Christ could return and say, marking the rock and the trees, 'It was here!' A valley is not obliterated like a street, and the smallest rock endures longer than the most majestic of temples.

The grotto of Gethsemane, and the rock which covers it, are at present surrounded by the walls of a little chapel, kept locked, the key of which is in the hands of the Latin monks of Jerusalem. This grotto, and the seven olive-trees in the adjoining field, belong to them. The door cut in the rock opens on the court of another pious sanctuary, which they call the Tomb of the Virgin. This belongs to the Greeks. The grotto is deep and lofty, and divided into two cavities, which communicate by a sort of subterranean portico. There are also several altars hollowed out of the living rock; they have not disfigured this sanctuary, thus formed by nature, with so many artificial ornaments as the other sanctuaries of the Holy Sepulchre. The arch, the floor, and the walls, are the rock itself, dripping, as it were weeping, with the dampness of a cavern enveloped by earth. They have only appended above each altar a bad representation in copperplate, painted a flesh colour, and as large as life, of the agony of Christ, with the angels who are presenting to him the cup of death. If they tore away these wretched figures, which destroy the forms which the pious imagination loves to create for itself in the shadow of the grotto—if they permitted the eyes, moistened with tears, to ascend freely, and without sensible images, towards the thoughts of which that night is so full—this grotto would be the most unpolluted and holy relic on the hills of Sion; but men must always spoil what they touch! Alas! if they had contented themselves with altering and injuring the mere stones and remains of these visible scenes! But how many dogmas, doctrines, and sects, have they not made from that religion of reason, simplicity, love, and humility, which the Son of Man taught them at the price of his blood? When God permits a truth to come upon the earth, men begin by cursing and stoning him who bears it; then they seize upon this truth, which they have been unable to kill with him, because it is immortal; his spoil is their inheritance; but like the precious stone which the malefactors carried off from the heavenly pilgrim, they encase it with so many errors, that it becomes undistinguishable, until the light breaks afresh upon it, and, after many ages, separating the diamond from its setting, wisdom proclaims—Behold the truth! Behold the lie! Here is the reality!—there is the counterfeit! It is on this account that all religions have two natures, the association of which astonishes the mind: a popular nature, with miracles, legends, and shameful superstitions, the im-

pure alloy with which ages of ignorance and darkness have mixed and adulterated the doctrine of heaven; and a rational and philosophical nature, which is effectual in removing the human rust, and presents religion to an eternal and incorruptible light, which is reason, reflects it pure and unmixed, and illuminates all things and all intelligence with that blaze of truth and love by which we see and adore *the self-evident being*, GOD.

Same date.—There remains, not far from the grotto of Gethsemane, a small corner of land, yet shaded by seven olive-trees, which popular traditions describe as the same trees under which Jesus lay and wept. These olives, in fact, bear on their trunks and prodigious branches the date of the eighteen centuries which have elapsed since that awful night. These trunks are of enormous compass, and are formed, like those of all old olives, by a vast number of stems, which seem incorporated into the tree, and are covered by the same bark, resembling a cluster of cemented columns. Their branches are almost withered, but still produce a few olives. We collected those which strewed the earth beneath the trees; we made some fall with a pious discretion, and we filled our pockets with them, to carry as relics of this locality to our friends. I imagine that it is sweet for the Christian mind to pray whilst grasping with the fingers the olive stones of those trees, whose roots Jesus has perhaps watered and fructified with his tears, when he himself prayed for the last time on earth. If they are not the same trunks, they are in all probability offshoots from those sacred trees. But there is nothing to show that they are not identically the same stocks. I have traversed every part of the world where the olive grows; this tree exists for ages, and nowhere have I found any larger, although planted in a rocky and arid soil. I have likewise seen, on the summit of Lebanon, the cedars which Arab traditions carry back to the age of Solomon. There is nothing impossible in it; nature has given to certain vegetables a longer existence than to empires; certain oaks have seen many dynasties pass away, and the acorn which we trample with our feet, the olive-kernel which I rub in my hand, the cedar-apple which the wind scatters, will reproduce, flourish, and cover the earth with their shadows when hundreds of generations which follow us shall have restored to the earth that morsel of dust which they have borrowed in their turns. But creation does not thereby mark its contempt for us. The relative importance of beings is not measured by the duration, but by the intensity of their existence. There is more of life in one hour of thought, of contemplation, of prayer, or of love, than in the entire existence of a purely physical man. There is more of life in a thought which pervades the world, and ascends to heaven in a space of time not to be counted, in the millionth part of a second, than in the eighteen centuries of vegetation in the olives which I lean upon, or in the two thousand five hundred years of Solomon's cedars.

Same date.—Breakfasted, seated on the steps of the fountain of Siloam. Wrote some verses, tore them, and cast the fragments

into the spring. Words are poor weapons. The most beautiful verses are those which we cannot express. The diction of every language is insufficient, and every day the heart of man finds in the delicacies of his sentiments, and the imagination discovers in the impressions of visible nature, things which the mouth cannot embody for want of words. The heart and the thought of man are like a musician driven to play infinitely varied music on an organ which has but a few notes. It is more advisable to be silent. Silence is a refined poetry at certain moments. It is felt by the soul, and appreciated by God. And that is enough.

Same date.—On proceeding again up the valley of Jehoshaphat, I passed near the sepulchre of Absalom. It is a block of rock cut in the very body of the mountain of Siloa, attached to the primitive rock upon which it is based. It is about thirty feet in height, and twenty broad on all its sides. I say so at hazard, for I measure nothing; the rule is useful only to the architect. Its form is a square pedestal, with a Greek doorway in the middle, a Corinthian cornice, with a pyramid at the summit. The character is neither Roman nor Greek. The effect is solemn, monumental, and novel, as the Egyptian monuments. The Jews had no architecture of their own: they borrowed from Egypt, Greece, but chiefly, I believe, from India. The key of the whole is to be found in India; the birth of philosophy and the arts appears to me to date from there. It preceded and brought forth Assyria, Chaldea, Mesopotamia, Syria; the great cities of the desert, as Balbek; then Egypt; then the islands such as Crete and Cyprus; then Etruria; then Rome; then came night; and Christianity, fostered at first by the Platonic philosophy, afterwards by the ignorant barbarism of the middle ages, has given birth to our civilisation and modern arts. We are young, and have scarcely yet reached the age of virility. A world new in thought, in social forms and arts, will spring probably in a few centuries from the great ruin of the middle ages, which we are promoting. We know that the intellectual world bears its own fruit, the outburst of which will be made amidst convulsions and agony; language, written and multiplied by the press, by exciting discussion, criticism, and inquiry, by drawing the vigour of all intellects to every point of fact or argument in the world, invincibly leads humanity to the age of reason. Revelation will come to all by all. The divine light, which is reason and religion, will penetrate through all the circles of humanity. A beautiful book might be made of the history of the divine spirit in the different phases of humanity; the tracing of divinity in man, when the religious principle is found first acting in the earliest records of humanity by instincts and blind impulses; then singing by the voice of poets, the *mens divinior;* then manifesting itself on the tables of legislators, or in the mysterious initiations of the Indian, Egyptian, Hebraic theocracies. When its mythological forms, worn out by time, exhausted by the credulity of mankind, are cast from the human spirit, we see it disseminated and taught in the great schools of philosophy in Greece and Asia

Minor, and in the Pythagorean sects, but seeking in vain for universal symbols, until Christianity embodied all speculative and disputed truth in those two grand practical and incontestible truths—adoration of an only God; charity and good-will amongst men. Christianity itself, obscured and alloyed with errors, like every doctrine rendered popular by the credulousness of the ages it has passed, appears destined to be itself transformed, to come out more rational and pure from the load of mysteries with which it is enveloped, and to unite its divine illuminations with those of religious reason, which it has been the first to generate, and to raise so high in the horison of humanity.

Same date.—A little above the entrance to the valley of Kedron, on the north of Jerusalem, we traversed some fields of a reddish and more fertile earth, covered with a wood of olives. About five hundred paces from the city we came to the edge of a deep quarry, into which we descended. On the left, a block of rock, profusely sculptured, stretched the whole breadth of the quarry, and below it was a narrow opening, half closed by earth and stones. A man could scarcely crawl into it by creeping. We entered it; but as we had neither steels nor torches, we almost immediately came out again, and did not visit the interior chambers; they were the sepulchres of the kings. The frieze, magnificently sculptured, and of beautiful Grecian workmanship, on the exterior rock, would mark the most flourishing epoch of the arts in Greece for this decoration of the monuments; yet it perhaps belongs to the age of Solomon, for who can know what that great prince had borrowed from the genius of India or of Egypt?

November 3.—The plague, which rages more and more in Jerusalem and its environs, will not allow us to enter Bethlehem, the convent and sanctuary of which were closed. We mounted our horses, however, in the evening, and after traversing a level of about two leagues, which extends to the east of Jerusalem, we arrived upon a height, a short distance from Bethlehem, whence we had a complete view of the whole of this little town. We had scarcely seated ourselves, when a numerous cavalcade of Bethlehemite Arabs came and requested to be presented to me. After the usual compliments, they told me that they were deputed to me by the population of Bethlehem, with the prayer that I would obtain a diminution of the tribute which Ibrahim Pacha had laid upon their town, as they knew from report, and the Arabs of Abougosh their chief, that Ibrahim Pacha was my friend, and would certainly not refuse if I solicited indulgence for them. As the Arabs of Bethlehem are the most detestable race in the country, always at war with their neighbours, always making exactions on the Latin convent of the town, I replied to them with gravity, after making them severe reproaches for their rapines, 'that I would have respect for their prayer, and would present it to the pacha, but only on condition that they respected Europeans, pilgrims, and especially the convents of Bethlehem and of St John in the

wilderness; and that, if they permitted the slightest domestic violation with regard to these poor monks, it was the determination of Ibrahim to exterminate them to the last man, or to drive them into the deserts of Arabia Petræa.' I added, and it seemed to make a lively impression, 'that if the forces of Ibrahim Pacha were insufficient, the pachas of Europe had decided to come themselves and reduce them to reason.' In the meantime, I engaged them to pay the tribute. From that day to the hour of my departure, I had constantly in my suite, in spite of all endeavours to dismiss them, a certain number of the Bedouin scheiks of Bethlehem, Hebron, and the desert of St John, who never ceased imploring me for the reduction of tribute. We returned to the camp in the valley of the Pool of Solomon, under the walls of Sion, and received a visit from Abougosh, who came with his uncle and brother to inquire after our health. I gave him coffee and pipes, and we conversed an hour at the door of my tent, each seated under an olive-tree.

Same date.—A courier from Jaffa brought me letters from Europe and Beirout, and put them into my hands beneath the ramparts of Jerusalem. These letters reassured me as to the health of my daughter; but as she added, at the foot of her mother's letter, that she was resolutely opposed to my going into Egypt at this moment, I altered my route, and countermanded my caravan of camels at El-Arisch, determining to return by the coast of Syria. We struck our tents: I sent a present of 500 piastres to the convent, besides 1500 that I had paid for chaplets, relics, crucifixes, &c.; and we proceeded once more to the wilderness of St John.

The general aspect of the environs of Jerusalem may be described in a few words: mountains without trees, valleys without water, ground without verdure, rocks without awe or grandeur; blocks of gray stone piercing a brittle soil full of cracks; now and then a fig-tree, and a gazelle or jackal crawling furtively amongst the interstices of the rocks; a few vine plants creeping over the ashy or reddish earth; at far distances a thicket of pale olives, casting a speck of shade down the precipitous sides of a hill; at the horison a turpentine or black carob-tree, standing out sad and solitary from the blue sky; the walls and gray towers of the fortifications of the city appearing from a distance on the crest of Sion: such is the land. And the sky is pure, clear, deep, in which the smallest cloud never floats, and which is never coloured with the purple of evening or morning. On the side of Arabia, a wide ravine descends between the black mountains, and conducts the eye to the dazzling waters of the Dead Sea and the blue horison of the mountain-peaks of Moab. Not a breath of wind murmurs on the battlements or among the dry branches of the olive-trees; not a bird singing, or a cricket chirping in the bladeless vales; a complete, perpetual silence in the city, on the roads, in the fields. Such was Jerusalem during all the days that we passed under its walls. I heard but the neighing of the horses around our camp, chafing at the heat, and digging up the dusty soil with their feet, and from time to time the doleful

chant of the muetzlim crying the hour from the top of the minaret, or the tuneful lamentations of Turkish mourners, accompanying, in long files, the dead to the different cemeteries outside the city. Jerusalem, where we go to visit one sepulchre, is indeed itself the tomb of a people, but a tomb without cypresses, inscriptions, or monuments, with its stones broken and pounded, the ashes of which seem to cover the surrounding earth with sorrow, silence, and sterility. We several times cast back our eyes on quitting it, from the height of every eminence whence we could still perceive it; and we saw for the last time the crown of olives which rises on the famous Mount, which floated a long time in the horison after we had lost sight of the city, gradually sunk into the sky, and finally disappeared, like the pale flowers which are cast into a grave. Nevertheless we must again return there; but, alas! no more with the same sentiments, no more to weep over the miseries of others, but there to groan for our own woes, and to shed tears for ourselves, on that land which has already drunk up and dried so many.

Yesterday I had fixed my tent in a rocky field, where a few trunks of knotty and stunted olives were standing, under the walls of Jerusalem, some hundreds of paces from the tower of David, a little above the fountain of Siloam, which still trickles down the worn flags of its grotto, and not far from the tomb of the poet-king who has so repeatedly sung of it. The high and black terraces which formerly sustained the Temple of Solomon arose on my left, crowned by the three blue cupolas, and the light and airy colonnades of the Mosque of Omar, which now hovers over the ruins of the Temple of Jehovah. The city of Jerusalem, ravaged by the plague, was inundated with the rays of a dazzling sun, reflected upon its thousand domes, its white marbles, its gilded towers, and its walls, polished by centuries and the salt winds of the lake Asphaltides. No noise arose from its expanse, mute and mournful as the bed of one in the last agony; its wide gates were open, and there were seen from time to time the white turban and red mantle of the Arab soldier, a useless watcher at these deserted gates. Nothing entered, nothing came out; the morning breeze alone raised the dust on the roads, and deluded us for a moment with the idea of a caravan; but when the gust of wind was past, when it had died away, whistling over the battlements of the tower of the Pisans, or the three palm-trees of the house of Caiaphas, the dust fell, the desert reappeared, and the step of no camel or mule sounded on the stones of the road. Only every quarter of an hour, the dead whom the plague had carried off were brought out, borne by two naked slaves on a litter, to the tombs scattered all around us. Sometimes a long train of Turks, Arabs, Armenians, Jews, accompanied the dead body, and defiled amongst the olive trunks, singing, and afterwards returned, with slow steps, and in silence, into the city. But most frequently the dead were brought out singly; and when the two slaves had scooped out a few hands' breadth of the sand or earth, and laid the plague body in its last bed, they sat down upon the barrow they

had just raised, divided between them the raiment of the defunct, and lighting their long pipes, smoked in silence, looking at the smoke from their chibouques mounting in a light blue column, and gracefully losing itself in the limpid and transparent air of these autumnal days. At my feet, the valley of Jehoshaphat stretched like a vast sepulchre; the drained Kedron ploughed it with a white rent, all scattered with large flints, and the sides of the two hills which hem it were all blanched with the tombs and sculptured turbans, the usual monuments of the Moslems. A little to the right, the hill of Olives sank, and gave sight to the horison expanding beyond the chains of naked mountains of Jericho and Saint-Saba, sprinkled with volcanic cones; the eye turned there of its own accord, attracted by the azure and silvery brightness of the Dead Sea, which shone at the foot of these mountains; and behind all, the blue mountains of Arabia Petræa bounded the horison. But bounded is not the word, for these mountains appeared transparent as crystal; and we saw, or believed we saw, far beyond, an indistinct and indefined horison still stretching, and floating in the ambient vapours of a purple and cerulean-tinted atmosphere.

It was mid-day, the hour in which the muetzlim watches the sun from the highest gallery of the minaret, and chants the time and prayer; a living, animated voice, feeling what it says and sings—much superior, in my opinion, to the unconscious sound of the bells of our cathedrals. My Arabs had given barley, in sacks of goat-hair, to my horses, tethered at intervals round my tent with iron rings about their legs. These beautiful and tractable animals were motionless, their heads drooping, and overshadowed by their long thick manes, and their gray skins shining and steaming under the rays of a perpendicular sun. The men had collected themselves under the shade of the largest of the olive-trees; they had stretched on the earth their Damascus mats, and were smoking whilst relating to each other tales of the desert, or singing the verses of Antar.

Antar, that sample of the wandering Arab, at once a shepherd, warrior, and poet, who has described the whole desert in national poetry, epic as Homer, plaintive as Job, amorous as Theocritus, philosophic as Solomon! His verses, which soothe or stimulate the imagination of the Arab as much as the drugged smoke of the hookah, were re-echoed in guttural sounds by the animated group of saïs; and when the poet had accurately or strongly touched the sensitive chord of these men, so savage and yet so lively in their impressions, a slight murmur from their lips was heard; they clasped their hands, raised them above their ears, and bowing their heads, exclaimed, 'Allah! Allah! Allah!'

Afterwards, the recollection of hours thus passed in hearing these verses, which I was not able to understand, induced me to seek with care for some fragments of the popular Arab poems, and especially of the heroic poem of Antar. I succeeded in obtaining a certain number, and I had them translated by my dragoman during the winter evenings I spent on Lebanon. I myself began to understand

a little Arabic, but not sufficient to read; my interpreter translated portions of the poem into common Italian, and I afterwards rendered them, word for word, into French. I preserve these poetical essays, utterly unknown in Europe, and I shall insert them at the end of this book. We see from them that poetry is of all places, of all times, and of all grades of civilisation.

The poem of Antar is, as I have said, the national poetry of the wandering Arab—it is the holy book of his imagination. How many times have I seen groups of Arabs, seated cross-legged round the fire of the bivouac, stretching their necks, listening with attentive ears, fixing their fiery eyes upon their companion, who was reciting to them some passages of these admirable productions, whilst a cloud of smoke rising from their pipes formed above their heads an obscuring fantastic atmosphere, and the horses, leaning their heads upon them, seemed also attentive to the cadenced voice of the speaker! I used to seat myself not far from the circle, and also listen, although I did not comprehend; yet I comprehended the sound of the voices, the play of the features, the shudderings of the auditors: I knew that it was poetry, and I imagined for myself affecting, dramatic, and wondrous actions, which I recited to myself. It is thus that, on hearing melodious or impassioned music, I think they are words I hear, for the poetry of tuneful language reveals and utters to me the poetry of written language. Is it, indeed, necessary to speak everything? I have never read poetry comparable with that poetry which I heard in the, to me, unintelligible language of these Arabs—the imagination always surpassing the reality. I thought the primitive and patriarchal poetry of the desert was open to my understanding; I saw the camel, the horse, the gazelle; I saw the oasis raising its palm tops of yellow green above the immense plains of the desert, the combats of warriors, and the young Arab maidens captured and rescued in the strife, and recognising their lovers in their champions. This reminds me that I have always had more pleasure in reading a foreign poet in a detestable mean translation than in the original itself; because the most divine original always leaves something to desire in the expression, and the bad translation indicates but the thought, the poetic design; because the imagination itself, illustrating this design with words which it finds as transparent as the idea, enjoys a perfect satisfaction of its own creation. The thought being boundless, it conceives it so in the expression—the delight is thus also boundless. To give ourselves this gratification, we must in a certain degree be musicians or poets: but who is not so?

Antar, at once the hero and the poet of the wandering Arab, is little known by us: we know his history imperfectly: we are ignorant even of the precise date of his existence. Some learned persons assert that he lived in the sixth century of our era. Local traditions carry him back much farther. Antar, according to the traditions gathered in part from his poem, was a negro slave, who obtained his liberty by his exploits and virtues, and gained his mistress Abla by love and heroism. The poem of Antar is not, like that of Homer,

written entirely in verse; it is in poetic prose, of the purest and most classical Arabic, intermingled with verses. What is a singularity in this poem is, that the portion written in prose is infinitely superior to the lyrical fragments which are interspersed. The poetic part presents the far-fetchedness, affectation, and style of literature in its decline; on the contrary, nothing is more simple, more natural, and more purely impassioned, than the recitative. All the Arab poetry, ancient or modern, that I have read participates more or less in this unfortunate far-fetched tone of thought distinguishable in the poetry of Antar; if there is no play on words, there is at least the play on ideas and images, more fitted to amuse the mind than touch the heart. Art requires ages to arrive at the simple and sublime expression of nature. With the Arabs, verses are but an ingenious medium for trifling with their minds or their feelings. I except some religious poems, written about thirty years ago by a Maronite bishop of Mount Lebanon. I possess some fragments of them worthy the places which inspired them, and the sacred subjects to which this pious anchorite exclusively consecrated his masculine genius. These religious poems are more solemn, and more from the soul, than any of that sort I know in Europe; something of the accent of Job, the grandeur of Solomon, and the melancholy of David, remains in them. I regret that no experienced Orientalist has translated for us the whole of Antar; it would be better than a book of travels, for nothing represents manners so well as a poem. It would invigorate also our own inspirations, by the novel ideas which Antar has drawn from his solitudes; furthermore, it would be amusing as Ariosto, affecting as Tasso. I do not doubt that the Italian poetry of Ariosto and Tasso is twin-sister of the Arabic poetry; the same alliance of ideas that produced the Alhambra, Seville, Grenada, and some of our cathedrals, gave birth to *The Jerusalem*, and the charming dramas of the poet of Reggio. Antar is more interesting than *The Thousand and One Nights*, because he is less marvellous. The whole interest is drawn from the human heart, and the true or probable adventures of the hero and his lover. The English have an almost complete translation of this delightful poem; we possess but a few beautiful fragments, scattered in our literary reviews. The reader will scarcely perceive, in the imperfect version placed at the end of this book, the admirable beauties of the original.

A few paces from where I sat, a young Turkish female was weeping for her husband over one of those little monuments of white stone with which all the eminences round Jerusalem are sprinkled. She appeared scarcely eighteen or twenty years old, and I never beheld so ravishing an image of grief. Her profile, which her veil thrown back permitted me to see, had the exquisite outlines of the most beautiful heads of the Parthenon, but at the same time the softness, gentleness, and graceful languor of the Asiatic women, a beauty much more feminine, much more voluptuous and fascinating to the heart, than the severe and masculine beauty of the Grecian statues; with hair of a bronzed and gilded blonde, a colour much

esteemed in this land of the sun, of which it is, as it were, a true reflection. Her hair, shook loose from her head, fell around her, and literally swept the ground; her breast was entirely uncovered, according to the custom of females in this part of Arabia; and when she stooped to embrace the turban, or to put her ear to the tomb, her two naked nipples touched the earth, and left their print in the dust, like the mould of the lovely breast of the buried Atala, which the sand of the sepulchre still delineated, in the beautiful epic of M. de Chateaubriand. She had strewed with all sorts of flowers the tomb and the earth around; a handsome carpet of Damascus was stretched under her knees; on the carpet there were some vases of flowers, and a basket filled with figs and barley-cakes; for she had to pass the entire day thus mourning. A hole hollowed in the earth, and which was judged to correspond with the ear of the dead, served to convey her voice towards that other world in which he was at rest whom she came to visit. She stooped every moment towards this opening; she sang some words mingled with sobs; then she placed her ear as if she waited the answer; and again commenced to sing and weep as before. I attempted to get at the meaning of the words that she thus murmured, which reached me where I sat; but my Arab dragoman could not catch or render them. How I regret it! How many secrets of love and grief, how many sighs expressive of the whole life of two souls torn from each other, these broken sentences drowned in tears must have contained! Oh! if anything could rouse the dead, it would be such words lisped by such a mouth!

Two yards from this female, under a piece of black cloth attached to two reeds stuck in the earth, by way of a parasol, her two young children were playing with three black Abyssinian slaves, seated like their mistress on the sand, which was covered by a carpet. These three women, all young and beautiful also, in the slender shapes and aquiline profiles of the negros of Abyssinia, were grouped in different attitudes, like three statues taken from a single block. One of them had her knee on the ground, and held on the other one of the children, who was stretching out its arms towards its weeping mother. The second had her two legs folded under her, and her two hands clasped, like the Magdalene of Canova, upon her blue apron. The third was standing, leaning a little over her companions, and moving her body from side to side, cradled in her bosom the most infantine of the children, which she in vain strove to lull to slumber. When the sobs of the youthful widow were heard by the children, they began to cry, and the three slaves, responding with a sigh to the grief of their mistress, commenced singing the monotonous airs of their country to appease the children.

It was a Sunday; two hundred yards from me, within the thick and lofty walls of Jerusalem, I heard issuing in gusts the distant and feeble echoes of the vespers from the cupola of the Greek convent. The hymns and psalms of David arose after three thousand years, sung by foreign voices and in a new tongue, upon the same hills

which had inspired them; and I saw on the terraces of the convent some old monks moving about, with their breviaries in their hands, and muttering those prayers, now repeated through so many ages, in different languages and metres. And I was there also to sing all these things; to study history at its cradle; to discover at its source the unknown stream of a civilisation and a religion; to inspire myself with the genius of the localities, and the hidden sense of histories and monuments, upon those spots whence the modern world took its departure; and to foster with a wisdom more real, and a philosophy more truthful, the solemn and reflective poetry of the epoch in which we live.

This scene, thrown by hazard before my eyes, and remembered as one of my thousand impressions during my travels, presented me with almost the whole purposes and phases of every poetry. The three black slaves lulling the children with the artless and infantine songs of their country, was the pastoral and imitative poetry of the infancy of nations; the young Turkish widow weeping for her husband, with songs and sobs, the elegiac and impassioned poetry, the poetry of the heart; the Arab soldiers and moukres reciting the warlike and amorous fragments of Antar, the epic and martial poetry of nomade or conquering races; the Greek monks chanting the psalms on their solitary terraces, the sacred and lyrical poetry of ages of enthusiasm and religious renovation; and I, meditating in my tent, and reviewing historical facts, or the thoughts of all the earth, the poetry of philosophy and meditation, the offspring of an era in which mankind studies and reasons on itself, even in the songs with which it amuses its leisure hours. Such is all past poetry: but what will be the future?

November 4.—We passed the evening and the night at the convent of St John, to take leave of the excellent monks, whom we shall certainly never forget; the recollection of humble and unmixed virtues remains in the soul like the perfumed odours of a temple. We gave to these good fathers an alms, scarcely sufficient to indemnify them for the expenses we had occasioned them; they thought nothing of the peril we had caused them to run; they begged me to recommend them to the terrible protection of Abougosh, whom I was to see again at Jeremiah. We departed before daylight, in order to avoid the importunity of the Bedouins of Bethlehem and of the desert of St John, who continued to follow me, and began even to use menaces. By eight in the morning we had cleared the high mountains which are topped by the tomb of the Maccabees, and we were seated under the fig-trees of Jeremiah, smoking a pipe and taking coffee with Abougosh, his uncle, and his brothers. Abougosh loaded me with fresh marks of regard and kindness; he offered me a horse, which I refused, not wishing to make him any present myself, because it would have seemed an acknowledgment of the tribute which he ordinarily imposes on pilgrims, and from which Ibrahim has emancipated them. I placed under his protection the monks of St John, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem. I knew afterwards that he had in fact

gone to deliver them from the outrages of the Bedouins of the desert; he had little idea, doubtless, when I asked his protection for some poor Frank monks exiled to his mountains, that eight months afterwards he should have to implore mine for the freedom of his own brother, carried captive to Damascus, and that I should be fortunate enough to be of service to him in my turn. Having drunk coffee and refreshed our horses, we started, escorted by the whole population of Jeremiah, and proceeded beyond Ramla, to encamp in a superb olive wood which surrounds that town. Worn out with fatigue, and without provisions, we asked hospitality from the monks of the convent of the Holy Land; they refused us as infected persons, which we might very easily have been. We did without supper, therefore, and we slept to the noise of the sea-breeze rustling amongst the branches of the olive-trees. It was here that the Virgin, St Joseph, and the Infant, passed the night in the fields in the flight to Egypt. This recollection sweetened our couch.

Departed from Ramla at six in the morning, and came to breakfast at Jaffa with M. Damiani. The day was passed in resting ourselves, and preparing provisions to return into Syria by the coast.* Nothing can be more delightful than travelling in a caravan when the landscape is beautiful, when the horses, freshened by rest, march briskly over a firm and sandy soil; when the scenes vary, and quickly succeed each other; when the sea, above all things, rolls at your horses' feet, and sends to your cheek the fresh breeze from its rolling waves, or dashes upon you sandy flakes of foam. This pleasure we experienced in skirting the charming gulf which separates Caypha from Acre. The desert formed by the plain of Zabulon was concealed on the right by the thickets of tall reeds, and by the palm-trees, which separate the strand from the country. We trod a route of white and fine sand, continually watered by the waves breaking upon it. The gulf, shut in on the east by the lofty point of the cape of Mount Carmel surmounted by its monastery, and to the west by the white walls of St Jean d'Acre in ruins, resembled a vast lake, on which the smallest vessels might sport with impunity. It is not so, however; the coast of Syria, everywhere dangerous, is most so in the Gulf of Caypha; the ships which take refuge there, and cast anchor on its bottom of soft sand, in order to escape a tempest, are frequently thrown on the coast: sad and picturesque wrecks proved this too well: the entire shore is bordered with the hulks of vessels buried in the sand; some of them yet show their broken prow, where sea-birds build their nests; others have only their masts out of the sand, which, motionless and leafless, resemble those funeral crosses which we plant on the ashes of those who are no more. A few of them have even their rigging yet hanging on the masts, but rotted with the salt vapour from the sea. The Arabs do not meddle with these ruins of shipwrecked vessels; time and the winter tempests are required to complete their destruction, or the sand to cover them up.

* [The author means that he is now returning northwards along the coast of the Mediterranean.]

We saw there, as in the other gulfs of Syria, how the Arabs take fish. A man holding a small unfolded net above his head ready for casting, advances some paces into the sea, and chooses an hour and place at which the sun is behind him, and throws its light upon the water without dazzling him. He waits until the waves, heaped and rising upon each other, break on the ledge or the sand. He observes, with a piercing and practised eye, whether the wave carries any fish with it, and he throws his net at the very moment it breaks, and would drag back what it brings by its reflux. The net falls, the wave retires, and the fish remain. It requires the weather to be a little rough to pursue this sort of fishing on the coast of Syria; when the sea is calm, the fisher discovers nothing; it is when the wave rises to the sun that it becomes transparent.

The infected odour of battle-fields announced to us the neighbourhood of Acre; we were not more than a quarter of an hour from its walls. It is a heap of ruins; the domes of the mosques are full of holes, the embattled walls are breached with immense gaps, and the towers have fallen into the harbour. It had just endured a year's siege, and been taken by assault by Ibrahim's 40,000 soldiers. The politics of people in the East are ill understood in Europe. We imagine them to have designs, when they are but caprices; plans, when they are but passions; and to look to a future, when to-day and to-morrow embrace the whole foresight. We have perceived, in the aggression of Mahomet-Ali, a premeditated and long progressive ambition; it was but the seduction of fortune, which, from one step to another, led him almost involuntarily to shake the throne of his master, and to conquer half his empire; a fresh opportunity may carry him still farther. The quarrel originated in the following manner:—Abdallah, pacha of Acre, a young inconsiderate man, raised to the pachalik by a caprice of favour or hazard, had revolted against the Grand Signior; being overcome, he had solicited the protection of the pacha of Egypt, who secured his pardon from the Divan.* Abdallah, soon forgetting the gratitude which he owed to Mahomet, refused to execute certain conditions sworn to in the period of his misfortunes. Ibrahim marched to coerce him; he found at Acre an unexpected resistance; his anger was roused; he demanded from his father fresh troops, which were sent, and they were also repulsed. Mahomet-Ali grew tired, and recalled his son; but Ibrahim resisted, and declared his intention of dying under the walls of Acre, or of reducing it to the power of his father. He at length broke open the gates of the town, at a great sacrifice of men. Abdallah, being taken prisoner, prepared himself for death; Ibrahim sent for him to his tent, and having addressed to him a few bitter sarcasms, despatched him to Alexandria. Instead of the bowstring or the sabre, Mahomet-Ali sent him his own horse, made him enter in triumph, seated him by his side on the divan, complimented him on his valour and fidelity to the sultan, and gave him a palace, slaves, and large reve-

* [This is another use of the word divan. It here represents the supreme privy-council of the sultan, and the executive organ of the Ottoman government.]

nues. Abdallah deserved this treatment for his bravery. Shut up in Acre with 3000 Turks, he resisted for a year the whole of the Egyptian land and sea forces. The fortune of Ibrahim, like that of Napoleon, vacillated before this rock. If the Grand Signior, in vain solicited by Abdallah, had sent him a few thousand men at the proper time, or had even sent to the Syrian coasts two or three of those fine frigates which were uselessly lying at anchor before the pavilions of the Bosphorus, Ibrahim had been repulsed; he would have retreated into Egypt, convinced of the impotency of his rage. But the Porte was faithful to its system of fatalism; it permitted the ruin of its pacha to be accomplished. The bulwark of Syria was overthrown, and the Divan awoke not from its torpor before it was too late. However, Mahomet-Ali wrote to his general to return; but he, a man of courage and enterprise, determined to test to the uttermost the weakness of the sultan and his own fortune. He advanced. Two brilliant victories, weakly disputed—that of Homs in Syria, and that of Konia in Asia Minor—rendered him absolute master of Arabia, of Syria, and of all those kingdoms of Pontus, Bithynia, and Cappadocia, which at present compose Caramania. The Porte might yet have cut off his retreat, and, disembarking troops in his rear, have retaken possession of the towns and provinces where he could not leave sufficient garrisons; a body of 6000 men thrown into the defiles of Taurus and Syria had imprisoned Ibrahim amidst his victories, and made prey of him and his army. The Turkish fleet was infinitely more numerous than that of Ibrahim, or rather the Porte had an immense and magnificent fleet; Ibrahim had only two or three frigates. But from the commencement of the campaign, Kalil-Pacha, a young man of elegant manners, the favourite of the sultan, and named by him Capitan-Pacha (High Admiral), had retired from the seas before the small force of the Egyptian. I had seen him with my own eyes quit the harbour of Rhodes, and shut himself up in the road of Marmorizza, upon the coast of Caramania, at the bottom of the Gulf of Macri. Once entered with his ships into this port, the entrance of which is singularly narrow, Ibrahim, with two vessels, could prevent him coming out. He in fact came out no more; and all winter, when the military operations were the most important and decisive on the coasts of Syria, Ibrahim's fleet alone appeared in those seas, and carried him, without obstacle, reinforcements and munitions of war. But, however, Kalil-Pacha was neither a traitor nor a coward; but thus go the affairs of a people who remain lethargic when all is in motion around them.

The fortune of nations lies in their genius; the genius of the Ottomans now trembles before that of the weakest of their pachas. The rest of the campaign, which recalls that of Alexander, is well known. Ibrahim is incontestably a hero, and Mahomet-Ali a great man; but all their fortune rests upon their own two heads: take away these two men, and there is no more an Egypt or an Arab empire, there are no longer Maccabees for Islamism, and the

East will return to the West, by that invincible law of nature which gives empire to intelligence.

Same date.—The sand which borders the Gulf of Acre became more and more revolting. We began to perceive the bones of men, horses, and camels, scattered on the beach, whitening in the sun, and washed by the foam of the waves. At every step these mournful relics multiplied before our eyes. The whole strand was covered with them, and the noise of our horses' feet disturbed bands of wild dogs, hideous jackals, and birds of prey, engaged for the last two months in gnawing the remains of the horrible feast, which the cannon of Ibrahim and Abdallah had made ready for them. Some dragged in their flight the limbs of men, others those of horses; and some eagles, perched on the bony heads of camels, rose at our approach with enraged cries, and hovered, spite of our musket-shots, over their disgusting prey. The high grass, the reeds, and the shrubs of the shore, were equally strewed with those wrecks of men and animals. But war was not the sole cause of this destruction. The typhus fever, which had desolated Acre for several months, finished what arms had spared; there scarcely remained twelve or fifteen hundred persons in a town containing from twelve to fifteen thousand souls, and every day they threw from the walls, or into the sea, fresh corpses, which the waves cast on the shores of the gulf, or the jackals dragged amongst the bushes. We went as far as the eastern gate of this unfortunate town. The atmosphere was not respirable; we entered not, but turning to the right along the battered walls on which some slaves were at work, we traversed the field of battle in its whole extent, from the walls of the town to the country-house of the pachas of Acre, built in the middle of the plain, nearly two hours' distance from the sea-side. On approaching this house, which had a splendid appearance, flanked with elegant kiosks of an Indian architecture, we saw long furrows a little deeper than those which the plough makes in our strong soils. They were stretched over a space half a league long, and nearly as broad, and the ground thrown up was one or two feet above the level of the earth. It was the site of Ibrahim's camp, and the tomb of 15,000 men, whom he had caused to be buried in these sepulchral trenches. We marched a long time with much labour over this soil, which covered with a slight layer so many victims of the ambition and waywardness of the thing they call a hero.

We urged our horses forward, their hoofs clashing every moment against the dead bodies, and crushing the bones which the jackals had disinterred, and we proceeded to encamp about an hour's march from this dismal spot, in a charming part of the plain, watered by a running stream, overshadowed with palms, oranges, and lemons, and out of reach of the breeze from Acre, or its pervading exhalations. This grove, thrown like an oasis amidst the nakedness of the plain of Acre, had been planted by the preceding pacha, the successor of the famous Djezzar-Pacha. Some poor Arabs, sheltered in huts of earth and mud, furnished us with oranges, eggs, and chickens. We slept

there. On the following day, M. de Laroyere could scarcely rise from his mat and mount his horse; his members, benumbed by pain, were tortured by the least movement. He felt the first symptoms of the typhus, which his medical science taught him to distinguish better than we could. But the place offering us neither an abode nor resources to restore an invalid, we hastened to remove from it before the malady became more serious, and we went fifteen leagues from there to sleep in the plain of Tyre, on the banks of a river shaded by immense reeds, not far from an isolated ruin, which seemed to belong to the era of the crusades.* The motion and heat had relieved M. de Laroyere. We laid him under the tent, and went to shoot the wild ducks and geese, which rose in clouds from the banks of the river. We killed as many of these birds as sufficed for our whole caravan. On the following day we met on the sea-shore—a delightful spot, shaded by marine cedars and magnificent plane-trees—a Turkish aga, who was returning from Mecca with a numerous suite of men and horses. We established ourselves beneath a tree near the fountain, at a little distance from the tree under which the aga was breakfasting. His slaves were walking his horses about. I was struck with the symmetry and light step of a young Arab stallion of pure breed. I instructed my dragoman to enter into conversation about him with the aga. We sent him, by way of presents, some of our provisions and a pair of pistols, and he presented us in return with a Persian yatagan. I ordered my horses to be paraded before him, to lead the conversation in a natural manner to that topic. We succeeded in that object, but the difficulty was to make the proposition that he should sell his horse to me. My dragoman informed him that one of my companions was so ill, that he could not get a horse of a sufficiently easy pace to carry him. The aga then said that he had one upon whose back he could drink a cup of coffee at full gallop, without letting fall a drop. This was the beautiful animal which I had admired, and which I ardently longed to possess for my wife. After a long circumlocution, we finished by striking a bargain, and I carried off the horse, which I called El Kantara, in memory of the place and the fountain where I had purchased him. I got on him that very moment to complete the rest of the journey. I never bestrode an animal of such easy motion. I felt neither the elastic movement of his shoulders, nor the treading of his hoof upon the rock, nor the slightest pull of his head on the rein. Raising his feet like a gazelle from his prominent chest, one might

* [Tyre, which M. de Lamartine does not seem to have entered, is now a poor small town, situated on a low promontory projecting into the sea. It was visited by Mr Stephens, who thus speaks of it:—'On the extreme end of a long, low, sandy isthmus, which seems to have crawled out as far as it could, stands the fallen city of Tyre, seeming, at a distance, to rest on the bosom of the sea. A Turkish soldier was stationed at the gate. I entered, under an arch so low, that it was necessary to stoop on the back of my horse, and passed through dark and narrow streets, sheltered by mats stretched over the bazaars from the scorching heat of a Syrian sun. A single fishing-boat was lying in the harbour of the "crowning city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth."']

have believed it was a bird, sustaining itself upon its wings, and skimming the ground. He was swifter also than any Arab horse I tried him against. His colour was a pearly gray. I gave him to my wife, who would never mount any other during our sojourn in the East. I will always regret this finished creature. He was born in Khorassan, and was only five years old.

In the evening we arrived at Solomon's Well. On the morrow early we entered Saïde, the ancient Sidon, escorted by the Franks of the town and the sons of M. Giraudin, our excellent vice-consul at Saïde. We found also at Saïde M. Cottafago, whom we had known at Nazareth, and his family. He had just built a house in the town, and was occupied with preparations for the marriage of one of his daughters. The ancient Sidon offering no longer any vestige of its former grandeur, we gave ourselves entirely to the amiable attentions of M. Giraudin, and to the pleasure of talking with him about Europe and the East. Become a patriarch in the land of patriarchs, he and his family presented to us the image of the patriarchal virtues, and recalled to us likewise their manners. The typhus fever showed itself with all its symptoms in the increasing illness of M. de Laroyere. Being unable any longer to mount on horseback, we freighted a boat to transport him by sea to Beirout. We departed with the rest of the caravan. I sent a courier to Lady Stanhope to thank her for her obliging proceedings in my favour with respect to the chief Abougosh, and to beg her to seize any occasions that might present themselves to announce my coming to the Arabs of Bkaa, Balbek, and Palmyra.

November 5.—Stopt at a miserable deserted hovel on the borders of the sea; wrote some verses during the interval in my Bible; overjoyed at approaching Beirout, after a journey so happily accomplished; intercepted an Arab courier with a letter from my wife; all well, Julia in flourishing health—both waiting for me to go and pass some days at the monastery in Antoura, on Lebanon, with the Catholic patriarch who had come to invite us. At four in the afternoon a frightful storm arose; the clouded sky seemed to fall all at once on the mountains to our right; the thunder from the dark clouds meeting on the peaks of Lebanon, was confounded with the roaring of the sea, which was like a plain of snow, ploughed up by a furious hurricane. The rain did not fall, as in the West, in drops more or less continuous, but in unbroken and weighty streams, which strike and sink down both man and horse like the blow of the tempest. The day completely disappeared; our horses toiled through torrents filled with rolling stones, and were every instant on the point of being carried off their legs into the sea. When the sky rose again, and light reappeared, we found ourselves on the skirts of the pines of Fakardin, half a league from the town. Animals have their country as well as men; those of my horses who remembered this locality, from having often carried us to it, although wearied with a journey of 300 leagues, neighed, cocked their ears, and bounded with joy upon the sand. I left the

caravan to defile slowly through the pines; I urged Lebanon to the gallop; and arrived, my heart trembling with anxiety and joy, in the arms of my wife. Julia was amusing herself in a neighbouring house with the daughters of the Prince of the Mountain, who had been appointed governor of Beirout during my absence: she saw me arrive from the top of the terrace. I heard her crying, as she came, 'Where is he? Is it really he?' She entered, threw herself into my arms, covered me with caresses, and ran round the room, her beautiful eyes all brilliant with tears of delight, exclaiming, 'Oh, how happy I am! Oh, how happy I am!' and came again to seat herself on my knees, and to embrace me. There were two young Jesuit monks of Lebanon in the room, on a visit to my wife; it was long before I could address to them a word of politeness. They themselves were mute before this artless and impassioned expression of the love of a child for its father, and before the heavenly lustre which her bliss added to her dazzling beauty, and they remained standing, awed into silence and admiration. In the meantime our friends and suite arrived, and filled the mulberry fields with the horses and tents. Several days of rest and happiness were passed in receiving the visits of our friends in Beirout. The sons of the Emir Beschir, called down from the mountains by the orders of Ibrahim to occupy the country, which threatened to rise in favour of the Turks, were encamped in the valley of Nahr-el-Kelb, about an hour's march from us.

November 7.—The Sardinian consul, M. Bianco, connected for many years with these princes, invited us to a dinner he gave them. They arrived, clothed in magnificent caftans (robes), wove throughout with thread of gold; their turbans were composed of the richest stuffs of Cachemire. The eldest of the princes, who commanded the army of his father, had a poniard, the hilt of which was entirely encrusted with diamonds of inestimable value. Their suite was numerous and novel; among a great number of Mussulman and black slaves there was a poet, quite similar, by his attributes, to the bards of the middle ages. His duties consist in singing the virtues and exploits of his master, in composing tales for him when he calls upon him to beguile the time, and in standing behind him during meals, to improvise verses, a sort of toasts in his honour, or in that of the guests whom the prince designs to distinguish. There was likewise a Catholic Maronite chaplain, or confessor, who never quits him, even at table, and to whom alone the harem gates are thrown open: he was a monk of jovial and martial aspect, exactly such a person as we call chaplain of a regiment. The confessor, on account of his ecclesiastical character, was seated at table, but the poet remained on his legs. These princes, and especially the eldest, did not appear at all embarrassed at our manners, or the presence of European ladies. They conversed with us with the same graceful address, the same propriety, the same freedom of spirit, as if they had been bred in the most elegant court in Europe. Oriental politeness is always on a level with ours, because it is of a much older date, and

originally more pure and unalloyed. To an unprejudiced eye, there is no comparison between the nobleness, the decorum, and the solemn grace of the Turkish, Arabic, Indian, or Persian manners, and our own. In us may be perceived a young people, scarcely emancipated from a harsh, gross, and imperfect civilisation; but they are the children of a noble family, the inheritors of ancient wisdom and virtue. Their nobility, which is but the descent of primitive worth, is written on their foreheads, and impressed on all their customs; and, more than all, there is no mob amongst them. The moral civilisation, of which alone I am speaking, is everywhere on a level. The shepherd and the emir are of the same family, speak the same language, have the same usages, and are joint inheritors of the same grand traditions which form the moral atmosphere of a people.

At dessert, the wines of Cyprus and Lebanon were profusely circulated; the Christian Arabs, and the family of the Emir Beschir, which is Christian, or believes itself to be so, drink wine without scruple on occasions. Toasts were drunk to the success of Ibrahim, to the enfranchisement of Lebanon, and to the friendship between the Franks and Arabs. The prince proposed a toast to the ladies present at the fête; and his bard, being ordered by the prince to make verses for the occasion, sang in recitative, and at the full pitch of his voice, some of the following purport:—

'Let us drink the juice of Eden, which makes drunk and rejoices the heart of slave and prince. It is the wine of those plants which Noah himself planted, when the dove, instead of the branch of olive, brought him from heaven a cutting of vine. By virtue of this wine the poet instantly becomes a prince, and the prince a poet.

'Let us drink it to the honour of those young and beautiful Franks who come from the country where every woman is a queen. The eyes of the women of Syria are soft, but they are veiled. In the eyes of the daughters of the West there is more intoxication than in the transparent cup which I drink.

'To drink wine and behold the visages of women are double sins for the Moslem; for the Arab they are double enjoyments and praises to God.'

The chaplain appeared enchanted with these verses, and joined in the repetitions of the bard, laughing and drinking off his glass. The prince proposed to us the spectacle of a falcon hunt, a habitual diversion amongst all the princes and scheiks of Syria. It was from there the crusaders brought the custom into Europe.

November 9.—The climate, with the exception of some gusts of wind upon the sea, and some storms of rain about the middle of the day, is as fine as in the month of May in France. As soon as the rains begin, a fresh spring follows; the walls of the terraces which support the cultivated slopes of Lebanon, and the fertile hills in the environs of Beirout, are so covered with vegetation in a few days, that the earth is completely concealed under the moss, grass, brushwood, and flowers; the green barley carpets all the fields,

which were nothing but dust on our arrival; and the mulberries, which open their second buds, form around the houses groves impenetrable to the sun. We perceive the roofs of houses scattered in the plain at intervals, rising out of this ocean of verdure, and Greek and Syrian women, in their rich and brilliant costume, like queens, taking the air on the pavilions of their gardens. Narrow footpaths, hollowed in the sand, conduct from house to house, from hill to hill, through these continued gardens, which reach from the sea to the foot of Lebanon. Following them, we come all at once to the portals of the houses, where we discover the most enchanting scenes of the patriarchal life: there are the women and the young girls seated under the mulberry or the fig-tree before their door, embroidering rich woollen carpets, with varied and bright colours, or, having attached the ends of a silken thread to distant trees, wind it slowly up, walking and singing from tree to tree. The men, on the other hand, walk backwards from the trees, occupied in weaving silk stuffs, and throwing the shuttle, which another returns to them. The children are lying in cradles of rushes, or on mats under the shade, and some are hanging on the branches of the orange-trees. The large sheep of Syria, with their long trailing tails, too heavy to move, are extended in the holes which are cut expressly for them in the fresh earth before the door. One or two goats, with long pendent ears, like those of our hunting dogs, and sometimes a cow, complete the rural scene. The horse of the master is always there likewise, covered with its splendid harness, and ready to be mounted; he makes part of the family, and appears to take an interest in all that is done, in all that is said, around him; his countenance is animated like that of a human being; when a stranger appears, and speaks to him, he erects his ears, curls his lips, contracts his nostrils, turns his head to the wind, and scents the unknown who caresses him; his soft and pensive eyes glitter like two red coals under the beautiful long mane hanging down his forehead.

The Greek, Syrian, and Arab cultivators who dwell in these houses at the foot of Lebanon have nothing savage or barbarous about them; better educated than the peasants in our provinces, they all can read, and all understand two languages, Arabic and Greek; they are mild, laborious, peaceable, and decorous; occupied all the week in the labours of the field, or the working of silk, they refresh themselves on Sundays by assisting with their families in the long and showy rites of the Greek or Syriac creed; they return afterwards to their houses to enjoy a repast, somewhat more sumptuous than on ordinary days; the women and girls, adorned in their richest clothes, their hair plaited, and all strewed with orange-flowers, scarlet wall-flowers, and carnations, seat themselves on mats before the doors of their dwellings, with their friends and neighbours. It is impossible to describe with the pen the groups so redolent of the picturesque, from the richness of their costume, and their beauty, which these females then compose in the landscape. I see amongst them daily such countenances as Raphael had not beheld, even in his

dreams as an artist. It is more than the Italian or Greek beauty; there is the nicety of shape, the delicacy of outline, in a word, all that Greek and Roman art has left us as the most finished model; but it is rendered more bewitching still by a primitive artlessness of expression, by a serene and voluptuous languor, by a heavenly clearness, which the glances from the blue eyes, fringed with black eyelids, cast over the features, and by a smiling archness, a harmony of proportions, a rich whiteness of skin, an indescribable transparency of tint, a metallic gloss upon the hair, a gracefulness of movement, a novelty in the attitudes, and a vibrating silvery tone of voice, which render the young Syrian girl the very *houri* of the visual paradise. Such admirable and varied beauty is also very common; I never go into the country for an hour without meeting several such females going to the fountains or returning, with their Etruscan urns upon their shoulders, and their naked legs clasped with rings of silver. On a Sunday, the men and boys seat themselves on mats stretched at the foot of some spreading sycamore at a short distance from a fountain; this is their complete relaxation. There they remain motionless for hours, relating marvellous tales, and drinking from time to time a cup of coffee or fresh water. Others go to the tops of the hills, and there, grouped under the vine or olive-trees, appear to enjoy with ecstasy the sea-view which these heights command, the transparency of the atmosphere, the singing of the birds, and all those instinctive pleasures of the pure and simple mind, which our populations have lost in the blustering drunkenness of the tavern, and the stupefactions of revellings. Never were more beautiful scenes in the creation so prolific of chaste and agreeable impressions; here nature is in truth a perpetual hymn to the bounty of the Creator, and no false refinement, no spectacle of misery or vice, disturbs for the stranger the enchanting melody of this hymn; men, women, birds, animals, trees, mountains, sea, sky, climate—all are beautiful, natural, splendid, and disposing to religion.

November 10.—This morning I went early to wander with Julia upon the hill which the Greeks name Saint Demetrius, about a league from Beirout, going towards Lebanon, and following obliquely the curve of the sea-shore. Two of my Arabs accompanied us, one as a guide, the other to lead Julia's horse by the head, and to catch her in his arms if the animal grew frisky. When the paths became too steep, we quitted our horses for a moment, and scaled on foot the natural or artificial terraces which form verdant steps all the way up the hill of Saint Demetrius. In my boyhood I had often imagined to myself this terrestrial paradise, this Eden which all nations have in their remembrance, either as a charming dream, or as the tradition of a more holy epoch: I had followed Milton in his ravishing descriptions of the enchanting abode of our first parents; but here, as in all other things, nature far outstrips imagination. God has not permitted man to dream anything so beautiful as he has made. I had dreamed an Eden—I can say I have seen it.

When we had continued half an hour proceeding under the arched

nopal-trees, which line all the pathways on the plain, we began to mount by still narrower and steeper paths to the successive table-lands, whence the view of the country, the sea, and Lebanon, opens out yet more considerably. These table-lands, which are of moderate breadth, are all encompassed by forest-trees unknown to our climates, and the names of which I unfortunately am not acquainted with; but their trunks, the form of their branches, the strange appearance of their pyramidal or dishevelled tops, give to this edging of vegetation a grace and novelty which sufficiently portray Asia. Their leaves likewise are of all forms and tints, from the black verdure of the cypress to the gray green of the olive, and the yellow of the citron and the orange; from the broad leaves of the Chinese mulberry, one of which is sufficient to shade the sun from the face of a child, to the slight slips of the tea-tree, the pomegranate, and other innumerable shrubs with a foliage resembling parsley, which interpose, as it were, a light drapery of vegetable lace-work between the horison and the beholder. The ground under these woods is covered with flowers from verdant plants growing beneath their shade. The interior part of the levels is sown with barley, and at every angle two or three palm-trees, or the sombre and rounded dome of the colossal carob-tree, indicate the place where an Arab husbandman has built his cottage, encircled by vine-plants, by a ditch surmounted with green hedges of Indian figs, loaded with their prickly fruit, and by a little grove of orange-trees, scattered with carnations and wall-flowers for the ornament of his daughters' hair. When the road conducted us to the door of these houses, concealed like nests amongst this waving verdure, the countenances of their happy and amiable inhabitants never betrayed any surprise, sulkiness, or anger. They saluted us with the pious salutation of the Orientals, *Saba-el-kaïr*—('May the day be a blessed one for you!') Some of them intreated us to rest under their palm-tree, and brought us, according to their condition, a mat or a carpet, and offered us fruits, milk, and flowers from their garden. We sometimes accepted their presents, and promised to return and bring them some European production. But their politeness and hospitality were perfectly disinterested; they like the Franks because they can cure maladies, are acquainted with the virtues of the different plants, and adore the same God as themselves.

We mounted from one level to another; the same scenes, the same enclosures of trees, the same vegetation upon the land they encircle. But from height to height the magnificent horison expanded, the lower levels stretched in variegated colouring, and the rows of shrubs, seeming grouped together by the distance, formed clumps and dark spots below us. We traversed these table-lands from hill to hill, occasionally descending into the valleys which separate them—valleys a thousand times more shaded and more delightful even than the hills, being completely veiled by the trees of the terraces which rise above them, and buried in a redundant and odoriferous vegetation, yet having at their terminations a straitened

glimpse of the prospect over the plain and the sea. As the plain grew out of sight when we reached the more elevated of these valleys, they appeared to open immediately on the beach, their dark trees standing out from the blue waves: and we amused ourselves, when seated at the foot of a palm-tree, by observing the sails of the vessels, which were in reality four or five leagues from us, glide slowly from one tree to another, as if they were sailing on a lake, and the valley was directly on its shore.

We came at last, in our wanderings, to the most perfect and enchanting of these landscapes. It was one of the higher valleys, open to the east and west, and entombed in the folds of the last chain of hills which advances into the great valley in which the Nahr-el-Beirout flows. No words can describe the profuse vegetation which carpets its bed and sides; although its slopes on both sides are of rock, they are so clothed with plants of all sorts, dripping with the humidity, as it distils drop by drop, so covered with clusters of heath, fern, sweet-smelling herbs, rushes, ivy, and shrubs, rooted in their imperceptible clefts, that we could not doubt it was the live rock that thus vegetated. It is a bushy carpeting one or two feet thick, a velveting of wedged vegetation, variegated in tint and dye, strewed throughout with clusters of unknown flowers, of a thousand forms and a thousand odours, now sleeping motionless, like flowers painted on a rug laid down in a drawing-room, and then, when the sea-breeze glides over them, rising with the herbs and twigs, amongst which they are blown like the silky hair of an animal stroked backwards, diversified with waving hues, and resembling a river of leaves and blossoms gushing in perfumed waves. There rise from them gusts of bewitching odour, multitudes of insects with coloured wings, and innumerable birds fluttering and perching on the neighbouring trees. The air is filled with their voices, mingled with the buzzing of wasps and bees, and with that dull murmur from the earth in spring-time which we imagine, with reason perhaps, to be the noise of its thousand vegetations. The drops of dew fall from every leaf and glitter upon every sprig of grass, as the sun rises, and his rays glance above the lofty trees and piled rocks which encompass the valley. We breakfasted there on a stone at the edge of a cavern, where two gazelles had taken refuge on hearing our steps. We were careful not to disturb the asylum of these beautiful creatures, which are in the deserts what the lamb is in our meadows, or tame doves on the roofs or in the courts of our dwellings. All the valley was enveloped with the same foliage and vegetation: we could not restrain an exclamation at each step; I do not recollect ever to have seen so much life in nature, thus accumulated and overflowing, in so small a space. We followed this vale in all its length, seating ourselves from time to time where the shade was coolest, and brushing the dew-drops from the grass with our hands, and raising odours and clouds of insects from its bosom. How great is God!—how inexhaustible and infinite must be the spring whence all this life, and beauty, and bounteousness flow! If there be so

much to see, to admire, to be astounded and overpowered at, in a single petty corner of nature, what will it be when the curtain of worlds shall be lifted up for us, and we shall contemplate the whole of boundless creation! It is impossible to see and reflect, without being filled with the internal conviction of a God. All nature is sprinkled with the glittering fragments of the mirror in which God reflects himself!

On arriving near the western mouth of the vale, the sky opens, its declivities become less steep; the snows shining on the tops of Lebanon rise into the sky undulating with heated vapours. We draw our eyes from these eternal snows to the black rings of pines, cypresses, and cedars, and to the deep ravines reposing in the shade like nests; then to the perpendicular rocks, tinged with a golden colour, at the foot of which extend the high Maronite convents and the villages of the Druzes, the whole being finished by olive forests, which die away in descending to the borders of the plain. The plain, which stretches between the hills where we stood and the roots of Lebanon, may be a league wide. It is winding, and we could only catch about two leagues of its length; the rest was concealed from us by knolls covered with woods of black pines. The Nahr-el-Beirout, or river of Beirout, which pours, some miles off, from one of the most deep and rocky of the gorges of Lebanon, divides the plain in two. It flows gracefully in a full stream, sometimes confined by its banks lined with reeds, sometimes widening between verdant slopes, and forming little lakes glittering in the plain. It is covered with vegetation; and we perceived asses, horses, goats, black buffaloes, and white cows, scattered in flocks along the river, and Arab shepherds passing over a ford upon the backs of camels. We also distinguished at a greater distance Maronite monks, clad in their long black robes and cowls, ploughing their fields upon the first ridges of the mountain. We heard the bell of the convents, which called them from time to time to prayer. Then they stopped their oxen, and placing their rods against the handle of the plough, and throwing themselves on their knees for some minutes, they gave their team wind, whilst they breathed their souls to heaven.

Proceeding onwards, and commencing to descend towards the river, we suddenly descried the sea, which the sides of the valley had hitherto concealed from us, and the wide mouth of the Nahr-el-Beirout, which flows into it. Not far from its mouth a Roman bridge, almost in ruins, with very elevated arches, but without parapets, crosses the river; a long straggling caravan from Damascus, going to Aleppo, was passing it at that very moment. We saw the travellers, one by one, some upon a dromedary, others upon horseback, issue from the reeds which overshadow the abutments of the bridge, slowly scale the summit of the arches, intercept for a moment the blue sea with their beasts of burthen, and their brilliant and fantastic costumes, then descend from the ruin, and disappear with their file of asses and camels under the reeds, rose-laurels, and

planes which hang over the other bank of the river. A little farther, we saw them again appear on the sandy beach, where the waves were rolling their foam to the very feet of their horses. Immense perpendicular rocks, standing out from an advanced point, finally concealed them, and being prolonged into the sea, shut up the horison on that side. At the mouth of the river the sea was of two colours—blue and green in the expanse, and twinkling with restless diamonds; yellow and dirty where the waters of the river came in contact with its waves, and tinged them with the red sand which they constantly carry down with them into the bay. Seventeen ships at anchor in the roads were rocking amidst the heavy swell which always prevails there, and their masts rose and sank like long reeds bending to the wind. Some had their masts naked as trees in winter; others, with their sails spread, to be dried in the sun, resembled those large white sea-birds which float in the air without their wings seeming to vibrate. The gulf, more dazzling than the sky above it, reflected a portion of the snows of Lebanon, and the monasteries, with their indented walls, standing on the advanced ledges. A few fishing-boats were passing in full sail, and making towards the river as their harbour. The valley below our feet, the slopes towards the plain, the river flowing under the conical arches of the bridge, the sea with its little bays in the rocks; the prodigious block of Lebanon, with the numberless varieties of its structure; the pyramids of snow, penetrating like cones of silver into the depths of the sky, where the eyes seek them as they would stars; the insensible hummings of the insects around us, the songs of the thousands of birds on the trees, the murmurings of the breeze, and the almost human wailings of the camels of the caravans; the heavy and regular echo of the waves breaking on the beach at the mouth of the river; the meandering and green banks of the Nahr-el-Beirout on the right; the broken and gigantic Lebanon in front of us; the lustrous and serene arch of heaven, intercepted only by the peaks of the mountain, or by the tops of the large trees; the warmth, the perfume of the atmosphere in which all seemed to float, like an image in the transparent water of a Swiss lake; all these prospects, all these noises, all these shades, all this clear light, all these impressions, formed of this scene the most sublime and enchanting landscape upon which my eyes have ever gloated!

What was it then for Julia? She was all emotion, all trembling with inward sensation and pleasure; and I rejoiced in impressing such a spectacle upon her young imagination! God exhibits himself here better than in the lines of a catechism; he is depicted in features worthy of himself; the sovereign beauty, the pervading bounteousness of nature in its perfection, reveal him as he is to the mind of a child; the physical and material loveliness is transferred into a sentiment of moral perfectibility. To the artist are shown the statues of Greece to inspire him with the instinct of the beautiful. To the virgin mind must be shown the grand and beautiful scenes of

nature, in order that the idea it forms of its author shall be just and worthy!

We remounted our horses at the foot of the hill, near the margin of the river. We crossed the bridge, and ascended some wooded eminences to the first monastery on Lebanon, which stood, like a fortified castle, on a granite rock. The monks recognised me from the reports of their Arabs, and received me into the convent. I went over the cells, the refectory, and the chapel. The monks, returning from labour, were busied in unyoking the oxen and buffaloes in the large courtyard, which had all the appearance of a farmyard, being filled with ploughs, cattle, dunghills, poultry, and all the accompaniments of rustic life. The labour was going on without bustle or noise, as by men animated with a spirit of decorum, though not under any severe or rigorous control. Their countenances were mild, serene, and expressive of peace and contentment, such as a community of husbandmen should be. When the bell for repast sounded, they entered the refectory, not all together, but one by one, or in couples, as they finished the work they were engaged on at the time. The meal consisted, as upon all other days, of two or three cakes of meal, dried, rather than baked, on hot stones, of water, and of five olives preserved in oil; occasionally a little cheese or sour milk is added. Such is the entire nourishment of these cœnobites, which they take standing, or squatted on the floor. The furniture used in Europe is altogether unknown to them. After joining in their dinner, and eating a piece of dough, and drinking a glass of excellent Lebanon wine which the superior placed before us, we revisited some of the cells, which are all alike, being small rooms five or six feet square, each containing, for its whole furniture, a rush mat and a carpet, with images of the saints nailed against the walls, an Arab Bible, and a few Syrian manuscripts. A long thatched gallery served as an approach to all these chambers. The view which is enjoyed from the windows of the monastery is beautiful; the lower slopes of Lebanon, the plain and river of Beirout, the waving tops of pine-forests, and then the sea, enclosed by its capes and rocks into gulfs and bays, with white sails traversing it in all directions—such is the prospect always before the eyes of these monks. We received from them some presents of dried fruits and wine in leathern bottles, which were placed on the backs of asses; and we quitted them to return by a different road to Beirout. We descended by a steep path, cut through the blocks of yellow and soft freestone, which covers the first tiers of Lebanon. In the interstices of the rock a few shrubs and herbs take root, with flowers similar to the tulip of our gardens, but considerably larger. We disturbed several gazelles and jackals, which were sheltered in the hollows of the rocks. A great number of partridges, quails, and woodcocks, flew up at the noise of our horses' steps. Arrived in the plain, we again met the vine, barley, and palm-tree. We passed nearly half-way across it, in the midst of this rich vegetation, until we came to the foot of a wide hill, covered with a forest of Italian

pines, with various glades, where we saw flocks of camels and goats browsing. This hill concealed from us the Nahr-el-Beirout, which we were intent upon crossing at its southern part. We dived under the branches of these beautiful and lofty pines, and after winding for about a quarter of an hour beneath their shade, we suddenly heard loud shouts, and the noise of a multitude of men, women, and children coming towards us, playing on drums, bagpipes, and fifes. In an instant we were surrounded by five or six hundred Arabs of strange aspect. The chiefs, clad in magnificent costumes, but dirty and ragged, advanced towards us at the head of their musicians, and bowing, addressed to us some apparently respectful compliments, which we could not, however, understand. Their gestures and shouts, backed by those of the whole tribe, assisted us in interpreting their meaning. They prayed, and indeed forced us to follow them into the interior of the forest, where their camp was pitched. It was one of those tribes of Kurds who come from the provinces bordering on Persia to pass the winter, sometimes in the plains of Mesopotamia, sometimes in those of Syria, carrying with them their families and flocks. They take possession of a wood, a plain, or a hill, and fix themselves there for five or six months. Much more barbarous than the Arabs, their invasions and neighbourhood are much feared; they are the armed gipsies of the East.

Encompassed by this crowd of men, women, and children, we marched to the din of their savage music and their yells, whilst they regarded us with a curiosity half good-natured and half ferocious. We soon reached the middle of their encampment, and stopped before the tent of one of the scheiks of the tribe. They made us descend from our horses, which they gave to the charge of some young Kurds, and brought us carpets of Caramania, on which we seated ourselves at the foot of a tree. The slaves of the scheik presented us pipes and coffee; the women of the tent brought camel's milk for Julia. The appearance of this camp of nomade barbarians, in the midst of a gloomy forest of pines, merits a description. The forest at this spot was thin, and interspersed with broad glades. At the foot of each tree a family had its tent. These tents were for the most part nothing but a piece of black cloth, made of goats' hair, fastened to the trunk of the tree by a cord, and supported on the other side by two posts stuck in the earth. The cloth did not always cover the whole space occupied by the family; but a rag was drawn to the side where the sun or wind was beating, to shelter the tent and the fire lighted on the hearth. No furniture was visible excepting black earthen jars, lying on their sides, used by the women to carry water, some goat-skin bottles, sabres, and long guns, suspended in bundles to the branches of the trees; with mats, carpets, and men and women's clothing, thrown here and there upon the ground. Some of them had two or three square boxes of red painted wood, with gilded nails, to contain their effects. I saw only two or three horses in the whole tribe. The greatest number of the families had at their tent-door a camel stretched on the ground, and

ruminating with its high thoughtful head, a few fine goats with long black silky hair and pendant ears, a few sheep and buffaloes. Many of them had likewise one or two splendid white greyhounds of great height. These dogs, contrary to the custom of the Mohammedans, were fat, and in good condition; they seemed to know their masters, therefore I presumed that they were used for the chase. The scheiks appeared to enjoy an absolute authority, and the least sign from them established order and silence. Some children having committed, through curiosity, some slight indiscretions towards us, they ordered them to be instantly seized by the men who surrounded them, and carried to a distance from us into another quarter of the camp. The men were in general tall, strong, handsome, and well made; their dress depicted negligence rather than poverty. Several of them had silken vests, interwoven with gold or silver threads, and blue silk pelisses, lined with rich furs. Their arms were also distinguished for the chasings and inlayings of silver which adorned them. The women were neither confined nor veiled; they were, indeed, half naked, especially the young girls from ten to fifteen years old. Their chief garment was a pair of wide trousers, which left the legs below the knees and the feet bare. Almost all of them had rings of silver above their ankles. The upper part of the body was covered by a chemise of cotton or silk stuff, bound at the waist, and leaving the breast and neck open. Their hair, generally very black, was plaited in long tresses, hanging to the heels, and ornamented with pieces of money. They had likewise round their hips and throats strings of piastres, which clinked at every movement they made. These females were not so tall, fair, modest, or graceful as the Syrian women, nor had they the ferocious aspect of the Bedouin women; they were in general short, lean, and of a tawny complexion, but gay, lively, cheerful, dancing and singing to the sound of the music, which had never for an instant ceased its animating strains. They seemed in noway embarrassed with our observation, nor exhibited any shame at their appearing almost naked before the men of their tribe; the men appeared to exercise little authority over them, contenting themselves with laughing at their indiscreet curiosity concerning us, and pushing them gently away. Some of the young girls were pretty and engaging; their black eyes were painted with henna on the margin of the lids, which gives an infinite vivacity to the look. Their legs and hands were likewise painted a mahogany colour; whilst their teeth, white as ivory, had their brilliancy increased by contrast with their lips tatooed in blue and their tawny cheeks—the whole giving to their countenances and their laugh a wild though not ferocious character; they resembled young Provençal or Neapolitan girls, with a higher forehead, freer step, franker smile, and more natural manners. As we do not see such countenances twice in our lives, they impress themselves strongly on the memory.

When we had had a complete view of their camp, and of themselves, we made a sign that we wished to remount our horses. They

were immediately brought to us, and as they were alarmed at the strange appearance and shouts of the crowd, and the noise of the tambours, the scheik ordered two of his wives to carry Julia to the edge of the forest, to which point the whole tribe accompanied us. When mounted on horseback, they offered us a goat and a young camel, which we declined, but gave them a handful of Turkish piastres, which the young maidens divided amongst themselves, to add to their necklaces, and two gazzis of gold to the wives of the scheik. At a little distance from the forest we regained the river, and crossed it at a ford. Under the rose-bays which line its banks we again fell in with about a hundred of young girls belonging to the tribe of Kurds, who were returning from Beirout, where they had been purchasing earthen jars, and some pieces of stuff, for one of their companions who was about to be married. They had stopped there to dance under the shade, each holding in her hand some object destined for the bride. They pursued us for a long time, uttering savage cries, and clinging to Julia's robe, and the manes of our horses, to obtain some pieces of money. We threw them some, and they fled through the river towards the camp.

After crossing the Nahr-el-Beirout, and the other half of the plain, shaded by young palms and pines, we came to the hills of red sand which stretch to the east of Beirout between the sea and the vale of the river. This is a portion of the Egyptian desert thrown up at the foot of Lebanon, and surrounded by a magnificent cultivation. Its sand is red as ochre, and as fine as an impalpable dust. The Arabs allege that this desert of red sand has not been brought there by the winds, or cast up by the waves, but has sprung from a subterranean torrent, which communicates with the deserts of Gaza and El-Arisch; they pretend that there are springs of sand as well as of water, and show, to confirm their opinion, the colour and substance of the sea-sand, which certainly in no degree resembles that of this desert. Howsoever the case may be, this sand, vomited by subterranean streams, or brought there by the high winds of winter, stretches for five or six leagues round, and rises into hills, or is scooped out into valleys, shifting their forms at every tempest. After proceeding for some time in these undulating labyrinths, it is impossible to know where we are; the hills hide the horison on all sides, and there is no path-way traced upon the surface. The horse and the camel pass over it, without leaving a more imperishable mark than a boat upon the water: the least breeze effaces all. Some of the hills were so steep, that our horses could scarcely scale them, and we advanced with caution, for fear of being caught in the numerous quicksands in this desert. No trace of vegetation is discoverable, except some large roots of bulbous plants, which our horses occasionally kick from under their hoofs. These moving solitudes convey a sad and mournful impression; they are like a noiseless tempest, but with all its images of death. When the simoom, or wind of the desert, rises, these hills move like the waves of a sea, and folding over in silence upon their deep valleys, engulf the camels of the caravans. They are gaining

every year upon the cultivated portions of land which surround them, and you see near their margins palms and fig-trees standing out, withered from their surface like the masts of a ship, with the hull beneath the waves. We heard no noise but the distant and heavy fall of the billows, breaking a league from us upon the shelvages. The setting sun tinged the tops of these sandy mountains with a colour similar to burning iron just brought from the furnace, or, falling into the valleys, rendered them like the passages of a building in conflagration. As we from time to time reached the top of a hill, we saw the white peaks of Lebanon, or the sea, with its fringe of foam skirting the Gulf of Saïde, and then we suddenly replunged into the ravines, and saw nothing but the sky above our heads.

I followed Julia, who often turned her lovely face towards me, all hectic with emotion and fatigue, and I read in her eyes as they fell on me, as if interrogatively, her impressions of terror, enthusiasm, and pleasure. The noise from the sea grew greater, and announced to us the shore; we came upon it all at once, elevated, and sinking perpendicularly under our horses' feet. It stood at least 200 feet above the sea; the ground, solid, and resounding beneath our feet, although covered with a slight layer of white sand, indicated the rock which had succeeded to the sand of the desert. It was, in fact, the rock which lines all the coasts of Syria. We had by chance arrived at one of the points on the coast where the shock of the waves upon the rock presents to the eye the most singular spectacle. The incessant beating of the billows, or earthquakes, had torn at this spot, from the continued line of rock along the shore, stupendous blocks, which, projecting into the sea, had been worn and polished by the waves for ages, and had assumed the most grotesque forms. Before us was one of these blocks, at a distance of 100 feet, rising from the sea above the level of the shore, which the sea, by perpetually breaking on it, had at last succeeded in cleaving through the centre, and forming a gigantic arch, similar to the span of a triumphal monument. The interior walls of this arch were as smooth and shining as Parian marble; the waves, as they retired, left them visible to the eye, all gushing with the foam drawn back by the receding waters; then the sea returning, rushed with the noise of thunder up the sides to the very top of the arch, and urged by the shock, spouted up in torrents of bubbling foam above the summit of the rock, whence it fell down in streams of spray. Our horses shuddered with affright at each of these shocks, and we could not tear ourselves away from this combat between two elements. For half an hour or more the coast is diversified with these magnificent sports of nature; there were towers covered with martens' nests, natural bridges joining the shore and the rocks, and under which the roaring of the waves is heard in passing. In certain places the rocks were pierced by the action of the waves, and the foam came spouting out under our feet as from the pipes of a fountain. The sea was high at this moment; it came in wide and lofty blue columns, and fell upon the rocks with such fury as to shake the bank, and make us think we

saw the rocky arch before us tottering as if about to yield. After the silent and awful solitudes that we had just traversed, the boundless prospect of the ocean at the hour of evening, when the first gloom is beginning to fall on its gulfs; the stupendous breaks of the coast, and the tumultuous rage of the waves, scattering large rocks as a bird scatters with its claws grains of sand; the force of the breeze on our foreheads, and on the manes of our horses; the terrible subterranean echoes which multiplied the deafening roar of the tempest—all affected our minds with impressions so varied, solemn, and powerful, that we could not speak, and tears of emotion glittered in Julia's eyes. We silently returned to the desert of red sand, and crossed it in its narrowest part, drawing near to the hills of Beirout, and we found ourselves, at the going down of the sun, under the great pine forest of the Emir Fakir-el-Din. There Julia, recovering her voice, turned to me, and said with ecstacy, 'Have I not had the most beautiful ride it was possible to have in the world? Oh how great is God, and how good to me, to allow me so young to behold such glorious scenes!'

It was night when we descended from horseback at the gate of our house. We projected other excursions previous to our journey to Damascus.

POPULATIONS OF LEBANON.

The Maronites.

The Maronites, of whom I am about to speak, have an unknown origin. History, so incomplete and fabulous in all that concerns the earliest ages of our era, leaves in doubt the different causes which are assigned for their institutions. They have very few books, which are without order or arrangement; but as it is always necessary to lean towards what a people know of themselves, rather than to the vain suppositions of the traveller, I will give the epitome of their own relations:—

A holy hermit named Marron lived about the year 400. Theodoric and Chrysostom make mention of him. He lived in the desert; and his disciples having spread themselves over the different regions of Syria, built several monasteries, the chief of which stood in the vicinity of Apamea, on the fertile banks of the Orontes. All the Syrian Christians who were not then infected with the heresy of the Monothelites took refuge in these monasteries, and from this circumstance received the name of Maronites. Volney, who lived several months amongst them, has collected the best information as to their origin; it is nearly similar to what I myself drew from local traditions. Whatever it may have been, the Maronites form at present a tribe governed by the purest theocracy which has resisted the effects of time—a theocracy which, perpetually menaced by the tyranny of the Mohammedans, has been forced into moderation, and served to propagate principles of civil liberty, which are ripe for development amongst this people. The tribe, which, according to Volney, was in

1784 composed of 120,000 souls, at present reckons more than 200,000, and is increasing every day. Its territory comprehends 150 square leagues; but it has no certain limits, for it extends over the sides of Lebanon, or into the valleys and plains which surround it, in proportion as the increased population found new villages. The town of Zarkla, at the mouth of the valley of Bkaa, towards Balbek, which, twenty years ago, had not above 1000 or 1200 inhabitants, contains now 10,000 or 12,000, and is likely to augment.

The Maronites are subject to the Emir Beschir, and form, with the Druzes and Metualis, a sort of despotic confederation under the government of this emir. Although these three nations differ in origin, religion, and manners, and are never amalgamated in the same villages, the defence of a common liberty, and the strong and politic arm of Beschir, keep them united. They cover with their numerous habitations the space comprised between Latakia and Acre on one side, and Damascus and Beirout on the other. Of the Druzes and Metualis I shall speak separately.

The Maronites occupy the most central valleys, and most elevated chain of the principal group of Mount Lebanon, from the environs of Beirout as far as Tripoli in Syria. The slopes of these mountains, which tend towards the sea, are fertile, and watered by many rivers and inexhaustible torrents. Their produce is silk, oil, barley, and wheat. The heights are almost inaccessible, and the bare rock everywhere pierces the mountain-sides; but the indefatigable activity of this people, who have no sure asylum for their religion but upon these peaks and precipices, has rendered the rock itself fertile. They have raised in tiers up to the loftiest crests, to the eternal snows themselves, walls of terraces formed from blocks of loose rock; to these terraces they have brought the little vegetable earth which the waters carry into the ravines, and have even piled up stones to render their dust fertile by mixing it with this portion of soil; and have thus made of all Lebanon a garden covered with mulberries, fig-trees, olives, and corn. The traveller cannot recover from his astonishment when, after having climbed for a whole day up the perpendicular sides of mountains, which are but masses of rock, he finds on a sudden, in the hollow of a gorge, or on the platform of a pyramid of mountains, a handsome village built of white stone, peopled by a numerous and rich race, with a Moorish castle in the centre, a monastery in the distance, a torrent rolling its foaming water at the foot of the village, and all around a horison of vegetation and verdure, where the pines, chestnuts, and mulberries, overshadow the vine, or fields of maize and wheat. These villages are sometimes suspended almost perpendicularly one above the other; one can throw a stone from one village to the other, and hear the voices in each, yet the declivity of the mountain requires so many windings and turnings in the road of communication, that one hour, or even two hours, are needed to pass from one hamlet to the other.

In each of these villages is found a scheik—a sort of feudal lord, who has the government of the district. But this administration of

government and justice, summarily exercised, and with the simplest formalities, is neither absolute nor without appeal. The supreme administration belongs to the emir and his divan (council). An appeal lies in part to the emir, in part to the bishops. There is a conflicting jurisdiction between the emir and ecclesiastical authority. The patriarch of the Maronites alone possesses the right of decision in all cases where the civil law is opposed to the spiritual, as in marriages, licenses, and divorces. The prince observes great caution in his conduct towards the patriarch and the bishops, for the authority of the clergy is prodigious and incontestable. This clergy is composed of a patriarch, elected by the bishops, and confirmed by the pope, of a legate from the pope sent from Rome, and residing at the monastery of Antoura, or Kanoubin, of the bishops, superiors of monasteries, and priests. Although the Romish church has imperatively maintained the law for the celibacy of priests in Europe, and several of its writers affect to regard this rule of its discipline as an article of faith, it has been obliged to yield this point in the East; and whilst they continue fervent and devout Catholics, the priests of the Maronites are married. This power of marriage, however, extends neither to the monks, who live in communities, nor to the bishops. The secular clergy and the curates alone make use of this privilege. The seclusion in which the Arab females live, the simplicity of the patriarchal manners of this people, and custom, remove every inconvenience from this usage of the Maronite clergy; and far from being hurtful, as it is generally asserted, to the purity of sacerdotal manners, to the respect of the people for the minister of religion, or to the precept of confession, it may be said with perfect truth, that in no country of Europe is the clergy so stainless, so exclusively bound up in its pious ministry, so venerated and so influential amongst the people, as it is here. If we wish to behold what the imagination pictures of the era of early and pure Christianity, if we wish to see the simplicity and fervour of the primitive faith, disinterestedness in ministers of charity, the sacerdotal influence without abuse, authority without tyranny, poverty without mendicity, dignity without pride, constancy in prayer and watchings, sobriety, chastity, and manual labour, we must come among the Maronites. The most rigid philosopher would not find any reform necessary in the public and private life of these priests, who are at once the models, the counsellors, and servants of the people.

There are about two hundred Maronite monasteries of different orders on Mount Lebanon. These monasteries are peopled with twenty to five-and-twenty thousand monks. But these monks are neither rich, nor mendicants, nor oppressors, nor extortioners. They are collections of simple and laborious men, who, wishing to devote themselves to a life of prayer and freedom of spirit, renounce the cares of rearing a family, and consecrate themselves to God and the earth in one of these retreats. Their existence, as I have before mentioned, is that of laborious peasants. They tend the cattle and the silk-worms; they break the rock, and build with their own

hands the terraces and walls of their fields; they dig, plough, and reap. The monasteries possess little land, and only receive as many monks as they can sustain. I have lived a long time amongst this people, I have often visited these communities, and I have never heard of any scandal committed by a monk. There is not a murmur raised against them; each convent is but a small farm, the servants of which are voluntary, and receive as wages only a roof, an anchorite's food, and the prayers of their church. Useful labour is so much the law of man, it is so entirely the condition of happiness and virtue here below, that I have never met one of these cœnobites whose features did not bear the impress of peace of mind, contentment, and health. The bishops possess an absolute authority over the monasteries comprised in their jurisdictions, which are of small compass, as each village has its prelate.

The Maronites, whether descended from the Arabs or Syrians, partake all the virtues of their clergy, and form a peculiar people in the East. One would imagine them a European colony, thrown by chance amongst the tribes of the desert. Their countenances, however, are Arab; the men are tall, handsome, of a frank and haughty aspect, with an intellectual and mild smile, their eyes blue, nose aquiline, beard blonde, gestures noble, voice solemn and guttural; their manners are respectful without humiliation, and their costumes and weapons splendid. When you pass through a village, and see the scheik seated at the door of his turreted mansion, his beautiful horses tethered in the court, and the principal men of the village clothed in their rich pelisses, with their girdles of red silk stuck full of yatagans and kangiars, with silver handles, their heads covered with immense turbans, composed of various coloured stuffs, with a broad lappet of purple silk falling down their shoulders, you might believe you beheld a race of kings. They love the Europeans as brothers; they are connected with us by a community of religion, the strongest of all ties; they conceive that we protect them, by our consuls and ambassadors, against the Turks. They receive our travellers, missionaries, and young interpreters, who go to perfect themselves in the Arabic language, as relations are welcomed by a family amongst us; the traveller, the missionary, and the interpreter, alike become the cherished guests of the whole nation. They are lodged in the monastery, or in the house of the scheik; they are provided with everything in abundance that the country produces; they are conducted to the falcon-hunts, introduced to the society of their women, addressed with respect, and ties of friendship formed with them which are never broken, and which are bequeathed by the heads of families to their children.

I have little doubt that if this people were better known, if the magnificent country they inhabit were more frequently visited, many Europeans would go and establish themselves among the Maronites. Beauty of locality, perfection of climate, moderateness of price for all necessaries, conformity of religion, hospitable manners, individual safety and tranquillity, all concur in rendering desirable a habitation

amongst these people; and as to myself, if a man could uproot himself at a jerk, if he were not bound to live where Providence has indicated his dwelling and his tomb, to serve and love his fellow-countrymen—if an involuntary exile should ever be my lot, I should nowhere find it so sweet as in one of these quiet Maronite villages at the foot, or on the sides of Lebanon, in the bosom of a simple, religious, benevolent population, with the view of the sea and the lofty snows, enjoyed under the palm or orange-tree, in the garden of a monastery. A most complete police, the result of religion and manners rather than of legislation, reigns throughout the whole extent of the country inhabited by the Maronites: you may travel alone, and without a guide, by day or by night, without fearing robbery or violence. Crimes are almost unknown amongst them; the stranger is sacred with the Mohammedan Arab, but yet more so with the Christian Arab; his door is open to him at every hour; he kills his kid to do him honour; he abandons his mat to give him place.

In each village is a church or chapel, in which the ceremonies of the Catholic faith are celebrated in the Syrian form and tongue. The Gospel is read by the priest, turning towards his assistants, in Arabic. Religions, which endure longer than tribes of people, preserve their sacred language when nations have lost theirs.

The Maronites are brave and naturally warlike, like all mountaineers. They take arms, to the number of thirty or forty thousand men, at the call of the Emir Beschir, either to defend the inaccessible routes of their mountains, or to pour into the plain, and make Damascus or the towns of Syria tremble. The Turks dare not penetrate into Lebanon when these races are at peace amongst themselves; the pachas of Acre and Damascus have never come there but when intestine dissensions called them to the one party or the other. I do not know whether I deceive myself, but I believe that high destinies are reserved for this Maronite people—a people pure and primitive in their manners and their religion; a people who possess the traditional virtues of the patriarchs, decorum, a little liberty, and much patriotism, and who, by the similitude of religion and the relations of commerce, are every day becoming more impregnated with Western civilisation. Whilst all around them is perishing from weakness or the exhaustion of age, they alone seem youthful, and endowed with fresh vigour. In proportion as Syria is dispeopled, they will descend from their mountains, found commercial cities on the margin of the sea, cultivate the fertile plains, where now roam the jackal and the gazelle, and establish a new empire in these countries, where the old dominion is on the point of expiring. If a man of intellect should arise amongst them, either from the ranks of the influential clergy, or from the bosom of one of the families of the emirs or scheiks whom they hold in veneration, and he should understand the future, and form an alliance with one of the European powers, he might easily re-enact the wonders of Mahomet-Ali, pacha of Egypt, and leave behind him the veritable germ of an Arabian empire. Europe is much inte-

rested in seeing this idea realised. They would form a colony ready-made upon these fine shores, and Syria, repeopled by a Christian and industrious nation, would enrich the Mediterranean with a commerce which now languishes, would open the route to India, drive back the nomade and barbaric tribes of the desert, and revive the East. There is a greater futurity here than in Egypt: Egypt has but one man, Lebanon a nation!

The Druzes.

The Druzes, who, with the Metualis and Maronites, form the principal population of Lebanon, have long passed for a European colony, left in the East by the Crusaders. Nothing is more absurd. Religion and language are the things which are longest preserved amongst a people. The Druzes are idolators, and speak Arabic; they are therefore not descended from a Frank and Christian parentage. What is more probable is, that they are, like the Maronites, an Arab tribe of the desert, who, having refused to adopt the religion of the prophet, and being persecuted by the new believers, took refuge in the inaccessible solitudes of the high Lebanon, in order to defend their gods and liberty. They have prospered; they have frequently had predominance over the tribes inhabiting Syria; and the history of their chief, the Emir Fakar-el-Din, whom we convert into Fakardin, has rendered them celebrated even in Europe. It was at the commencement of the seventeenth century that this prince appeared.

Being named governor of the Druzes, he gained the confidence of the Porte. He repulsed the ferocious tribes of Balbek, delivered Tyre and Saint Jean d'Acre from the incursions of the Bedouin Arabs, put to flight the Aga of Beirout, and fixed his capital in that town. In vain the pachas of Aleppo and Damascus threatened him, or denounced him to the Divan; he bribed his judges, and triumphed by artifice or force over all his enemies. However, the Porte, so frequently warned of the progress of the Druzes, took at last the resolution to repress them, and prepared a formidable expedition. The Emir Fakar-el-Din wished to temporise. He had formed alliances and concluded treaties with the princes of Italy; he went in person to solicit the succour which these princes had promised him. He left the government in the hands of Ali, his son, took shipping at Beirout, and fled to the court of the Medicis at Florence. The arrival of a Mohammedan prince in Europe aroused attention. The report was spread that Fakar-el-Din was a descendant of the princes of the House of Lorraine; and that the Druzes took their origin from the comrades of a Count de Dreux, who had remained in Lebanon after the Crusades. It was of no consequence that Benjamin of Tudela makes mention of the Druzes before the era of the Crusades; the politic adventurer himself propagated an opinion likely to interest the sovereigns of Europe in his fate. After nine years' sojourn in Florence, the Emir Fakar-el-Din returned into Syria. His son Ali had repulsed the Turks, and pre-

served entire the provinces conquered by his father. He surrendered to him the command. The emir, corrupted by the elegancies and enjoyments of Florence, forgot that he reigned by inspiring his enemies with respect and terror. He built at Beirout magnificent palaces, and adorned them, like the palaces of Italy, with statues and paintings, which are repugnant to the prejudices of the Orientals. His subjects grew discontented; the sultan, Amurath IV., sent once more the Pacha of Damascus with a powerful army against him. While the pacha descended from Lebanon, a Turkish fleet blockaded the port of Beirout. Ali, the eldest son of the emir, and governor of Saphad, was slain in opposing the Pacha of Damascus. Fakar-el-Din sent his second son to implore peace, on board the admiral's vessel. The admiral retained the youth a prisoner, and refused all negotiation. The emir fled in consternation, and shut himself up with a small number of devoted friends in the inaccessible rock of Nilka. The Turks, after having uselessly besieged him for a whole year, retired. Fakar-el-Din was again free, and retook the road to the mountains, but, betrayed by some of the companions of his fortune, he was delivered to the Turks, and conducted to Constantinople. Prostrated at the feet of Amurath, that prince at first treated him with generosity and benevolence. He gave him a palace and slaves; but shortly afterwards, upon some suspicions of the sultan, the brave and unfortunate emir was strangled. The Turks, who content themselves with removing the man who causes them umbrage, and respect the customs of tribes, and the traditional legitimacies of families, allowed the posterity of Fakar-el-Din to reign. It is only a hundred years ago that the death of the last descendant of the famous emir caused the sceptre of Lebanon to fall to another family, that of Chab, originally from Mecca, the present chief of which, the old Emir Beschir, now governs these countries.

The religion of the Druzes is a mystery which no traveller has been able to penetrate. I have known several Europeans living for a number of years amongst this people, who have confessed to me their ignorance regarding it. Lady Stanhope herself, who is an exception to all others from her habitual residence in the very midst of this tribe, and from the attachment with which she is regarded by men whose language she speaks, and whose manners she follows, has also told me that to her the religion of the Druzes was a mystery. The greatest number of travellers who have written upon them, allege that their creed is but a Mohammedan schism. I am perfectly convinced that they are egregiously deceived. There is one thing certain, that the religion of the Druzes permits them to assume the creeds of all persons with whom they are in communication, and from this circumstance has sprung the idea that they were schismatic Mohammedans. The only fact that is ascertained with certainty upon the subject is, that they worship the calf. Their institutions are in some respects similar to those of the people of antiquity. They are divided into two *castes*, the *Akkals*, or those who know, and the *Dgahels*, or those who do not

know; and, according to his caste, a Druze practises such or such a form of religion. Moses, Mohammed, Jesus, are names which they hold in veneration. They assemble one day in the week, each in the place assigned to the degree of initiation to which he has advanced, and fulfil their rites. Guards are stationed during the ceremonies, to watch that no profane person may approach the initiated. Death is instantly dealt out to any rash invader of the sanctity. Women are admitted to these ceremonies. The priests, or Akkals, are married, and form a hierarchy. The chief of the Akkals, or the sovereign pontiff of the Druzes, resides in the village of El-Mutna. After the death of a Druze, the people collect round the tomb, and evidence is received as to the life of the deceased. If the testimony be favourable, the Akkal exclaims, 'May the All-Powerful be merciful to him!' If the testimony, on the contrary, be condemnatory, the priest and his assistants preserve a gloomy silence. The people in general believe in the transmigration of souls: if the life of a Druze has been good, he will revive in a man favoured by fortune, brave, and the idol of his countrymen; if he has been wicked or a coward, he will return under the form of a camel or dog.

The schools for children are numerous, directed by the Akkals. They are learnt to read the Koran. Sometimes, when the Druzes are few in number in a village, and schools are wanting, they let their children be instructed with those of Christians, and when they initiate them at a later date into their mysterious rites, they efface all traces of Christianity. The women are as eligible to the sacerdotal office as the men. Adultery and divorces are frequent amongst them. Hospitality is sacred with the Druzes, and no menace or promise will induce one of them to deliver even to his prince the guest who has sought the protection of his doorway. At the period of the battle of Navarino, the Europeans inhabiting the towns of Syria, fearing the vengeance of the Turks, retired during several months amongst the Druzes, and lived there in perfect safety. All men are brothers, and their moral code is that of the Gospel, but they observe it better than we. *Our* words are evangelical, but our actions pagan.

In my opinion, the Druzes are one of those tribes whose origin is lost in the darkness of time, mounting to an antiquity extremely remote. In physical appearance they have a considerable resemblance to the Jews, and the worship of the calf leads me to believe that they are descended from those tribes of Arabia Petræa who led the Jews to that species of idolatry, or that they have a Samaritan parentage. At present, accustomed to a sort of fraternity with the Christian Maronites, and abhorring the yoke of the Mohammedans; and being numerous, rich, capable of discipline, and attached to agriculture and commerce, they would easily form a united body with the Maronite tribe, and progress with equal rapidity in civilisation, provided their religious ceremonies were respected.

The Metualis.

The Metualis, who compose about a third of the population of the low Lebanon, are Mohammedans of the sect of Ali, the prevailing sect of Persia, whilst the Turks adhere to that of Omar. This schism in the Moslem creed occurred in the 36th year of the Hegira; the partisans of Ali curse Omar as a usurper of the Caliphate, and regard Hussein and Ali as saints. Like the Persians, they neither drink nor eat with the followers of any other religion than their own, and break the glass or plate that has been used by a stranger. They look upon themselves as defiled if their garments touch ours; but as they are weak, and generally contemned in Syria, they accommodate themselves to circumstances, and I have had several of them in my service who did not pay a rigorous observance to these intolerant precepts. Their origin is ascertained: they were masters of Balbek towards the sixth century, and their tribe increasing, extended to the sides of the Anti-Lebanon, round the desert of Bkaa, which, at a later date, they passed, and mingled with the Druzes in that part of the mountain which stretches between Tyre and Saïde. The Emir Youssef, uneasy at their proximity, armed the Druzes against them, and drove them back towards Saphad and the mountains of Galilee. Daher, Pacha of Acre, courted them, and made an alliance with them in 1760, and they were then sufficiently numerous to furnish him 10,000 horsemen. At that period they took possession of the ruins of Tyre, now a village on the sea-shore called Sour, combated with valour the Druzes, and completely defeated the army of the Emir Youssef, composed of 25,000 men. Their force was only 500, but rage and thirst for vengeance converted them into heroes; and the intestine disputes which divided the Druzes between the Emir Mansour and the Emir Youssef, contributed to their success.

They abandoned Daher, Pacha of Acre, and their separation precipitated his destruction and death. Djezzar-Pacha, his successor, took a cruel vengeance upon them. From the year 1777, Djezzar, master of Saïde and Acre, laboured without intermission at the extermination of this tribe. His persecutions drove them to a reconciliation with the Druzes, and they entered into Youssef's party. Though reduced to 700 or 800 combatants, they did more for the common cause than the 20,000 Druzes and Maronites united at Deïr-el-Kammar. They, unassisted, stormed the fortress of Mar-Djebba, and put 800 Arnauts to the sword. Driven from Balbek in the following year, after a desperate resistance, they took refuge, to the number of 500 or 600 families, amongst the Druzes and Maronites. They subsequently again descended into the plain, and at the present day still occupy the magnificent ruins of Heliopolis (Balbek); but the greater part of the nation remained upon the declivities, and in the valleys of Lebanon towards Sour. The principality of Balbek, in these latter years, became the subject of a bitter contest between two brothers of the family Harfousch, Djadja and Sultan. They dispossessed each other by turns of that heap of ruins, and lost in the

war upwards of eighty members of their own family. Since 1810, the Emir Djadja has finally reigned over Balbek.

The Ansarias.

Concerning the nation of the Ansarias, which occupies the western chain of Lebanon and the plains of Latakia, Volney has given the most correct information. I can add nothing to it. Like the Druzes, they are idolators, and envelop their religious ceremonies with the darkness of an initiatory process; but they are more barbarous. I will only concern myself with that part of their history which goes back to the year 1807.

At that period, a tribe of the Ansarias, feigning a quarrel with their chief, quitted his territory in the mountains, and went to ask an asylum and protection from the Emir of Maszyad. The emir, eager to take advantage of so favourable an opportunity to weaken his enemies by division, welcomed the Ansarias, with their Scheik Mahmoud, into the walls of Maszyad, and pushed his hospitality to such a pitch, as to dislodge a portion of the inhabitants to make room for the fugitives. During several months all remained tranquil; but one day, when the greatest part of the inhabitants of Maszyad had left the town to labour in the fields, at a given signal the Ansarias fell upon the emir and his son, slew them, seized upon the castle, put to death all the Ismaelians who were in the town, and then set fire to it. On the following day, a great number of Ansarias came to join the perpetrators of this detestable conspiracy at Maszyad, the secret having been preserved by a whole people for nearly five months. About 300 Ismaelians perished, and the rest fled for refuge to Hama, Homs, and Tripolis.

The religious practices and manners of the Ansarias have induced Burckhardt to conclude that they were an exiled tribe from Hindoostan. It is quite certain that they were established in Syria long before the conquest of the Ottomans. The worship of the dog, which appears to have been in great repute among the ancient Syrians, and to have given its name to the Nahr-el-Kelb, the River of the Dog, near the ancient Berytus, is still preserved, it is said, amongst some of the Ansarian families. This tribe is going to decay, and might be easily driven away or subjected by the Druzes and Maronites.

JOURNEY CONTINUED.

November 18.—I have arrived from an excursion to the monastery of Antoura, one of the grandest and most celebrated on Lebanon. On quitting Beirout, we proceeded for an hour along the banks of the sea, beneath a canopy of trees of all foliages and forms. The greater part were fruit-trees, figs, pomegranates, oranges, aloes, and fig-sycamores; the last a gigantic tree, the fruit of which, in prodi-

gious quantity, and similar to small figs, did not grow at the extremity of the branches, but were sticking to the trunk and branches like pieces of moss. After crossing the river by the Roman bridge, the appearance of which I have described above, we followed a sandy plain to Cape Batroun, formed by an arm from Lebanon projected into the sea. This arm is but a rock, in which a road has been cut in ancient times, whence the view is magnificent. The sides of the rock are covered in several places with Greek, Latin, and Syrian inscriptions, and with figures sculptured out of the rock itself, the object and signification of which are now lost. It is probable that they have reference to the worship of Adonis, formerly prevailing in these districts; he had, according to tradition, temples and funeral ceremonies near the spot where he perished. It is believed that this spot was on the banks of the river that we had just passed.

After descending from this elevated and picturesque road, the country suddenly changed its aspect. The eye fell into a narrow and deep gorge, traversed by another river, the Nahr-el-Kelb, or River of the Dog. It flows in silence between two perpendicular walls of rock, two or three hundred feet high. In certain places it completely fills the valley, and in others leaves a narrow margin between its waters and the rock. This margin is covered with trees, sugar-canes, reeds, and brushwood, which form a green thick shade upon the banks, at intervals extending over the river itself. A ruined khan is perched upon a rock at the edge of the water, opposite a narrow bridge, which we crossed with trembling. In the sides of the rocks walling up this ravine, the Arabs have, with great perseverance, hewed out steps to serve as pathways, which hang almost plump over the river, which we were compelled, however, to climb up, as well as descend, on horseback. We abandoned ourselves to the instinct and sure-footedness of our horses; but we could not forbear shutting our eyes at certain points, to avoid growing dizzy at the frightful declivities, the slipperiness of the rocky steps, and the depth of the abyss yawning below. A few years ago, the late legate from the pope to the Maronites was precipitated down these precipices by a false step of his horse.

At the mouth of this pass we found ourselves on an elevated table-land, covered with crops, vineyards, and small Maronite villages. We perceived, on a knoll before us, a handsome new house of Italian architecture, with a portico, terraces, and balustrades. It was the residence which Monsignor Lozanna, bishop of Abydos, and present legate of the Holy See in Syria, had caused to be built for his winter habitation. In the summer he lives in the monastery of Kanoubin, the residence of the patriarch, and the ecclesiastical capital of the Maronites. That convent, being at a much higher elevation on the mountain, is almost inaccessible, and nearly buried in snow during the winter. Monsignor Lozanna, a man of refined manners, cultivated mind, profound erudition, and strong and quick intellect, has been most happily chosen by the court of Rome, to cul-

tivate the political objects and influence of Catholicism amongst the dignified Maronite clergy. He would have ably filled a similar mission at Vienna or Paris; he was the representative of those Roman prelates, the inheritors of the grand and noble diplomatic traditions of that government where brute force is extinct, and where personal ability and dignity are all-prevailing. Monsignor Lozanna is a Piedmontese; he is not likely to remain long in these solitudes; Rome will employ him to greater advantage upon a more stormy arena. He is one of those men who justify fortune, and whose high career is legible on his energetic and intellectual countenance. With these people he very wisely assumes an Oriental luxury and imposing costume and manners, as without these illusions the people of Asia can conceive neither sanctity nor power. He has taken the Arab costume; his prodigious beard, carefully combed, falls in golden folds on his purple robe, and his full-blood Arab mare rivals in docility and beauty the finest mare of a desert scheik. We shortly perceived him coming towards us, followed by a numerous suite, his horse curvetting on the precipices along which we advanced with so much precaution.

After the first compliments he conducted us to his delightful villa, where a collation was prepared for us, and shortly after he accompanied us to the monastery of Antoura, where he provisionally resided. Two young Lazarist priests, arrived from France since the revolution of July, are at present the only occupiers of this beautiful and immense convent, which was built at a former date by the Jesuits. The Jesuits have at several periods attempted to establish their mission and influence amongst the Arabs, but they have never succeeded, and do not appear destined to be more successful in our own days. The reason is plain; there is no political spirit in the religion of men in the East; completely separated from the civil power, it gives neither influence nor action to the state. The state is Mohammedan; Catholicism is unfettered, but it has no human means of dominion; and as it is above all things by human means that the system of the Jesuits has attempted to operate, and has operated religiously, this country is perfectly unsuited to them. Religion is there divided into orthodox or schismatic communities, whose creed is part of the hereditary family-blood and character. Abhorrence and irreconcilable hatred exist among the different Christian communities, much more than between the Turks and Christians. Conversions are impossible where a change of creed is an opprobrium, branding, and perhaps leading to extermination, a tribe, a village, or a family; and as to the Mohammedans, it is altogether unheard-of that one of them is converted. Their religion is a practical deism, the moral code of which is the same in principle with that of Christianity, save the dogma of the divinity of man. The Mohammedan creed is a belief in divine inspiration, manifested in a man more wise, and more favoured with the celestial emanation, than the rest of his fellow-creatures: at a later date some miraculous deeds as to the mission of Mohammed were mingled, but these legendary

miracles form no part of the foundation of the religion, and are altogether rejected by the enlightened Turks. All religions have their legends, their absurd traditions, their popular *side*. The philosophic phase of Mohammedanism is quite free from these stupid admixtures; it contains nothing but resignation to the will of God, and charity towards men. I have known a great number of Turks and Arabs, deeply religious, who only admitted so much of their religion as was human, and according to reason. They did not coerce their reasoning faculties to receive dogmas from which they recoiled in disgust. Theirs was a practical and contemplated theism. Such men are not to be converted—men sober down from the marvellous dogma to the simple, but do not ascend from the simple dogma to the marvellous.

The interference of the Jesuits was attended with other inconveniences to the Maronites. By the very nature of their institution, they easily rouse party spirit and religious factions in the clergy, and in the people at large—they create, by the very ardour of their zeal, either enthusiasm or hatred—nothing remains in moderation with them. The Maronite clergy, although simple and good, could not see with a complacent eye the establishment amongst them of a religious order which strove to withdraw a part of the Catholic population from their spiritual dominion. The Jesuits, therefore, exist no longer in Syria. Only lately two young fathers, the one a Frenchman, and the other a German, have arrived, upon the invitation of a Maronite bishop, to act as professors in a school which he had founded. I knew these two excellent young men, both of whom were full of faith, and burning with a disinterested zeal. They neglected nothing to propagate amongst the neighbouring Druzes some idea of Christianity; but the result of their exertions went not beyond baptising little children, surreptitiously and unknown to the parents, in families where they introduced themselves under pretext of giving medical advice. They appeared to me little inclined to submit to the somewhat ignorant usages of the Maronite bishops in conveying instruction, and I have an opinion that they will return into Europe without having succeeded in neutralising a taste for an improved education. The French father was worthy of being a professor in Rome or Paris.

The convent of Antoura has passed to the Lazarists, since the extinction of the order of Jesuits. The two young fathers who resided in it had often visited us at Beirout. We had found their society as agreeable as it was unexpected; virtuous, guileless, modest, solely occupied in severe and enlightened studies, well versed in all the affairs of Europe, and partaking the mental movement which was abroad, the universality and learned tone of their conversation was so much the more charming to us, in proportion to the rarity of its occurrence in the desert. When we passed an evening with them, talking of the political events in our country, of the intellectual systems which were falling, or which were rising in France, of the writers who were disputing supremacy in the press, of the

orators who conquered by turns in the tribune, of the doctrines of *the Future*, or those of the Simonians, we might have believed ourselves conversing two leagues from Paris with men who had just left that capital. They were at the same time models of sanctity, and of an artless and pious fervour. One of them was labouring under severe indisposition; the piercing air of Lebanon was gnawing his lungs, and contracting the number of his years. He had but a word to write to his superiors to obtain his recall to France, but he would not charge his conscience by so doing. He consulted M. de Laroyere, whom I had with me, and asked him if he could, in his capacity of physician, give him a formal and conscientious opinion that the air of Syria was mortal to his constitution. M. de Laroyere, whose conscience was as severely scrupulous as that of the young monk, did not venture to express his opinion so explicitly, and the man of religion was silent, and remained at his post.

These ecclesiastics, lost in so vast a monastery, where there was only a single Arab besides themselves to wait upon them, received us with that cordiality which a common country inspires to those who meet far from it. We passed two days with them, each of us having a pretty large cell with a bed and chairs, very unusual pieces of furniture on these mountains. The monastery is situated in the hollow of a valley at the edge of a pine-wood, at mid-height up Lebanon, and having, by a gorge in the valley, a glimpse of the boundless prospect over the coasts and Sea of Syria. The remainder of the landscape consists of peaks of gray rock surmounted with villages or monasteries. A few fir, orange, and fig-trees are growing here and there amidst the rocks, and in the vicinity of the torrents and springs. It is a locality worthy of Naples and the Gulf of Genoa.

The convent of Antoura is in the neighbourhood of a nunnery of Maronite females belonging to the chief families of Lebanon. From the windows of our cells we saw those of the young nuns, whom the arrival of a company of strangers in their vicinage appeared greatly to interest. These female convents have here no social utility. Volney speaks, in his travels in Syria, of this convent near Antoura, where a woman, named Hindia, exercised horrible atrocities on her novices. The name and history of Hindia are still well known on these mountains. Imprisoned for many years by order of the Maronite patriarch, her repentance and good conduct procured her liberty. She died a short while ago, in great reputation for sanctity among some Christians of her sect. She was a fanatic by design, or from imagination, who succeeded in fanaticising a certain number of simple and credulous persons. The land of Arabia is the land of prodigies; everything takes root, and every fanatic may become a prophet in his turn. Lady Stanhope is an additional proof of the fact. This disposition for the marvellous is owing to two causes—to a strongly-developed religious sentiment, and to a want of equilibrium between the imagination and the reason. Phantoms are seen only in the dark; there are always miracles in a land of ignorance.

The terrace of the convent of Antoura, on which we walked for some hours during the day, is overshadowed by magnificent orange-trees, mentioned by Volney as the most beautiful and ancient in Syria. They are still flourishing; in appearance similar to our walnut-trees of half a century, they droop over the garden and roof of the convent in a clustering and odoriferous canopy, and bear on their trunks the names of Volney, and of some English travellers, who had passed, like us, some moments at their feet.

The group of mountains in which Antoura is placed, is known under the name of Kosrouan, or of the chain of Castravan. This district extends from the Nahr-el-Kebir to the Nahr-el-Kelb, and comprises the country, properly so called, of the Maronites. This territory belongs to them, and it is here only that their privileges prevail, although from day to day they are extending into the country of the Druzes, and carrying with them their laws and manners. The principal product of these mountains is silk. The *miri*, or land-tax, is assessed upon the number of mulberries each possesses. The Turks exact from the Emir Beschir one or two miris in the year as tribute, and the emir collects several besides for his own benefit. However, notwithstanding the complaints of the Maronites as to their excessive taxation, these imposts are not to be compared with what we pay in France or England. It is not the extent of the tax so much as its arbitrariness and irregularity which oppresses a nation. If taxation in Turkey was legal and fixed, it would not be felt; but where it is not determined by the law, there is no property, or rather property is uncertain and unproductive; the riches of a people lie in the beneficial constitution of property. Each scheik of a village assesses the impost in his jurisdiction, and takes to himself a portion of it. At bottom these people are happy. Their rulers fear them, and dare not establish themselves in their provinces; their religion is free and respected; their convents and churches crown the summits of their hills; their bells, which they love as the sound of liberty and independence, ring in the valleys day and night to prayer. They are governed by their own chiefs, selected from their principal families, according to usage or hereditary right. A strict but equitable police maintains order and security in the villages; property is ascertained, secured, and transmitted from father to son; commerce is in activity; their manners are simple and uncorrupted. I have never seen any people in the world bearing on their features a greater appearance of health, independence, and politeness, than these men of Lebanon. The education of the people, though limited to reading, writing, arithmetic, and the catechism, is universal, and gives to the Maronites a legitimate superiority over the other Syrian tribes. I can only compare them to the peasants of Saxony and Scotland.

We returned to Beirout by the sea-shore. The mountains which skirt the coast are covered with monasteries, constructed in the style of the Florentine villas of the middle ages. A village is perched on each eminence, surmounted by a forest of spreading pines, and tra-

versed by a torrent falling in a brilliant cascade to the foot of a ravine. There are little fishing-ports along the whole of this indented coast, filled with boats moored to the jetties or the rocks. Vineyards, barley-fields, and mulberry groves, descend from the villages to the sea. The towers of the monasteries and churches rise above the sombre verdure of the fig-trees and cypresses. A beach of white sand divides the foot of the mountains from the clear and blue waves. Two leagues of this country might deceive the eye of the traveller: if he could forget he was 800 miles from Europe, he might think himself upon the margin of the Lake of Geneva, between Lausanne and Vevey, or on the enchanted banks of the Saone, between Maçon and Lyons; but the edging of the picture is more majestic at Antoura; and when his eyes are raised, he sees the snowy peaks of Sannin piercing the sky, and glittering like streaks of fire.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF THE ORIGINAL EDITION.

The journal of the author was here interrupted. At the commencement of December he lost his only daughter. She was carried off in two days, at the moment her health, disordered in France, appeared completely re-established by the air of Asia. She died in the arms of her father and mother, in the country-house in the suburbs of Beirout, where M. de Lamartine had fixed his family to pass the winter. The vessel, which he had sent back to Europe, was not to return to the coasts of Syria until the month of May 1833, in order to take up the travellers. They remained six months in Lebanon after their sad disaster, overwhelmed by the blow which Providence had directed against them, and without any comfort in their grief but the tears of their fellow-travellers and friends.

In the month of May the ship 'The Alceste' returned to Beirout, as had been arranged; but the travellers, wishing to spare the unfortunate mother any additional pangs of sorrow, did not embark on board the vessel which had conveyed them in happiness and hope with the charming child they had lost. M. de Lamartine had got the body of his daughter embalmed, in order to carry it to Saint-Point, where, at her last moments, she had testified her desire to be buried. He intrusted this sacred deposit to 'The Alceste,' which was to sail in company with him, and he chartered another vessel, the brig 'Sophia,' Captain Coulonne, for himself, his wife, and his friends.

The journal of his remarks was not resumed for four months after his loss. Before quitting Syria, he visited Damascus, Balbek, and other remarkable places, which form the subjects of the notes which commence with the date of the 28th March 1833.

[The translator of the present edition considers this to be the place most appropriate for the introduction of the following poem,

which M. de Lamartine wrote on the death of his beloved daughter. It appears at a different and less suitable part of the other editions of the work.]

GETHSEMANE, OR THE DEATH OF JULIA.

I from the breast have been a man of grief,
My heart, in place of blood, rolls tears alone,
Or, rather, from my tears springs no relief,
Since God has changed them, in their fount, to stone;
Gall is my honey, sadness is my joy;
For me the tombs a brother's tie possess,
And nothing can my steps aside decoy
But sights of ruin and distress!

Green fields and laughing skies if I espy,
Or sweet vales opening to embrace the sea,
I pass, and, smiling bitterly, I cry,
'A place for bliss, but, ah! not bliss for me!'
My spirit's echo will but groans repeat,
My soul's true home is where men ever weep—
A land with mortal dust and tears replete,
Is such a couch as fits my sleep.

You ask me wherefore—but were I to tell,
The bitter gulf would be but stirred anew,
And sobbings only would my lips expel—
Yet pierce my heart, and all will come to view!
There, in each fibre, death has plunged a knife,
Slow torture lies in every pulsing wave,
Its chambers teem with things that know no life—
My soul is but one mighty grave!

While yet beside Christ's chosen place of birth,
I did not ask each hallowed mount and field,
Where, at his feet, the poor flung palms on earth,
Or where the Word was by his voice revealed;
Where loud hosannahs hailed his conquering path,
Or, wet with holy tears from woman's eye,
His hand, the while it wiped his brow's hot bath,
Caressed the little children nigh:

'Lead me,' I cried, 'unto the place of tears!—
To that sad garden, where the Man of Wo,
By God forsaken and his earthly peers,
Swate bloody drops, as in the mortal throe;
There leave me, for I too would prove the whole
Concentred anguish that an hour may feel:
Pain is the worship of my hope-reft soul—
This is the altar where I kneel!'

There is, upon Mount Olive's dusty base,
Beneath the shade of Sion's crumbling walls,
A place from which the sun withholds its rays,
Where scanty Kedron o'er its channel crawls;
There hath Jehoshaphat its graves scooped out,
And ruins, 'stead of grass, earth bears alone,
And trailing roots from hollow olives sprout
Amid the tombstones, thickly strewn.

Between two rocks there stands a darksome grot,
Where Jesus once foretasted death's whole power,
When, rousing thrice the sleepers near the spot,
He said, 'Watch ye! for fearful is the hour!'
The trembling lip, upon the blood-stained earth,
Seems yet the droppings of the cup to taste;
The sweat, to which that sacrifice gave birth,
May yet upon the rocks be traced.

There sat I, while my hands sustained my head,
And mused what thoughts had filled that heavenly mind,
And numbered all the tears myself had shed,
Whose flow had left a furrowed track behind;
I raised again, and weighed my burthens all,
And sounded of my griefs the whole abyss—
When of a dream my soul became the thrall,
And what a dream great God was this!

I late had left, beneath a mother's wing,
My child, my girl, my treasure, and my care,
Whose brow fresh charms yet came to deck each spring,
Although her soul was ripe for heavenly air.
Her form was one that could not leave the eye,
For by its light her trace might followed be;
And never father saw her passing by,
But threw an envying glance on me.

Sole relic she of my storm-vexed career,
Sole fruit of many flowers, love's single birth,
Sweet as a welcome-kiss, or parting tear,
Perpetual blessing of my wandering hearth,
A sunny ray that gave my casement light,
A bird that sipped the food my own lips broke,
A sigh of music near my couch by night,
A kind caress when I awoke!

More, more she was; my mother's form she bore,
In hers my mother's looks would still revive;
Through her the past became the past no more,
My former joy, though changed, she kept alive;
Ten happy years were echoed from her tongue,
Our household air was by her step made bright,
Tears from my eyes her simple glance oft wrung,
Her smile filled all my heart with light.

Her brow would shadow back my lightest thought,
Her pure blue eye reflected still my own,
And o'er that orb my cares a dimness brought,
As when a shade across a pool is thrown:
But all her own heart's thoughts were lively, sweet,
And graveness rarely on her lips abode,
Save when she knelt before her mother's feet,
And prayed with folded hands to God.

I *dreamt* that to these scenes I had her led,
And that upon my knee the fair thing leant,
And, while my arms enclosed her feet and head,
That tenderly to hers my brow was bent:
Turned back upon my arm in half-eclipse,
Her head's soft burnished gold lay strewn the while,

And her white teeth shone bright between her lips,
Half parted ever with a smile.

Ever to me, to me her look she raised,
To breathe her spirit and draw forth my soul,
And of the love that in my own eye blazed,
God only can compute the sumless whole;
My lips for fondness knew not where to press,
Yet still she sought them, like a toying child,
And oft those lips of their beloved caress,
By turning mouth and cheek, beguiled.

Then unto God my raptured heart exclaimed,
'Father! while these light-shedding eyes I see,
With hymns of praise alone shalt thou be named!
Her life of flowers is life enough for me!
On her my share of thy best gifts bestow,
Cast on her path all coming hopes of mine,
Prepare her bridal couch, and open throw
The arms that wait her at the shrine!'

While thus by prayer and dreamy joy possest,
My eye and heart, meanwhile, had failed to note
That heavier on my arm her forehead prest,
And o'er her feet a stony chill had shot;
'My Julia! why, oh why art thou so pale?
Why this moist brow? wherefore this changing hue?
Speak—smile, my angel! ah, thou feign'st this ail!
Re-ope my book—those eyes of blue!'

But on her rosy lip death's purple fell,
The half-formed smile was blasted in its spring,
More and more laboured grew her bosom's swell,
Like the last flappings of a folding wing;
Pressing her heart, I watched its beatings wild,
And when in sighs the soul at length took flight,
My heart felt dead within me, like a child
That dies before it sees the light.

Bearing within my arms my more than life,
I rose upright and walked away anon,
Staggering like one just hurt in mortal strife,
And laid my child on the cold altar-stone;
To her shut eyes my lip I closely prest,
Nor was her brow of all its warmth bereft,
But still appeared like some sweet songster's nest,
Which yet the bird hath newly left.

And thus, while one eternal hour went by,
Ages of anguish seemed o'er me to pass,
Grief filled my heart's void space, and made me cry,
'My God, I had but her! my all she was!'
In this one love were all my loves combined,
The very dead she had to me brought back,
Sole fruit which on the tree was left behind
By the dark storms which swept my track.

The sole link was she in my broken chain,
The only spot of blue in all my heaven!
That in our house more sweet might be its strain,
A name of music we to her had given;

She was my world, my source of motion—sound,
A voice that bore enchantment everywhere,
The charm to which my eyes were ever bound,
Morn, eve, and night, my joy and care:

The glass in which my heart itself could see,
My purest days had on her brow a place,
A ray of lasting bliss conferred on me—
Lord! all thy gifts assembled in one face!
Sweet burthen, by her mother on me thrown,
Eyes and a soul like mine in brightest day,
Life of my life, voice echoing my own,
A living heaven in my way!

Take her, and satisfy, relentless fate,
Thy quenchless thirst for agonies and death!
Lo! on thy shrine, I lay her beauteous weight,
And now, if emptied, break my cup of wrath!
My girl, my child, my breath of life! one tress,
Behold! I sever from the golden chains
That bound me yesterday to her caress:
And now no more to me remains!———

A stifling sob now woke me; all the rock
Whereon I sat seemed clothed with sweat of blood,
My cold hand gave my brow an icy shock,
And on my cheeks two frozen tear-drops stood.
As flies the eagle to its nest, I fled!
Low sobs I heard, as I my home drew nigh;
Love but delayed for me the hour of dread—
She waited but for me to die!

Now all is still within my lifeless home,
Two weeping eyes ever my own oppose,
I know not what I seek, nor where I roam,
My arms on nothing ope, on nothing close.
One colour all my days and nights now wear,
Prayer in my bosom was with hope laid low;
But bear, my soul, God's chastening bravely bear,
And kiss the hand that gave the blow!

END OF VOL. I.

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